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 government has been unable to
 maintain a stable currency. This
 has led to a loss of confidence
 in the government and a
 consequent loss of support
 from the people. The second
 is the fact that the government
 has been unable to maintain
 a stable economy. This has
 led to a loss of confidence
 in the government and a
 consequent loss of support
 from the people. The third
 is the fact that the government
 has been unable to maintain
 a stable society. This has
 led to a loss of confidence
 in the government and a
 consequent loss of support
 from the people.

The fourth is the fact that the government
 has been unable to maintain
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THE POEMS
OF
WILLIAM DUNBAR.

VOL. I.

a

**" WILLIAM DUNBAR, THE GREATEST POET THAT SCOTLAND
HAS PRODUCED."—GEORGE ELLIS.**

**" THIS DARLING OF THE SCOTTISH MUSES HAS BEEN JUSTLY
RAISED TO A LEVEL WITH CHAUCER BY EVERY JUDGE OF POETRY
TO WHOM HIS OBSOLETE LANGUAGE HAS NOT RENDERED HIM
UNINTELLIGIBLE."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.**

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THE POEMS
OF
WILLIAM DUNBAR,
NOW FIRST COLLECTED.

WITH NOTES, AND A MEMOIR OF HIS LIFE.

BY DAVID LAING.



VOLUME FIRST.

EDINBURGH: MDCCCXXXIV.

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THE PREFACE.

It has generally been acknowledged that a complete edition of the works of such a Poet as DUNBAR, would form the best monument that could be erected to his genius. As such a tribute of respect to this old distinguished "Makar" is now for the first time offered, it may be proper to briefly point out the sources whence his poems have been collected.

It is well known that the early miscellaneous poetry of Scotland has been preserved to our times chiefly by means of two Manuscript Collections ;—the one by GEORGE BANNATYNE, a burghess of Edinburgh, written in 1568,—the other, nearly of a coeval date, by Sir RICHARD MAITLAND of Lethington, a Senator of the College of Justice, and Lord Privy Seal of Scotland. The selections made of DUNBAR's poetry from these MSS. having been published by successive Editors,¹ with varied degrees of accuracy,

¹ The earliest was the author of 'The Gentle Shepherd,' in his publication of "THE EVERGREEN, being a collection of Scots Poems, Wrote by the Ingenious before 1600. Published by ALLAN RAMSAY. Edinburgh, Printed by Mr Thomas Ruddiman for the Publisher, at his shop, near the Cross." 1724. 2 vols. 12mo. The latest was JAMES SIBBALD, in his "Chronicle of Scottish Poetry; from the 13th Century to the Union of the Crowns." Edinburgh, 1802. 4 vols. 8vo.

it was essentially requisite, in collecting materials for this publication, to have a direct recourse to the originals. An examination was accordingly made of these as well as of such other MSS. as were known to contain any reliques of old Scottish poetry ;* in the course of which I could not overlook the printed fragments which had issued from the press of CHEPMAN and MYLLAR, (by whom printing was first introduced and practised in Scotland, in the year 1507,) as these include several of our Author's poems, printed most likely under his own inspection.

From these several sources I have endeavoured, by careful collation, to make as near an approach as was possible to the true text of the Author. With this view, the text of what seemed the best copy has been adopted, while the principal various readings are given in the Notes. The First Volume contains every Poem ascribed in these early MSS. to DUNBAR, printed entire and without mutilation, in arranging which it was obviously impracticable to attempt any thing like a chronological order, or even to adopt a minute separation of them into several classes. Poems, however, of the same character are brought together as nearly as possible :—that is, those of an Allegorical, Satirical, and Humorous character, are followed by such as have a reference to the Poet himself, whether in the form of Complaints, or of Addresses to James the Fourth for preferment, while his Moral and Devotional pieces form the sequel of the collection.

* Among these may be noticed ASLOANE'S MS., written during the minority of James the Fifth (in 1515), and consequently of an earlier date than any of the other collections. Unfortunately, as appears from the original table of contents, nearly one-half of the volume must have been lost or destroyed, and including evidently several poems by Dunbar. It is preserved in the Library of Sir James Boswell of Auchinleck, Baronet.

The Poems in the Second Volume consist of the following divisions:—I. Poems ascribed to Dunbar. II. The Flying of Dunbar and Kennedy. And, III. Poems by Walter Kennedy. I had also intended to have given Selections from the Minor Poets of the Reign of James the Fourth; and, in fact, had inserted a Fourth division, entitled, "Poems by Contemporaries of Dunbar;" but, finding that by retaining these the work would necessarily be extended to three volumes, while the propriety of adding such selections might be considered as very questionable, the sheets were, on maturer consideration, cancelled.³

In the NOTES, I was anxious to retain all such as had been made by preceding Editors whenever the text was elucidated by them, contenting myself with making such additions as might explain the occasion upon which the poems were composed, or incidentally throw light on the manners and customs of the age. The GLOSSARY, which is appended, while it has received considerable aid from the Rev. DR JAMIESON'S valuable "Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language," may be regarded as little more than an enlargement of that which accompanies LORD HAILES' volume;⁴ and it has afforded me much satisfaction, in

³ This will account for a break in the numbering of the pages near the middle of the Second Volume.

⁴ This volume is entitled "ANCIENT SCOTTISH POEMS. Published from the MS. of GEORGE BANNATYNE, 1568. Edinburgh: Printed by A. Murray and J. Cochran, for John Balfour, 1770." 12mo, pp. xii. 362; and reprinted at Leeds, 1817, 8vo. A considerable part of the volume is occupied with Poems by Dunbar. These, without Lord Hailes' Notes, or any additional poems, were reprinted as the "Select Poems of WIL. Dunbar. Part First. From the M.S. of George Bannatyne, Published 1568. Perth: Printed for R. Morison & Son, &c." 1788. 12mo, pp. 100. No Second Part ever appeared.

having been thus enabled to follow the footsteps of an Editor, who, for learning, research, and judgment, was one of the brightest ornaments of our country during the last century.

During two successive visits to Cambridge, which I found to be requisite for examining MAITLAND'S MS.,^a I acknowledge with pleasure how much I was indebted to the politeness of the Rev. WILLIAM CRAWLEY, A.M., and the Rev. JOHN LODGE, A.M. (now principal Librarian to the University), Fellows of Magdalene College, for granting me access to the Pepysian Library, in which that MS. is deposited, and for the time which, in conformity with the restrictions imposed by the founder, these gentlemen alternately and cheerfully spent in attendance, while I was employed in transcribing.

At the same time, I had an opportunity of consulting the MS. collection of early Scottish poetry written by JOHN REIDPETH in 1623,^b which fortunately contains several of Dunbar's poems

^a There are two volumes preserved in the Pepysian Library, Magdalene College, Cambridge, but only that in folio contains any Poems by Dunbar. A list of the Contents of these MSS. is subjoined to the collection by JOHN PINKEATON, entitled, "Ancient Scottish Poems, never before in print. But now published from the MS. Collections of Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, Knight, Lord Privy Seal of Scotland, and a Senator of the College of Justice. Comprising pieces written from about 1420 till 1586." London, 1786. 2 vols. 8vo.

^b MSS. More, L. l. 5. University Library, Cambridge. The volume, which now consists of 64 leaves, is somewhat mutilated, several leaves having been torn out of the middle. On the first leaf is written, "A me Joanne Reidpeth, septimo Decembris inchoat. 1622 . . . Finis . . . 1628. Ex libris Mrⁱ Cristopherei Cokburne." It consists, with a few exceptions, of poems either by Dunbar or Sir Richard Maitland, and I think it not improbable that Reidpeth obtained the use of Maitland's folio MS. in making his collection, from which, indeed, it might have been

not known to exist elsewhere. The chief part of the volume, indeed, consists of his poetry, which the late eminent antiquary, Mr RITSON, transcribed in 1793, evidently with an intention of publication. After his decease the volume was purchased by the Author of "Caledonia," who proposed to follow up Ritson's design. Having obtained from the late Mr CHALMERS the free use of that transcript, I was thus enabled to compare it with the original; and, subsequently, I have been indebted to his nephew, JAMES CHALMERS, Esq., not only for presenting me with the volume itself, as a memorial of my old friend, his respected relative, but also for the communication of copious notes illustrative of several of Dunbar's poems, the result of his own extensive, accurate, and unwearied research.

I might likewise enumerate the names of other friends to whom I have been indebted for advice and information. But I cannot withhold my acknowledgments to the CURATORS OF THE ADVOCATES' LIBRARY during the year 1821, by whose kind indulgence the task of collating and transcribing from BANNATYNE'S MS.¹ was in every way facilitated. To Dr IRVING, Keeper of the

entirely copied, as it is by no means an improbable conjecture, that any additional poems by Dunbar which it has been the means of preserving might have been contained in some leaves of the earlier MS. which were lost or destroyed before the volume was rebound in Pepys's time.

¹ A list of the contents of that Manuscript, which I then drew up, has been since printed in the volume entitled "MEMORIALS OF GEORGE BANNATYNE, 1546—1608." Edinburgh, 1829, 4to, and printed for the Members of 'The Bannatyne Club,'—a literary association in Edinburgh, which, under the auspices of its late President, SIR WALTER SCOTT, assumed the name of the compiler of that manuscript for their designation. A similar compliment to SIR RICHARD MAITLAND has been conferred by a like Institution at Glasgow.

Library, my best thanks are likewise due, as I had afterwards frequent occasion to consult that MS. while engaged in preparing the following sheets for the press.

It will thus appear that the materials for this edition were collected several years ago; and were laid aside for a time, partly with a fond hope that further research, or accident, might bring to light additional matter, so as to render the work more worthy of public notice and of Dunbar. Even after the printing of the text was completed, various delays have intervened to retard its appearance, to which I should not have alluded, had it not been for the circumstance that the present volumes, while in an unfinished state, have been quoted in works which were published long previous to this date.

D. LAING.

EDINBURGH,
JANUARY, 1834.



MEMOIRS
OF
WILLIAM DUNBAR.

VOL. I.

11



MEMOIRS
OF
WILLIAM DUNBAR.



JAMES THE FOURTH ascended the Throne of Scotland, June 1488, in the sixteenth year of his age. His accession was attended by circumstances which were little auspicious to the welfare and peace of the country. Yet, during his reign, for a period of twenty-five years, the nation enjoyed a degree of tranquillity to which it had been long unaccustomed, and which, under a vigorous and wise administration, must have been highly conducive to the general prosperity. It was fortunate, also, for the advancement of learning and various liberal pursuits, that the mind of the Scottish monarch was not wholly bent upon idle and frivolous amusements. For, while James continued to patronise the various branches of literature, as well as whatever might be useful or ornamental in the arts, he, in

an especial manner, loved and encouraged the Muses. Among the individuals who then flourished, eminent for learning or genius, and who have shed so much lustre over that age, the suffrage of criticism has awarded the place of chief eminence to WILLIAM DUNBAR, "the excellent poet," as he has lately by high authority been styled,¹ "unrivalled by any which Scotland ever produced."

Such is the high rank and character of the author, whose poems, after the lapse of three centuries, are now for the first time collected. That such an act of justice should have been so long deferred, is extremely remarkable; but the destiny of the author is altogether so singular, as to be almost without parallel in the annals of modern literature. During his own age, he received the homage due to his genius, and his writings for a time continued to be admired and imitated by succeeding poets;—yet he was doomed to such total and absolute neglect during the long period which elapsed between the year 1580, when Sir David Lyndsay mentions him among the poets then deceased, and the year 1724, when Allan Ramsay published a selection of his poems, that, with one solitary exception,² no allusion, not even so much as the mere mention of his name,³ can be dis-

¹ By SIR WALTER SCOTT, in "Memorials of George Bannatyne," p. 14. Edinburgh, 1829, 4to."

² In the "Adhortation," by Henry Charteris, prefixed to his edition of Lyndsay's Poems, Edinburgh, 1568, 4to, in the following words:

Thocht KENNEDIE and DUNBAR bure the bell

For the large race of rethorik they ran.

³ The name of Dunbar is not mentioned by Bale, Dempster, David

covered in the whole compass of our literature!—If any misfortune had befallen the two nearly coeval manuscript collections of Scottish poetry by Bannatyne and Maitland, the great chance is that it might have been scarcely known to posterity that such a poet as Dunbar had ever existed. His name, it is true, would have been found casually recorded as a poet, but how subdued is the interest that attaches to a mere name;—as, for instance, to that of his contemporaries, Stobo, Quintyne, or Sir John the Ross, whose works have perished. It may therefore excite regret, rather than surprise, to find that the history of a person who is now allowed to hold so conspicuous a place in the literature of his country, should have been entirely neglected; and that, instead of the copiousness and minute details of modern biography, there remains little to gratify any new interest which may be felt respecting him, save the various but obscure hints contained in his own verses. These, however, merit particular attention, as it is very rare to find an early writer leaving so many pieces descriptive of his private feelings and sentiments, suggested as they were by the incidents of his own history, which they fortunately serve to illustrate. But although we may not now be otherwise enabled to throw much light on Dunbar's personal

Buchanan, Sibbald, Mackenzie, or any other early writer on the literary history of Scotland. In Bishop Tanner's *Bibliotheca*, 1748, the 'Tabill of Confession,' printed at page 228 of this volume, is the only work attributed to Dunbar!

history, it is some consolation to think that so considerable a number of his poems has been preserved, and that he is likely to enjoy that degree of fame which true genius, amidst all the changes in human affairs, seldom fails to ultimately secure.

The surname of Dunbar is of very considerable antiquity and distinction in Scotland. The founder of the chief family of the name was Cospatrick, Earl of Northumberland, who, having settled in Scotland immediately after the Norman Conquest, became allied by marriage to Malcolm Canmore, who bestowed on him the manor of Dunbar, and many fair lands in the Merse and Lothian. Earl Waldhave, the fourth in succession, who was one of the hostages for the release of William the Lion from captivity in 1174, was the first of the family who had the title of Earl of Dunbar; while Patrick the eighth Earl was, in 1292, designated Earl of March. That our author's progenitors were connected by immediate descent with this great and powerful family is placed beyond doubt by the testimony of his poetical antagonist, Walter Kennedy. In the 'Flyting,' he not only speaks of Dunbar's 'forbears' or ancestors, as belonging to 'Cospatrick's clan,' which had at an early period 'brought Scotland into confusion,' by joining themselves to the English faction, during the continuous warfare between the two kingdoms, but he also in the most direct terms deduces the poet's descent from the Earls of March, while he expressly denies his connexion with the branch of the

family created Earls of Moray during the fourteenth century, or with the Dunbars of Westfield, who were male descendants of the last Earl of Moray. Now it is obvious, that had our author's relationship to the March family been so remote, as not to be recognised at the time, Kennedy's allusions would have had no meaning, and still less would he have thought it necessary to deny Dunbar's having any connexion with the remote collateral descendants of that family, who happened to be persons of great wealth and influence. The allusions, also, of Kennedy were rendered not the less sarcastic by the contrast of his own opulence and patrimony with the humbled fortunes of his antagonist's family; for it is well known that George, eleventh Earl of March, was attainted in an arbitrary manner by James the First, in the Parliament held at Perth, January 10th, 1434-5,⁴—by which forfeiture the earldom, and such of his lands as were held of the King, became annexed to the Crown; whence the Earl's descendants were at once stripped of their hereditary honours and extensive domains, and doomed to live in a state of comparative dependence.

WILLIAM DUNBAR was born about the middle of the fifteenth century. The precise date of his birth has not been ascertained, but, from circumstances to

⁴ Acts of the Parliaments of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 23. Wood's Peerage, vol. ii. p. 172.

be afterwards stated, we may with certainty place it not later than the year 1460. According to the poet's own words,⁵ Dunbar was a native of Lothian. The only branch of the attainted family, of which he is represented as a descendant, retaining property in that district, was Sir Patrick Dunbar of Beill, in East Lothian, a younger son of George the tenth Earl of March. This Sir Patrick signalized himself on many occasions, and was one of the hostages for James the First in 1426; and it also appears from an original charter, dated August 10th, 1440, that one of his sons was named William, who in all probability was either the father or uncle of the poet.⁶ No other persons of the same baptismal name can be traced during the whole of that century, and as such names usually run in families, the circumstance of our author's alleged descent from the Earls of March, in connection with his own avowal respecting his birthplace, adds some strength to the conjecture of his being the grandson of Sir Patrick Dunbar of Beill.

It has been inferred, from a passage in one of Kennedy's satires, that the village of Salton, in East

⁵ I tak on me ane pair of Lowthiane hippis,
Sall fairar Inglis mak, and mair parfyte,
Than thow can blabbar with thy Carrik lippis.

Flyting, line 110, vol. ii. p. 69.

⁶ For more minute notices of the family of Dunbar of Beill, during the fifteenth century, see Appendix to this Memoir, No. I. For pointing out the notice of the above charter, which is preserved in the Earl of Roseberry's charter-chest, I am indebted to JOHN RIDDELL, Esq. Advocate.

Lothian, was the place of the poet's birth. Of this, however, there is no evidence, the notion having originated in an error committed by Allan Ramsay in printing this passage,⁷ the sense of which has hitherto been completely misunderstood.

It is probable that Dunbar was very early intended for the church, in which case he must have had the advantage of a university education; for, in a jocular manner, he tells us, that even on his nurse's knee he was 'Dandeley, Bishop, dandeley!' But we are ignorant of the earliest events of his life, and under whose instruction he was first placed. It is satisfactory, however, to be able to state, that in the year 1475, when, we presume, our author had at least attained fifteen or sixteen years of age, he was sent to St Andrews, the most flourishing seat of learning and science at that period in Scotland. This fact, hitherto unnoticed, is ascertained from the old registers of the University, in which the name of William Dunbar, is entered, in 1477, among the *Determinantes* or Bachelors of Arts, in St Salvator's College, a degree which students were not entitled to claim until the third year of their attendance at College; and two years later, in 1479, the name of William Dunbar again occurs in the registers as then having taken his degree of Master of Arts.⁸ It may

⁷ See note upon lines 367-370 of the *Flyting*, vol. ii. p. 79.

⁸ *Acta Facultatis Artium S. Andreae*, MS.—For a curious notice regarding St Andrews in 1491, see the note upon Dunbar's poem, (vol. i. p. 199,) said to have been written 'at Oxinfurde.'

also be stated, that he is uniformly styled *Maister* William Dunbar, this designation, till a late period, being exclusively appropriated to persons who had taken that degree at some university.

Whether Dunbar, after finishing his course of study at St Andrew's, might have had the further advantage of prosecuting his studies at some foreign university, appears doubtful; and, indeed, with respect to his subsequent history for nearly twenty years, viz. from 1480 to 1499, we possess no satisfactory information.⁹ We have, however, his own authority for stating, that at an early period of his life he had entered the order of St Francis; and as he had been subsequently employed as an itinerant or preaching friar, he must necessarily have completed his novitiate. It is well known that the order of mendicants, called Franciscan or Grey Friars, were divided into Conventuals and Observantines. The latter had an establishment at Edinburgh, endowed by James the First, about the year 1446, where divinity and philosophy were regularly taught; and here it is highly probable that Dunbar might have spent some of his earlier years. But as he himself informs us that the studies and life of a friar were not suited to his disposition, it is reasonable to infer that his connection with that religious order or community was terminated

⁹ The number of Scottish students who at this period visited France was very considerable, but I have been unsuccessful in more than one attempt to ascertain whether Dunbar was in the number, although the registers of the old University of Paris are still preserved.

at no very advanced period of his life. This information is conveyed to us in his poem of 'The Visitation of St Francis,' written long afterwards. In these verses he relates how a fiend, in the likeness of that saint, appeared to him in a dream, desiring him to assume the friar's habit, and renounce the world; but the poet, in hinting that he should go to heaven with more satisfaction were he invested with the robes of a bishop, adds, "Had it ever been my fortune to become a friar, the time for this is long since past; in the habit of that order have I made good cheer in every flourishing town in England, betwixt Berwick and Calais; in it also have I ascended the pulpit at Dernton and Canterbury; and crossed the sea at Dover, and instructed the inhabitants of Picardy."¹⁰

It might have been to this period of Dunbar's life that Kennedy alludes, when he taunts him with his pilgrimage, as a pardoner, begging in all the churches from Ettrick Forest to Dumfries. It is not known how long he continued to lead such a desultory kind of life, nor in what manner his time was employed after he had relinquished the character of friar, as his poems throw no light on the circumstance which first brought him in connexion with the Scottish Court.

At a later period, when we find Dunbar residing in Edinburgh, and presenting his supplications to

¹⁰ See the Poem, vol. i. p. 28, and Notes, vol. ii. p. 231.

James the Fourth for preferment in the church, he urges his claims not on account of merit, for "alas!" says he, "I can do nothing but brieve (or write) ballads," but as the just recompense to which he was entitled by long and faithful service. In one place he tells the King, that had he been so disposed, he might, in his youth, have obtained employment abroad;¹¹ in another, he urges the King to have regard, and to bestow compensation on his 'auld servitouris,' no less than on the crowd of idle and worthless characters who daily importuned 'his Grace;' and speaks of himself as one of those that

Throw all regiouns hes tein hard tell,
Of quhilk my wrytting witnes beiris.

And when contrasting his own small reward with his long and 'leill service,' he adds,

Nocht I say this, by this countrie,
France, Ingland, Ireland, Almanie,
Bot als be Italie and Spaine,
Quhilk to considder is ane paine!

These allusions to the countries visited by Dunbar, while employed in the King's service, which include the chief parts of Europe, will readily suggest the nature and character of his employment. It is well known that James the Fourth maintained a constant

¹¹ Quhen I wes young, and into ply,

I had been bocht in realmes by,
Had I consentit to be sauld.—Vol. i. p. 149.

and friendly intercourse with the Courts of France, Flanders, Spain, Denmark, and other countries,¹² and that such international relations were carried on by the mission of heralds, envoys, and merchants, as well as in the more solemn way of embassies to foreign courts, including that of England. The most probable conjecture then that can be offered is, that Dunbar was employed in the course of these embassies, as it was usual on such occasions to appoint 'ane clerk;' for it must be considered that the literary attainments of the clergy, who were almost the only class of men who then received any thing like a liberal education, eminently recommended them to the service of foreign negotiations.

The most direct intimations, however, that we possess of Dunbar's having visited foreign lands, occur in his poetical contest, or 'Flyting,' with his friend Walter Kennedy. The date of this singular composition may be placed a few years after 1491. The Flyting commences on the part of Dunbar at a time when he was at some distance from Court. Addressing Sir John Ross, whom he elsewhere commemorates among the Scottish makars or poets, he

¹² That we are unable, from the public registers, to ascertain this more distinctly, we impute to the circumstance, that in the safe-conduct granted for such embassies when passing through England, to go beyond seas, as well as to the English Court, the names only of the two or three leading persons are mentioned, with a specified number of attendants and horses in their train.—See RYMER's *Fœdera and Rotuli Scotiæ*, passim. See also PINKERTON'S Hist. vol. ii. and TYTLER'S Hist. vol. iv.

says, " There is a thing compiled by Kennedy and his commissary Quintyne, lauding each other in the most extravagant terms; but if they had ventured to attempt 'any manace' to occasion strife, however loth I am to be reckoned 'a baird,' being ashamed to use terms of flyting, from which neither honour nor renown are to be gained, nothing should secure them from my wrath, for this would be so terrible, that to hear what I shall write 'with pen and ink,' the earth and firmament would tremble, the devils in hell quake with fear, and the city bell make a noise." To such an unusual mode of address, written with the evident intention of being communicated to the persons who are named, Kennedy answers in a sufficiently insolent and provoking manner, setting Dunbar and his wrath at defiance. This, of course, produces a reply; and the two poets fall by the ears, and abuse one another in good set terms of ribaldry, of which it would not be easy to find a parallel in modern literature.

As this strange performance is full of allusions to the personal history of the writers, it is necessary to examine it with greater attention than it might seem to deserve. It does not appear that either of their friends, Quintyne or Sir John Ross, had taken any share in this trial of skill in the art of scolding; but unless we suppose that considerable intervals of time had elapsed between the writing of the several parts, and that some intermediate portions had been

lost, there is no satisfactory mode of explaining and reconciling the apparent discrepancies, and abrupt transitions.

It is not less necessary to remark that this altercation neither originated nor was carried on in consequence of any personal animosity or dislike, nor does it appear that it had any tendency to interrupt the cordiality of private friendship; but was merely the result of 'illiberal fancy,' of which several examples occur in our literature during the sixteenth century. Kennedy was a person highly connected, being the third son of Gilbert first Lord Kennedy, and as a poet he enjoyed great distinction in his own time. His acquaintance with Dunbar must have been of several years' standing, and of an intimate kind, to have warranted such kind of sport, by which they were alike subjected to general ridicule. That they were of the same age, may be inferred, as their academical studies were contemporaneous, Kennedy having been a student at Glasgow when Dunbar was at St Andrews;¹³ and as this contest tended to the amusement of their friends at Court, and no doubt excited a lively interest at the time, it might be said of them, with equal truth and propriety,

Ambo florentes ætatibus, Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares, et respondere parati.

¹³ Records of the University of Glasgow. See the notes upon Kennedy's poems, in vol. ii. p. 87, &c.

Dunbar in his first reply asserts that Kennedy was afraid to show his malice until the sails had been drawn above his head, and the boisterous winds, in the dark and moonless time of the year, had driven the vessel out of its reckoning, many hundred miles 'by Holland, Zealand, and the Northway coast,' to deserts where they were almost famished; yet, says he, '*I shall come home, and lay thy boast.*' According to another passage in the *Flyting*, it would seem from Kennedy's words, that the vessel in which Dunbar had sailed from Leith had been wrecked on the coast of Zealand, where he was left in such distress as to occasion him often 'to sit supperless,' and to cry *Caritas, pro amore Dei*, from door to door.

Obscure as the *Flyting* is in many of its allusions, there can be no doubt that when the concluding portion by Kennedy was written, Dunbar was residing at Paris; and moreover, the mention of the ship Katherine, when compared with a notice in the Treasurer's Accounts for July 1491,¹⁴ renders it more than probable that he was in the train of the Earl of Bothwell and Lord Monypenny, then sent on an embassy to France. As the ambassadors returned at the end of November that same year, Dunbar might have been left behind in Paris, during the winter season, for the purpose of crossing the Alps in the further

¹⁴ See note on line 449 of 'The Flyting.'—In July 1491, thirty-six shillings was paid by the Treasurer to 'the Preist that wrayt the instrumentis and othereis letteris that past with the Imbassatours in France.'

prosecution of 'the erandis' of his royal master ; for, as Kennedy says, he could not at that time cross Mount Bernard for wild beasts, nor win through Mounts Scarpre, Nicholas, and St Godard, for the snow ; and since no lord would take him into his service, he is advised to remain in Paris, with the 'Maister Burreau,' or public executioner, and assist in hanging criminals at the rate of half-a-franc a piece. But after such gratuitous advice, Kennedy thus addresses the King :

Hie, Soverane Lord, lat never this sinfull sot
Do schame, fra hame, unto your Nation ;

—words which evidently corroborate the supposition of Dunbar's having been employed in the King's service on some foreign mission.

Without attempting any further illustrations of our Poet's history from this composition, which would be less unintelligible had we been acquainted with the object and destination of his travels, we may safely conclude, that, before the close of the fifteenth century, Dunbar had, on more than one occasion, visited the continent. Little as we know respecting his early life, and the circumstances that led to the development of his genius, there can be no doubt that the advantages he enjoyed from visiting distant lands, must have had considerable influence in imparting greater strength and energy to his poetical conceptions, not only by affording him a wider field for observation of the varied scenery of nature, but by pre-

senting to him more extensive opportunities for studying the diversities of human character.

We are now made acquainted with a new occurrence in the life of Dunbar. In the year 1500 he obtained from the King a yearly pension of ten pounds,¹⁵ which is the first occasion on which we find his name occurring in the public records. This pension might have been granted in consequence of one of his addresses to the King, where he says,

Schir, yet remember as of befoir,
How that *my youth is done forloir*
In your service, with pane and grief,
Gude Conscience cryis, ‘*Reward thairfoir !*’

The Treasurer’s Accounts for that year have not been preserved, but the grant appears in the register of the Privy Seal, under the date of August 15th,¹⁶ ordaining that sum to be paid out of the royal coffers by the treasurer, at the half-yearly terms of Whitsuntide and Martinmas, without specifying on what account it was conferred, and with this provision, that the sum should be paid to ‘Maister William Dunbar for all the dayis of his life, OR UNTILL HE BE PROMOTED BY OUR SOVEREIGN LORD TO A BENEFICE OF THE VALUE OF FORTY POUNDS OR MORE YEARLY.’

¹⁵ The sum of ten pounds may appear small; and at that time one pound English money was equivalent to three pounds ten shillings Scottish. But we must be careful not to reckon the value of money in those days by the present standard.

¹⁶ Reg. Secr. Sigill. vol. ii. fol. 9, b. See Appendix to this Memoir, No. II.

The regular payment of this half-yearly salary, with occasional gratuities bestowed on him 'by the King's command,' show, that during the life of James, our author must have resided almost constantly in Edinburgh; and the grant might have been made for the special purpose of retaining him at Court, although its continuance is not made to depend upon any subsequent contingency. As a poet, although surrounded by many competitors, his reputation was at this time established and widely extended; and in 1503, he says of himself, that his heart in former years had rejoiced in making '*sangis under the leavis grene.*' Gawin Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Dunkeld, (himself one of the most eminent of our ancient poets,) in his '*Palice of Honour,*' written in the year 1501, having introduced Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate, along with all the great poets of antiquity, as possessing a distinguished place in the '*Court of the Muses,*' adds,

Of this Natioun I knew also anone
Greit KENNEDIE, and DUNBAR *yit undeid*,
And QUINTINE with ane huttok on his heid.¹⁷

From the Treasurer's Accounts, we accidentally learn that Dunbar must have again visited England at the close of the year 1501. Among the half-yearly pensions due at Martinmas, and entered as paid on the

¹⁷ The *Palice of Honour*, reprinted from the edition 1579, p. 28, Edinburgh, 1830, 4to.

20th of December that year, when Dunbar's name occurs, it is added, 'quhilk wes payit him aftir he came furth of Ingland.' The next date in that division of the Accounts being February 21, 1502, we cannot ascertain precisely the time of his return, which must have been subsequent to the regular term of payment, otherwise such an intimation would have been quite superfluous. This, in itself, would be a circumstance of trivial importance, were it not that it is thus rendered probable that he accompanied the ambassadors who were sent to England to conclude the negotiations for the King's marriage in October 1501, and that he remained to witness the ceremony of affiancing the Princess Margaret, which took place at St Paul's cross, with great solemnity and splendour, on the 25th of January, 1502. Under this supposition we can have little hesitation in believing that Dunbar was the person then styled 'THE RHYMER OF SCOTLAND,' who received L.6, 13s, 4d. in reward from Henry VII. on the 31st of December, 1501, and a similar sum on the 7th of January following.¹⁸

The Princess Margaret remained in England till July 1503, and the minute and interesting account of her progress to Scotland, by John Young, Somerset

¹⁸ Extracts from the Privy Purse Expenses of Henry VII., printed by Sir Harris Nicolas in Bentley's *Excerpta Historica*, 1831, 8vo, p. 126. If the original accounts, from which these extracts were made during the last century, should be discovered, some further particulars regarding the persons sent from Scotland on this embassy might no doubt be gleaned.

herald, which has been preserved, presents a striking picture of society at that time.¹⁹ Dunbar's poem, the 'Thrissil and the Rois,' was written on the 9th of May, three months previous to the Queen's arrival; in which, by a most beautiful and appropriate allegory, comparing her to the Rose, the queen of flowers, and James to the national emblem, the Thistle, he celebrates the prospect of that alliance which, although not productive at the time of all its expected advantages, yet eventually led to the permanent union of the two kingdoms. The Queen made her public entrance into Edinburgh on the 7th of August, with every demonstration of public rejoicing; and on the day after, the marriage ceremony took place in the Abbey of Holyrood, with a degree of solemnity and splendour which perhaps was never equalled in this part of the kingdom.

The historian of English Poetry asserts, that in consequence of this alliance, a new communication and intercourse were opened between the two courts and kingdoms, which "must have greatly contributed to polish the rude manners, and to improve the language, literature, and arts, of Scotland."²⁰ Such an hypothesis is not borne out by facts; as previous to

¹⁹ Printed in the Appendix to Leland's Collectanea, 3d edit. 1770, vol. iv. p. 258. In addition to the official account by Young, 'who attended the said Princess on her journey,' the Treasurer's Accounts throw considerable light on the magnificent preparations for the nuptials on the part of the Scottish Monarch.

²⁰ Warton's Hist. edit. 1824, vol. iii. p. 96.

this event, James the Fourth, by his personal accomplishments and chivalrous disposition, combined with a love of splendour and profuse liberality little commensurate with his limited means, had attracted to his Court persons of rank and influence, as well as those who were distinguished for learning or genius. Neither the Queen, nor the few English attendants who remained with her, appear to have contributed in any degree towards exciting or fostering intellectual acquirements; and long before her arrival in Scotland, our native poets had raised themselves to a rank far above any of the English followers of Chaucer. In short, the whole tone and character of the literature of that period presents a striking contrast to that of England.

While the Scottish monarch was an avowed patron of literature, in which he himself is allowed to have made some proficiency, the natural gaiety of his disposition led him to encourage all kinds of public amusements. Dunbar, on more than one occasion, insinuates that the Royal attention and bounty were too profusely directed to the support of pantomimic exhibitors, pipers, fiddlers, jesters, and common minstrels, as well as foreign impostors and mere pretenders to science. The Accounts of the Lord High Treasurer, while they exhibit numberless instances of his prodigality in encouraging and rewarding those who contributed to the King's own personal gratifications, and present a singular picture of his daily

occupations, at the same time show that the monarch was a munificent encourager of the useful arts, and that his liberality displayed itself in acts of charity and kindness to his domestic servants. He also appears to have expended large sums of money in building or adorning the royal palaces of Holyrood, Linlithgow, Stirling, and Falkland; in the erection of religious foundations, in the prosecution of maritime enterprises, and in the extension of commerce; while the internal prosperity of the country was essentially promoted by a strict and impartial administration of justice.

At this period Dunbar appears to have lived on terms of great familiarity with the King, and to have participated freely in all the gaieties and amusements of the Scottish Court; his sole occupation being that of writing ballads on any passing event which might serve to exercise his fancy or imagination, and thus contribute to the entertainment of his royal master. It is singular that so considerable a number of pieces written by him upon private and obscure individuals should have been thought worthy of preservation, while no doubt many others of more permanent interest were allowed to perish; for it is inconceivable, that a poet in Dunbar's situation would remain silent in regard to many public events which were calculated to call forth some 'melodious song' from one who was daily accustomed to the composition

Off sangis, ballatis, and of playis.

As the limited space of this Memoir will not admit of any detailed account of the persons or events commemorated by Dunbar, occasional illustrations will be found in the Notes upon the respective poems. One class of his poems, however, although of a temporary nature, requires notice in this place, as it consists of supplications and addresses to the King, which fortunately serve to throw some light on the personal history and fortunes of the poet himself. The grand object of Dunbar's ambition was preferment in the church; which, independently of any other claims he might possess, he was entitled to expect from the terms of the grant of his yearly pension. That his continuous and importunate solicitations were attended with little or no advantage, might be inferred from their number and diversified character; but this supposition is discountenanced by the knowledge which we possess of the regular payment of his annual pension. It is somewhat amusing, however, to consider with what ingenuity and address he varies his petitions. In general, he seems to found his chief claims for preferment upon former services which he had rendered, his youth having been spent in the King's employment, while he intimates that his wants would be easily satisfied. But, whether in the form of a satirical or of a pathetic appeal to the King, or simply as a congratulation on the New Year, or whether under some humorous personation he brought forward his request, still the burden of

Dunbar's song was a Benefice! Again, at times he breaks out in a more vehement tone, and uses the language of remonstrance. On observing benefices given to persons who had already enjoyed several others, he asks the King, whether it is more charity to give drink to him who stands in great need of it, or to fill 'a full man till he burst?' while his companion, who is as deserving as he to drink wine is allowed to die of thirst. His virtuous indignation is still more excited on beholding the great abuses which prevailed at Court, and on contrasting his own small reward with the liberal encouragement bestowed on needy adventurers and impostors, he is led, but with no undue degree of vanity, to predict the endurance of his own works.²¹

But the most singular instance of all his supplications is perhaps that, in which he represents himself under the character of a worn-out steed, or an old grey horse, which deserved to be turned out to pasture, and to have shelter provided during the winter season. Attached to this poem is the following reply to the petition, in the form of a mandate addressed to the Treasurer by his Majesty; but whether the words were actually written by the King himself, or added in his name by Dunbar, as an ingenious mode of enforcing his request, the reader must be left to his own conjecture. In modern orthography the lines are :

²¹ See lines 25—34, vol. i. p. 146.

After our writings,²² TREASURER,
 Take in this grey horse, Old DUNBAR,
 Who in my aucht,²³ with service true,
 In lyart²⁴ changed is his hue;
 Gar²⁵ house him now against this Yule,
 And busk²⁶ him like a bishop's mule:
 For, with my hand, I have indost²⁷
 To pay whate'er his trappings cost.

The books of the Lord High Treasurer furnish us with another incident in the life of the Poet. It appears, that on the 17th of March, 1504, he first performed mass in the King's presence, whose offering on the occasion was seven French crowns, or £4, 18s. in Scottish money, a larger sum than was usually given by his Majesty on hearing 'a priest's first mass.' This circumstance is more worthy of notice, as it not only proves that Dunbar was in priest's orders, but likewise serves to refute the idle and unjust insinuations, that his moral conduct must have been the sole cause that prevented the King from bestowing on him any kind of church preferment. The true cause, we should hope, consisted in the King's reluctance to be deprived of his attendance at Court.

It also appears, that at Martinmas 1507, his pension was *newly eiked*, or augmented, the King having ordered it to be increased to the annual sum of £20 ;

²² According to Our mandate.

²³ Possession.

²⁴ Gray-haired.

²⁵ Cause.

²⁶ Dress, or adorn.

²⁷ Indorsed, or signed.

and three years afterwards, as will be stated, it was raised to a much larger amount. But the King was not the only person whom the Poet addressed in order to gain the summit of his ambition. Queen Margaret, in particular, seems to have shown him much compassionate regard, and he expresses an ardent wish that her power to serve him was commensurate with her inclination. The Lord Treasurer, from whom he received his half-yearly pension, he commends on the score of generosity and great punctuality, adding that he knew not what he should have done had his Lordship absented himself at the ordinary term of payment. Again, he assures the Lords of the King's Exchequer, that for his part he has no occasion for reckoning on his fingers the amount of his rents, having none to receive; and as for money, it was all spent, but how he could not tell, and he refers to his empty purse to confirm the truth of what he says. Some of his expressions indeed are not to be taken in too literal a sense; for instance, '*I stand fast and in a nuik,*' or, '*How glaid that ever I dyne or soup,*' as if they implied a state of absolute want,—although it might have happened, that when other men with their purse '*in tune,*' or well filled,

Passes to drink or to disjune,
Then must I keep ane gravity,
And say, '*That I'll fast untill noon!*'

Among the events which distinguish the reign of James the Fourth, we cannot fail to reckon those which

were calculated to encourage education, and to extend the benefits of literature by the establishment of a printing press. In 1490 the Scottish Parliament passed an act enjoining, that the eldest sons of all barons and substantial freeholders should be sent to school at the age of eight or nine years, to receive a competent foundation in the Latin language, and afterwards that they should three years attend to the study of ‘art and jure,’—or science and jurisprudence, that they might have ‘knowledge and understanding of the lawis.’ It was not, however, till some years later that the art of printing was introduced into Scotland, but it was under the royal auspices, by a grant of exclusive privileges to Walter Chepman and Andrew Myllar, issued under the Privy Seal, Sept. 15th, 1507. The extent to which their labours were carried cannot now be ascertained, owing to the almost total destruction of the current literature of the time; but among the few existing specimens of the first Scottish press, it is more especially worthy of notice, that there are several of Dunbar’s poems printed with much carelessness, but no doubt under his own inspection. These include the Goldyn Targe, the Flyting, and his Lament for the Makars, which appear to have issued from Chepman’s press, in the year 1508,²⁸ in separate sheets, containing one

²⁸ A fac-simile republication in black letter of this singularly interesting collection appeared under the title of “The Knightly Tale of Gola-grus and Gawane, and other Ancient Poems,” Edinburgh, 1827, 4to.

or more poems, sometimes by different authors. Except for the fortunate discovery of these interesting reliques, we should have been inclined to have fixed the date of his Lament for the Makars several years later; but in 1507 or 1508, when it must have been written, the poet was advanced in life, and at the time enfeebled by sickness, which occasioned him to look around with desponding thoughts. All his early friends and brother poets had submitted to the stroke of death, excepting Kennedy, who, he tells us, was then laid on a sick-bed, and not expected to survive; while he who was once 'so gay and full of health,' now felt himself standing as it were alone of all his contemporaries. But this feeling of alarm passed away upon his recovery; and as his love of flowers and of external nature remained unimpaired, so we find him ere long 'brieving ballatis,' much in the same gay careless strain as before. Indeed, in the midst of disappointed expectations, or the alternate feelings which the gaieties of the Court and the attentions of the great excited, with his hopes long deferred, and at times, it is to be feared, with but scanty means of subsistence, his buoyancy of spirit seems seldom to have forsaken him. 'For,' says he, 'had I taken to heart the world's unkindness, or permitted myself to be debarred from my ordinary enjoyments, I had doubtless been dead long ago.'²⁹

The pension, however, which Dunbar had enjoyed

²⁹ Lines 31—35 vol. i. p. 188.

for several years was quite inadequate to satisfy his high and continued expectations; although he might have gladly accepted a benefice worth L.40 per annum, as mentioned in the grant of his pension in 1500; for he says,

And quhen that age now dois me greive,
Ane simple vicar I cannot be!

In a pecuniary point of view, therefore, his wishes must have been so far satisfied by a fresh proof of the King's favour. On the 26th of August, 1510, by a warrant under the Privy Seal, Dunbar's pension was increased from £20 to £80, to be paid as before at the stated terms of Martinmas and Whitsuntide,³⁰ during his life, 'OR UNTIL HE BE PROMOTED TO A BENEFICE OF £100, OR ABOVE.' This prospect being still held out to him may account for the frequency of his urgent appeals to the King for such preferment. But the poet himself, in one of his petitions, says with much truth, 'It has been so long promised, that it might have come in much shorter time from the New found Isle, over the great Ocean-Sea, or from the deserts of India,'—and adds, perhaps with more apparent than real humility, that he had no ex-

³⁰ Reg. Secr. Sig.—See Appendix to this Memoir, No. II. This conditional mode of granting a pension was not unusual. James V. bestowed on Hector Boyce the historian, in 1527, the yearly sum of L.50 Scots, "untill the King promote him to a benefice of 100 marks Scots of yearly value." In May 1513, two of the clerks in King's Chapel of Holyrood, on account of their having each a benefice, received from the Treasurer a smaller sum as their half-yearly pension than the other clerks.

pectations to obtain the revenue of great abbacies, for a church, although scarcely covered with heather, would amply satisfy his desires. With all his cheerfulness of temper and elasticity of spirit, Dunbar had reached a period of life when he must have felt more keenly the misfortune of continuing so long a dependant on Court favour, while the promise of some competent provision was held out to him year after year by the King. Had the Scottish monarch not been desirous of retaining Dunbar as a personal attendant, he could have found no difficulty in gratifying the wishes of an old and faithful servant, as the presentation to all vacant benefices was vested in the King's hands; for it has been well observed that 'It must have been a pure priesthood indeed, to which Dunbar would not, in his maturer years, have done honour.'³¹

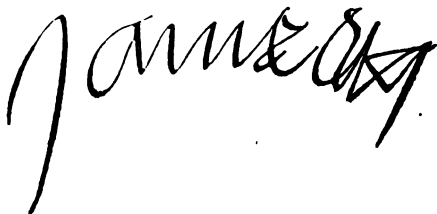
Queen Margaret, in the month of May 1511, for the first time, set out to visit the Northern parts of Scotland, and our author must have been in her train; as the poem by Dunbar, descriptive of her reception at Aberdeen, is evidently written by an eye-witness. In the notes upon that poem some account is given of the preparations made by the citizens to receive her Majesty with all due honour and solemnity. Another of his poems, although satirical, is interesting also on account of the locality, being an Address to the Merchants of Edinburgh, written probably about the year 1500; and exhibiting a most curious picture of the state of the Scottish metropolis at that early

³¹ Lives of Eminent Scotsmen, part ii. p. 32.

period. The principal streets crowded with stalls—the confused state of the different markets—the noise and cries of the fishwomen, and of other persons retailing their wares round the Cross—the booths of traders crowded together ‘like a honeycomb’ near the church of St Giles, which was then, and continued till within a very recent period, to be disfigured with mean and paltry buildings stuck round the buttresses on each side of the church—the outer-stairs of the houses projecting into the street—the swarm of beggars—the common minstrels, whose skill was confined to one or two hackneyed tunes—all together form the subject of a highly graphic and interesting delineation.

While this country was continuing to advance rapidly in the course of improvement, the temper of the generous and high-minded Sovereign was in one sad moment doomed to put an end to this state of high national prosperity. No greater calamity could have happened to the Scottish nation than resulted from the King’s impetuosity at Floddon, on the 8th of September, 1513.³² Along with the gallant but

³² I have here added a facsimile of the King’s signature, “JAMES R.” copied from the last page of the Treasurer’s Accounts, August 8th, 1513, and probably the latest specimen of his writing that now exists.



unfortunate Monarch,³³ several prelates, the chief part of his nobles, and nearly every person who had been intrusted with the management of public affairs, were involved in one common catastrophe ; and it is impossible to calculate how much such an unexpected blow must have tended to retard the nation in its progress towards wealth, knowledge, and refinement. The unutterable dismay which was spread over the whole country, with all the disastrous consequences attendant upon the minority of an infant King,—a disputed regency and divided counsels,—the factions of rival nobles,—the intrigues of foreign powers,—the disturbed state of the borders, and the dread of a threatened invasion, are matters of history, and need not be here detailed.

This fatal event is also to be considered as inauspicious to the personal fortunes of Dunbar. The royal establishment at Holyrood was doubtless soon broken up, there being neither the means nor any necessity for continuing the festivities and expenses of the Court. But whether any provision was made for those individuals who had been long attached to the King's

³³ Buchanan, in his 'Justa,' consecrated the following lines to the obsequies of this gallant Monarch.

JACOBO IV. REGI SCOTORUM.

Fama orbem replet, mortem sors occulit: at tu

Dessine scrutari quod tegat ossa solum.

Si mihi dent animo non impar fata sepulchrum,

Angusta est tumulo terra Britannia meo.

person cannot now be ascertained. The Treasurer's Accounts, from the 8th of August, 1513, (a month previous to the battle of Floddon,) to the 25th of January, 1515, which might have thrown some light on the subject, have not been preserved; and in those from that date to the 4th of September, 1518, (from which time, to the 5th of June, 1522, there is another blank in the series,) there is no mention of Dunbar's name. We cannot therefore discover the date of the last payment of his pension. But although we now lose all trace of his name in the public records, it by no means follows that his pension was entirely withdrawn: it might either have been transferred to some other branch of the royal revenue, or the Poet might at last have been promoted to a benefice, when consequently his pension would cease.

That Dunbar might have succeeded in obtaining preferment in the church, is indeed rendered highly probable. The Queen Dowager, whom, during the King's life, our Poet styled his '*Advocate bayth fair and sweet*,' could have no difficulty during her regency in providing for his wants; and we cannot believe that she would allow his old age to pine away in poverty and neglect. Even were it otherwise, we are not to suppose that he had no other friends in power who would be unwilling to assist in procuring some adequate and permanent provision for an individual, who had so long contributed by his writings to the amusements of the Court.

What might have been the fate of Dunbar during the closing years of his life can therefore only be surmised, as we are even unable to ascertain how long he survived his Royal master. Several of his poems denote the sedate and contemplative feelings of advanced age; and one of them, written on the occasion of the governor, John, Duke of Albany, passing into France, contains a pathetic lamentation over the distracted state of public affairs in Scotland. This perhaps was one of the latest of his productions, and cannot be assigned to any date prior to the 8th of June, 1517. Lyndsay, who must have been personally acquainted with Dunbar,³⁴ in a poem written in the year 1530, after alluding to Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate, as the great masters 'of Rethorick,' '*Quhais sweit sentence through Albion bene sung*,' exclaims,

Or *quha can now* the warkis contrefait
 Off KENNEDIE with termes aureait?
 Or off DUNBAR, quha language had at large,
 As may be sene intill his Goldin Targe.

From these words, and from the manner in which Lyndsay laments Bishop Douglas, who died in 1522,

³⁴ Lyndsay was at Court during the reign of James the Fourth, but in what capacity is not so certain. In October, 1511, he received a play-coat of blew and yellow taffety "for the play, playit in the King and Quenis presence, in the Abbay." Addressing James the Fifth, in 1529, he tells his Majesty that he had entered his service '*the day of thy nativitie*.' James the Fifth was born April 12, 1512, and Lyndsay's name occurs in the Treasurer's Accounts of 1512 and 1513, as '*Ischar to my Lord Prince*,' with the yearly salary of L.40.

it may be inferred that our author's decease was previous to that of the prelate ; wherefore we cannot greatly err in supposing that he died about the year 1520, when he had attained at least sixty years of age. Having arrived at this conclusion in the Poet's biography, every admirer of genius will regret that we have not decisive evidence to show that DUNBAR was enabled to spend his declining years in the shade of that peaceful and religious retirement, for which he had most earnestly longed. It would also have been gratifying to have ascertained the spot wherein were consigned the mortal remains of the greatest of all Scotland's early MAKARS.

HAVING endeavoured, in the preceding pages, to present as full an account of the personal history of Dunbar as the scanty materials remaining would afford, we may now consider his poetical character, and in what respect he stands distinguished among the earlier poets of Scotland. Although the poets who preceded him were neither few in number, nor inconsiderable in point of genius, there was concentrated in him such a rare association of talents as had not, in Britain at least, been known, except in Chaucer, to whom he looked up with reverence as to his master, who surpassed, he says, all other bards, '*as far as Mayis morrow dois midnycht.*' Of such early Scottish poets of

whose compositions any remains have been preserved, a few words may be requisite in this place.

IN THOMAS OF ERCELDOUNE, surnamed the Rhymer, who flourished about the middle of the thirteenth century, we have the earliest acknowledged writer of romance poetry in Britain. Unfortunately the works attributed to this venerable Bard do not possess undoubted claims of genuineness; and, indeed, with the exception of some lines of a Prophecy, in reply to a question of the Countess of Dunbar, in reference to the wars of Edward the First in Scotland, the only work that can be so conceded to him, is the metrical romance of Sir Tristrem.³⁵ Yet as this romance in more than one place expressly mentions the Rhymer in the third person, ‘*With Thomas spak I*,’—‘*As Thomas telles*,’ &c., and as the words of Robert de Brunne, written in 1305,

I see in song, in sedgeyng tale
Of Erceldoune and of Kendale, &c.

usually quoted in support of Thomas being the author of Sir Tristrem, are very obscure, might it not have been a more plausible conjecture, to have inferred that the romance in question was actually composed

³⁵ Sir Tristrem, which was first published in 1804, by Sir Walter Scott, has passed through several subsequent impressions. The lines of the Prophecy referred to, were supposed by him to be of a later date, and to have an application to the wars of Edward the Third,—but they exist in a MS. prior to his reign. See the Appendix to ‘*Select Remains of the Popular Poetry of Scotland*,’ 1822, 4to.

by KENDALE, and that the invention only belonged to Thomas of Erceldoune?

Among the earlier reliques of the Scottish Muse which have been preserved, we may reckon the three curious and interesting romances in alliterative verse on the subject of Sir Gawane. One of these, written in a very peculiar measure, and undoubtedly the most ancient, is still unpublished,³⁶ and probably belongs to the end of the thirteenth century. Wyntown, who wrote about 1420, has mentioned in terms of commendation, a poet of the name of HUCHOWN OF THE AWLE RYALL, or the Royal Hall or palace, who '*cunnand wes in literature.*' Besides, Huchown's great historical work, described as the '*Gest Hystoryale,*' there are specified among his works, '*the Gret gest of Arthure,*' '*the Pystyl of swete Susan,*' and the '*Awntere of Gawane.*' Dunbar also mentions among the Scottish poets, CLERK OF TRANENT, '*that maid the Awnteris of Gawane.*' It has been suggested that Huchown, or Hugh, might possibly have been the Christian name of Clerk of Tranent.³⁷ This, it

³⁶ This romance of Gawane and the Grene Knight, preserved in an ancient MS. in the Cottonian Library, has been announced for publication by Sir Frederick Madden, to the gratification of all who feel interested in such valuable reliques of ancient literature. I am happy to say that Sir F. Madden informs me that he has discovered in MS. '*the Gret Gest of Arthure,*' attributed to Huchown, and which cannot fail to be a most desirable acquisition to our early romance poetry.

³⁷ See Macpherson's Notes to Wyntown, vol. ii. p. 463. He elsewhere says, '*Huchown perhaps was King's Poet.*'

must be confessed, is no very probable conjecture. On the other hand, it has been asserted that Huchown was the same person with SIR HUGH DE EGLINTOUN, whom Dunbar has enumerated among the early Scottish Makars.³⁸ This seems to be not much more probable. When we consider the high official rank and distinction of Sir Hugh Eglintoun of Eglintoun, who had been allied by marriage to King Robert the Second, and the minuteness with which Wyntown usually designates the persons whom he names, it is hardly credible that he would on more than one occasion speak of Sir Hugh Eglintoun, who appears to have had no permanent situation at Court, simply as Huchown. A poem in alliterative verse on the subject of Susanna, answering the description of the 'Pistill' ascribed to Huchown, is still preserved, and from similarity of style, one or other of the later romances of Gawane may be assigned to the same author. Another curious specimen of alliterative poetry, which probably belongs to an early period of our literature, is the 'Taill of Rauf Coilyear.'³⁹ But in forming any opinion regarding the age or authorship of such

³⁸ See introductory notice to the 'Pistill of Susan,' which is printed in the collection already quoted in Note 35, and Chalmers' *Lyndsay*, vol. i. p. 132. Some farther account of Sir Hugh de Eglintoun will be found in the Notes upon Dunbar's poem, vol. i. p. 213.

³⁹ 'Imprintit at Sanct Androis be Robert Lekprevick, 1571,' and reprinted in the volume of 'Select Remains,' &c., 1822, 4to.

ancient remains, much must necessarily rest upon mere conjecture.

The work next to be mentioned, is one of great and deserved celebrity, being the *Life and Acts of Robert Bruce*, which was written by JOHN BARBOUR, Arch-deacon of Aberdeen, in the year 1375. He was also the author of a historical poem on the *Genealogy of the Kings of Scotland*, frequently referred to by WYNTOWN, but which is not known to be preserved. Barbour was fortunate in the subject of his *Robert the Bruce*, and in that work, while we are made sensible of the charms of romantic narrative, there is also found in his spirited descriptions, a more than ordinary adherence to the correctness of historical detail.⁴⁰

ANDREW OF WYNTOWN, prior of the Monastery of St Serfe in Lochleven, between the years 1410 and 1420, compiled a *Metrical Chronicle*, which is valuable not only for its minuteness and precision in

⁴⁰ The most genuine edition of Barbour's *Bruce*, is that edited by the Rev. Dr Jamieson, from a MS. written in 1489. Edinburgh: 1820, 4to. That MS. was supposed to be the only one in existence; but, in the Library of St John's College, Cambridge, there is another, dated 1488, which would be worthy of collation, although unluckily it wants several leaves at the beginning. It has also been generally asserted that the edition by Hart, in 1616, 8vo, was the earliest of Barbour's poem, but I am possessed of one in small 4to, black-letter, (which has lost the title-page,) apparently printed at Edinburgh, about the year 1570, which may explain the allusion made by Patrick Gordon, in 1615, to 'the printed book.'

point of dates, but likewise for the curious traits of ancient manners which it incidently elucidates. But this Chronicle, while it entitles the author to the reputation of an original historical writer, displays none of the genius which adorns the truly national poem of Wyntown's predecessor.⁴¹

The poet next in succession is one of higher distinction, not only for rank, but also for genius; and it is singular that Dunbar, while he mentions the names of several obscure poets, as we must now consider them, in his Lament for the Makars, should have overlooked that of KING JAMES THE FIRST. The King's Quair,⁴² written by the captive Prince, to solace his weary hours during his residence in Windsor castle, is remarkable for a degree of grace and elegance which seems till then to have been unknown to our earlier writers. Nothing can exceed the beauty and tenderness with which he describes his feelings on beholding in the garden below the tower where he was confined, the lady Jane Beaufort, (whom he afterwards married,) as she was coming forth to her morning orisons. The humorous popular ballads in the verna-

⁴¹ That part of Wyntown's Chronicle relating to Scotland, was published with not less care and ability than elegance, by the late Mr David Macpherson. London: 1795. 2 vols. royal 8vo.

⁴² First published by William Tytler, Esq. of Woodhouselee, in 1783, 8vo, and more recently by Mr Thomson of Ayr Academy, in 1824, and by Mr George Chalmers, in his 'Poetical Remains of the Scottish Kings.' London: 1824. 8vo.

cular dialect which have been attributed to the same Royal author, undoubtedly belong to a much later age.

During the reign of James the Second, there flourished at least two poets of some note. The one was a priest of the name of HOLLAND, an adherent of the noble family of Douglas, who appears to have continued an attached follower during their misfortunes. He was the author of a curious allegorical poem, the *Buke of the Howlat*, written about 1453, which displays some invention and descriptive powers, although greatly obscured by the style of its alliterative verse.⁴³

The other poet was SIR GILBERT HAY, Chamberlain to Charles the Sixth, King of France, who appears to have devoted much of his leisure to translations from the works of French authors. He is entitled to notice on account of the recent discovery of his unpublished version of the very voluminous, but popular metrical French romance of Alexander the Great,⁴⁴—a translation extending to upwards of

⁴³ The *Buke of the Howlat* or Owl, is preserved in the MSS. of Asloane and Bannatyne. From the latter MS. it was included in a collection of 'Scotish Poems,' edited by John Pinkerton. London: 1792. vol. 3, 8vo. A more accurate text, from the earlier MS. of Asloane, was printed as a contribution to the Bannatyne Club. Edin.: 1823. 4to.

⁴⁴ In the library of the Right Hon. the Earl of Ormelie. The MS. is slightly imperfect at the beginning, and evidently appears to have been transcribed sometime before 1579, from a copy of 'this noble buik,' written in 1499, which was probably also imperfect. Dr George Mackenzie, in his *Life of Sir Gilbert Hay*, describes a MS. then in his possession, being

20,000 lines, and probably completed about the year 1460. This work is not to be confounded with 'the Foray of Gaderis,' and other supplementary branches of the romance of Alexander, also translated from the French by an anonymous author, in 1438.⁴⁵

Nearly coeval with Holland and Hay, but survivors at the close of the fifteenth century, were two poets who have still better claims on our regard. One of these was ROBERT HENRYSON, who, during the latter portion of his life, acted as a notary publick, and as preceptor in the Benedictine Convent at Dunfermline. To him we are indebted for the beautiful pastoral ballad of Robene and Makyne, (the earliest of this class of compositions in our language,) and for several other poems and fables, which, while they breathe a fine strain of morality and poetical sentiment, are enriched with a freshness and facility of description, indicating a clear and animated perception of the beauties of nature.⁴⁶

a translation from the French into prose of Bonnet's 'Buke of Armyis, or the Flour of Batailles,' made by Sir Gilbert Hay, at the request of William, Earl of Orkney, at Roslin Castle, in the year 1456. The fate of that MS. is not known.

⁴⁵ No MS. of this anonymous translation has been discovered. It was printed at Edinburgh by Alexander Arbuthnot about the year 1580; and the only copy of this volume known to exist, is in the library of the Right Hon. the Earl of Panmure. A reprint of the volume (which is not quite perfect) has been executed for the Members of the Bannatyne Club.

⁴⁶ Henryson's Poems and Fables have hitherto been printed only in

The other poet was HENRY THE BLIND MINSTREL, who owes much of his fame to the subject of his well-known work, the *Life and Acts of Sir William Wallace*.⁴⁷ The Minstrel has referred to the ‘gret gestis,’ which had been previously made ‘of the gud dedis and manheid’ of our ‘illuster and vailzeand campoun :’ what these consisted of, cannot now be ascertained. But it is somewhat singular that his own work should have usually been regarded in the light of an original composition, when it is evident from the concluding address, that it was, in a great measure, a translation from the Latin. That this metrical history should have been eminently successful, was owing, perhaps much less to its poetical merits, than to the name of its great and patriotic hero. Even the frequent extravagance of the narrative, which partakes more of the character of romantic fiction than is suitable to heroic verse, might have no less contributed, for upwards of three centuries, to its uninterrupted and almost unequalled degree of popular esteem.

We now arrive at the reign of James the Fourth, a period which seems to have been peculiarly fertile in

detached forms; but a collected edition, in a volume uniform with the present work, is in immediate preparation for the press.

⁴⁷ An edition uniform with *The Bruce*, mentioned in note 40, was edited by Dr Jamieson, from a MS. written in 1488. No other MS. has yet been discovered; but some fragments exist of an edition supposed to have come from the press of Walter Chepman before 1520.

productions of genius. But with regard to the many poets who then flourished, it is remarkable that, with the exception of our author and of Gawin Douglas, their works have almost wholly perished. Dunbar, in his *Lament for the Makars*, written about 1507, has enumerated at least twelve poets, who were his contemporaries, of whose compositions either no remains, or only very inconsiderable ones, have been discovered. Among these were Stobo, Alexander Traill, Sir Mungo Lockhart, Sir John Ross, Quintyne Schaw, Patrick Johnstone, the two Rowlls, and James Affleck.⁴⁸ We might have concluded that the preservation of Dunbar's own works was owing to their being more admired than those of other poets, were it not that both Douglas and Lyndsay speak of Quintyne and Kennedy in equal terms of commendation. Yet not a single work of Quintyne is known to be preserved, while the poems of Kennedy which still exist do not display such powers as would warrant the epithet 'GREAT' which was attached to his name. It must, however, be remembered, that most of our native bards have been doomed to a peculiarly hard fate; and that if Dunbar and Douglas have been more fortunate in this respect than others, it was only because their works were more numerous and important; for it will be seen that Quintyne is not the

⁴⁸ See the notes upon the '*Lament for the Makars*,' vol. i. p. 211, and the '*Poems by Dunbar's Contemporaries*,' in vol. ii., for some additional particulars regarding these poets.

only poet whose name has been recorded, while his works have perished.

It certainly would not be easy to refer the loss which our vernacular literature has sustained to any single cause. It might have proceeded no less from popularity at one time than from neglect at another, as large impressions of works seem to have been bought up, and actually worn out in the course of frequent and extensive perusal.⁴⁹ But the literature of a period previous to the introduction of printing, must have suffered greatly by the burnings and ravages of the English forces during the first half of the sixteenth century, as well as by the excesses committed at the period of the Reformation, which it is to be feared was the main cause of the destruction of monastic and other libraries.

In the case of DUNBAR, the reproach to our literature in allowing such an author to fall into the obscurity which has been alluded to, was in part taken away by the selections of his poems from Bannatyne's manuscript, which were published successively by Allan Ramsay in 1724, and by Lord Hailes in 1770. In availing himself of these selections, Warton, the classical historian of English poetry, was enabled, in

⁴⁹ Even of volumes of considerable bulk, such as Henry's Wallace, Barbour's Bruce, the Romance of Alexander, Rolland's Sevin Sages, and his Court of Venus, and the editions of Lyndsay's Works, printed in Scotland before 1600, no second copies of most of them are known to be preserved.

1778, to present an analysis of what was then considered to be the author's three chief productions, and by the estimate which he formed of his genius, to render Dunbar's name in some degree familiar to the English reader. After his analysis of the *Daunce*, he says, "I have been prolix in my citations and explanations of this poem, because I am of opinion that the imagination of Dunbar is not less suited to satirical than sublime allegory; and that he is the first poet who has appeared with any degree of spirit in this way of writing since *Piers Plowman*. His *Thistle and Rose*, and *Golden Targe*, are generally and justly mentioned as his capital works; but the natural complexion of his genius is of the moral and didactic cast."⁵⁰

The subsequent additions made to Dunbar's poems by Mr Pinkerton in 1786, from Sir Richard Maitland's manuscript, presented fresh proofs of the peculiar richness and copiousness of our Poet's genius. This last editor cautions his reader, that Warton's estimate "must not be taken too strictly." For, as he suggests, "the *Golden Targe* is moral; and so are many of his smaller pieces; but humour, description, allegory, great poetical genius, and a vast wealth of words, all unite to form the 'complexion' of Dunbar's poetry. He unites in himself, and generally surpasses, the qualities of the chief old English poets; the morals and satire of Langland; Chaucer's hu-

⁵⁰ Hist. of English Poetry, vol. ii. p. 278; 8vo edit. vol. iii. p. 109.

mour, poetry, and knowledge of life ; the allegory of Gower ; the description of Lydgate.”⁵¹ Elsewhere he adds, that “ His short moral pieces have a terseness, elegance, and force, only inferior to those of Horace.”

In like manner, a late elegant writer says, “ Mr Warton, who has bestowed great commendations on Dunbar, observes, that his genius is peculiarly ‘ of a moral and didactic cast ;’ and it is certainly in such pieces that he is most confessedly superior to all who preceded, and to nearly all who have followed him ; but his satires, his allegorical and descriptive poetry, and his tales, are all admirable, and full of fancy and originality.”⁵²

This is high praise, but it is supported by the opinion of other eminent writers.⁵³ Sir Walter Scott, in particular, with that liberality of sentiment which so well became a distinguished author, on several occasions expressed his admiration of our old ‘ Makar.’ “ This darling of the Scottish Muses (he observes) has been justly raised to a level with Chaucer by every judge of poetry, to whom his obsolete language has not rendered him unintelligible. In brilliancy of fancy, in force of description, in the power of conveying moral precepts with terseness,

⁵¹ Ancient Scottish Poems, &c. vol. i. p. xciv.

⁵² Ellis's Specimens of the Early English Poets, vol. i. p. 377.

⁵³ Among these may be mentioned Mr Malcolm Laing, (in his continuation of Dr Henry's History,) Dr Irving, Mr Gilchrist, Rev. Dr Nott, Mr T. Campbell, Dr Drake, and Mr Fraser Tytler.

and marking lessons of life with conciseness and energy, in quickness of satire, and in poignancy of humour, the Northern Makar may boldly aspire to rival the Bard of Woodstock. In the pathetic, Dunbar is Chaucer's inferior, and, accordingly, in most of his pieces he rather wishes to instruct the understanding, or to amuse the fancy, than to affect the heart."⁵⁴ Elsewhere he says, "Dunbar, the Scottish Chaucer, appeared at Court, with a power both of heroic and humorous poetry no way unworthy the Bard of Woodstock." And again, "The genius of Dunbar and Gawain Douglas alone is sufficient to illuminate whole centuries of ignorance."⁵⁵

In instituting a comparison of our author with the father of English poetry, we cannot assert that he has left us such a gorgeous piece of colouring, blended with such fine touches of pathetic and natural sentiment, as the 'Knights Tale,' far less that he has produced any thing as a whole to be placed in competition with the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, which, in its vivid description of the persons brought together in pilgrimage to the shrine of Thomas of Becket, presents such a graphic picture of English life and manners as never has been surpassed. Yet in all the essential characteristics of Chaucer's

⁵⁴ *Memoirs of George Bannatyne*, p. 14, Edin. 1829, 4to.—a volume printed for the Members of the Bannatyne Club.

⁵⁵ *History of Scotland*, (*Lardner's Cyclopædia*,) vol. i. pp. 333 and 351.

genius, Dunbar will not shrink from comparison.⁵⁶ With perhaps higher inventive powers, and greater terseness of style, he has exhibited the same discrimination of character, derived from acute and extensive observation, the same rich vein of humour, and clear perception of the ludicrous, with equal picturesqueness of language and imagery.

Of Dunbar's immediate contemporaries, there is no one who has left us sufficient evidence of the extent or fertility of his genius, to be placed in any point of comparison with our author. GAWIN DOUGLAS,⁵⁷ Bishop of Dunkeld, is indeed a poet of a high order, but he has displayed neither the versatility nor the original powers of Dunbar. In the former we find laboured and high-wrought descriptions, in place of

⁵⁶ "It is evident (says Dr Drake) that a union of talents of this wide range must necessarily be of rare occurrence; nor can we wonder that a century should elapse before a poet in any high degree approaching the genius of Chaucer made his appearance in this island. Not, indeed, until DUNBAR arose in the sister kingdom, had we another instance of the combination of first-rate abilities for humour and comic painting, with an equally powerful command over the higher regions of fiction and imagination."—*Mornings in Spring*, vol. ii. p. 5.

⁵⁷ A complete and uniform edition of Douglas's works would undoubtedly be a desirable publication. Probably the best MS. of his celebrated translation of Virgil, is one preserved in Trinity College Library, Cambridge, and which has never been collated. It was written, I should suppose, about 1525, and has the autograph of "Johannes Daneylston, Rector a Dysert," and is said to have been "the first correk copy nixt efter the translacioun wrytin be master Matho Geddes, scribe or writar to the Translatar."—(MSS. GALE, O. 3. 12.)

that vividness of representation which Dunbar produces by a few masterly touches; the fancy and learning of Douglas having been more exercised in allegorical abstractions, and classical allusions, than in attempting to produce actual sketches of human life and character. Some striking compositions of this age are unfortunately anonymous, as it would have conferred honour upon any poet to have been the ascertained author of such a poem as the *Freirs of Berwick*, which is usually ascribed to Dunbar.⁵⁸

With one exception, the poets of the reign of James the Fifth made no very important additions to the stock of our vernacular literature. SIR DAVID LYND-SAY, to whom our allusion applies, was assuredly entitled to no ordinary praise, whatever regret we may feel for the occasional coarseness and vulgarity which disfigure his verses. It was not till a mature period of life that he commenced his career as an author—his earliest work being written in 1529. He enjoyed the King's special protection, which was fortunate for him, as the plain homeliness of his style, together

⁵⁸ See it inserted in vol. ii. p. 3, and the Notes. Among other anonymous productions of the same period, deserving of notice, may be mentioned,—“*Clariodus, a Metrical Romance*,” printed for the Members of the Maitland Club. Edin. 1830. 4to. “*The Buke of the Chess*,” printed at the Auchinleck Press, by the late Sir Alexander Boswell, from Auloane's MS., 1818. 4to. “*The Tailis of the Thrie Preists of Peblis*,” and “*The Murning Maiden*.” Both reprinted in “*Early Metrical Tales*,” Edin. 1826. 12mo. And “*the Buke of the Sevin Sages*,” a version hitherto unprinted.

with the bold, open, and uncompromising tone, by which he was so eminently qualified for the task of exposing the prevailing abuses, whether in church or state, could not fail to raise against him many enemies. This familiarity and freedom of expression, which rendered his verses intelligible to the lower classes, contrasts well with his strong and pointed satire, and might have contributed at the time as well to the efficacy of his writings, as to their extensive and long-continued popularity.⁵⁹

The poetical writers of the subsequent reigns were altogether an inferior race in point of talent, while such of those of the seventeenth century, who are entitled to particular notice, belong to the class of English poets, having nothing of the tone and character peculiar to the Scottish Muse.

Nearer our own time, the poet of all others in the higher walks of genius, with whom Dunbar might be best compared, was ROBERT BURNS.⁶⁰ Although the

⁵⁹ The only complete edition of Lyndsay's Works is that edited by the late Mr Chalmers. Lond. 1806. 3 vols. 8vo.

⁶⁰ Such a comparison has, in fact, been ably drawn by Dr Drake, in an essay, entitled, "Chaucer, Dunbar, and Burns compared."—"Where shall we find such another concentration of varied talent, such a blending of satire and humour and characteristic delineation, with the higher faculties subservient to passion, imagination, and lofty description, as we have just pointed out in the instances of Chaucer and Dunbar? Where, I will venture to reply, but in the person of BURNS? who, it may safely be asserted, has rivalled those poets in humour, description, and moral satire, and even surpassed them in the pathetic, the terrible, and sublime."—*Mornings in Spring*, vol. ii. p. 1.

little we possess by Burns, of what might be termed pure invention—his *Tam o' Shanter*, for instance—is truly admirable, for expressive personation and allegorical imagery (agreeably to the taste and manners of his age), Dunbar was certainly preeminent. For strength of satire, richness of humour, vivid description of external nature, and characteristic delineations of life and manners, it would be difficult to say which of these poets is entitled to the highest praise. Most of Burns's pieces are essentially lyrical—a style of writing which must be deemed of a less ancient date than the era of the elder poet, who, notwithstanding, is not less remarkable for ease and harmony of versification. This form of composition might perhaps have led Burns to the habitual expression of intense and varied feeling, wherein he greatly exceeded, not only Dunbar, but almost every other poet, whether of ancient or of modern times.⁶¹

⁶¹ But as in extent of genius, so in their fate, the two Scottish poets might not be unaptly compared. Dunbar's fame was established before he had been brought into immediate connexion with the court of Holyrood; and it is impossible to say how far the idleness and frivolity of such a mode of life, and his continued dependence upon royal favour, which he might have felt as a kind of degradation, must have withdrawn his mind from higher and more noble exertions. It is far more certain, that the distinction and public notoriety attendant upon Burns's first visit to the metropolis, was any thing but fortunate either for his personal happiness, or as a spur to his genius. In his earliest volume, published before that event, we find several—nearly all—of his finest compositions, displaying so much natural purity of taste, and vigour of conception, that it might have been well for him had circumstances never raised him beyond his original sphere

The sentiments, already quoted, of persons so well qualified to pronounce on the merits of our earlier writers, ought to render any thing like minute and detailed criticism, in regard to the general character of Dunbar as a poet, superfluous. But it will be proper now to consider how far his acknowledged compositions may be supposed to bear upon his moral character. From the entire ignorance which has prevailed concerning his personal history, and his own unceasing supplications to James the Fourth for a benefice, it has been rashly concluded that such preferment was withheld in consequence of moral disqualification. It cannot be with truth asserted that Dunbar has, on every occasion, kept his muse within the bounds of decency and propriety—or that he has always exhibited himself in a light consistent with our notions of what was becoming his profession of the priesthood—yet the freedom and levity displayed in some of his verses was not likely to prejudice the mind of such a monarch as James the Fourth against the author; and preferment to the highest dignities

of life. And what was the result? He was flattered for a time by persons of wealth and fashion—he was courted, or rather seduced, by individuals wholly undeserving of his familiarity, into idle and dissipated habits—and at length, his high and manly spirit was bowed down by the necessity of accepting an inadequate, and, in his own estimation, a degrading situation. It may, however, be questioned whether, in the neglect which has obscured Dunbar's personal history, he has not been thus more fortunate than Burns, in escaping the exposure and exaggeration of every failing, as if there were a gratification experienced in degrading the memory of the dead.

in the Church, was not the reward either of personal fitness or of purity of conduct. Accordingly, such admissions do not necessarily infer, on the part of Dunbar, an abandonment of all moral restraint, but rather a charge of depraved taste ; for we ought to distinguish between the actual conduct of the Poet, and his delineations of the passions and actions of others. In this point of view, candour must allow, that Dunbar's faults were rather those of the age, than of the individual ; nor should he be singled out as peculiarly deserving of reprobation for faults which he had in common with others, perhaps even to a much smaller extent. By far the coarsest of his productions is the *Flyting* ; yet there is every reason to believe that the equal share which Kennedy had in this poetical contest, and in which he at least rivals Dunbar for scurrility, had no effect whatever in lowering his own character, or in preventing him from obtaining preferment in the church. Hence, as we ought not to judge of the manners of Dunbar's age by our own, it would be manifestly unjust were we to sit in judgment upon him by the same standard of morality to which we ourselves may be subjected.

Fortunately, there is no necessity to undertake a defence of our Author for merely presumed inconsistencies of conduct. All we know respecting his mode of life is derived from his own writings, and these furnish us with no substantial proofs wherewith to impeach his moral character. But some apology may be deemed requisite for the publication of his coarser

pieces, wherein will be found the occasional violations of decency and good taste to which we have alluded. Had the present Editor consulted his own inclination, he would have made occasional retrenchments; but the appearance of such a castigated edition might have excited notions far more prejudicial to the Poet's reputation than is likely to attend the actual production of the most objectionable passages. Dunbar is in no respects so outrageously offensive as Chaucer. He is even far less offensive than Lyndsay, and others of a later age, who professed a purer faith, and were instrumental in overthrowing the altars of Popery.

Of all Dunbar's poems, the tale of the Twa Maryit Wemen and the Wedo, is most liable to the charge of immodest description. The poet pretends to overhear three females, who are seated in a green arbour, drinking rich wines, while they relate to each other their experience of a married life. This they do with all possible freedom, and (as Dr Irving remarks) "the sentiments which they utter, are as profligate as can well be imagined. It is to be hoped (he adds) that Dunbar did not intend this as a general representation of the ladies of his own age and nation." This tale is evidently an early production, and one of the few of his works in which we trace direct imitation, as he must have had in his eye Chaucer's Prologue to the Wife of Bath's tale. As the Scottish poet presents in it a singular picture of life and manners, interspersed with some beautiful sketches of scenery, we might regret that he should have adopt-

ed an antiquated style, were it not that the subject of the poem is best veiled in such obscurity. Another poem, which has occasioned much of the outcry raised against him, is an address to the Queen, in which he exposes the licentious conduct of some of her servitors on the eve of Lent; indicating very plainly the coarse manners of the age, which could admit of such language being submitted to a personage so exalted. Now, it is obvious, that the poet never would have presumed to write in such a strain, had it been deemed at the time so peculiarly offensive; and this poem only furnishes an additional proof that females, even of the highest rank, at that time, were not remarkable for that sensitive delicacy which belongs to a more refined state of society. Several of his other effusions are mere pleasantries, flowing from a mind alive to the peculiarities of character and situation presented to his view by individuals well known at court, and written without any design of gratifying a spirit of malevolence. Such are his verses on James Doig, his Testament of Andrew Kennedy, his allusions to the King's amours, his ballad of the Freir of Tungland, and his Dance in the Queen's chamber. In this Dance he scruples not to hold himself up to ridicule, by representing himself⁶² dancing in no very decorous attitude, and as the avowed lover of Mistress Musgraif, one of the Queen's ladies of ho-

⁶² Of Dunbar's personal appearance, no kind of description has been preserved; nor is any portrait of him known to be in existence. I have also searched in vain to discover some specimen of the Poet's handwriting.

nour, who had come in her train from England. But no person, in delineating Dunbar's character from his own writings, would be so absurd as to imagine that he meant to avow himself chargeable with all, or even a tithe of the enormities, contained in his Table of Confession; which is a mere *modus confitendi*, intended, according to the forms of the Romish ritual, to suggest to every class of penitents, the particular points applicable to each individual case in confession. The Flyting with Kennedy, though now the most obscure of all his poems, was probably one of the most popular, and met with several imitators during the sixteenth century.⁶³ But the delicate reader need fear no great contamination from its perusal, for while it exhibits a remarkable proof of the copiousness and fertility of our language in scurrilous and sarcastic epithets, it requires more than ordinary skill to be fully sensible of the caustic nature of its raillery. His Tournament of the Soutar and Tailor, is also a very coarse, but it is likewise a highly ludicrous picture. It is, however, a pleasure to turn from such a species of vituperative amusement, to consider the grave reflective cast of his moral and devotional poems; nor will the reader among these forbear (in the words of an elegant writer) 'to admire the sweet moral pathos which has given an undying charm to the beautiful stanzas on Winter.'⁶⁴

It has been supposed that the pageants and inter-

⁶³ See Notes upon the Flyting, in vol. ii.

⁶⁴ Drake's Mornings in Spring, vol. ii, p. 8.

ludes of that age must have quickened Dunbar's invention in forming his grotesque groups—but we might enquire who were the writers of such pageants and interludes? Dunbar himself informs us that he was in the constant habit of exercising his fancy in such compositions,—although the exact nature of these plays and interludes cannot be well ascertained, as probably few, if any, of them now exist. They might be short compositions, either for recitation, like 'the Droichis part of the play,'⁶⁵ or, written in dialogue, for a species of acting during the intervals of dancing, or in the disguisings, with the exhibition of which the Scottish monarch seems to have been delighted. One of the most striking features, at least, of Dunbar's genius, is his power of allegorical invention. The old poets carried this species of composition to excess, almost every thing being conveyed in the form of abstract or moral personification, with a prolixity not adapted to compensate for the want of interest in such cold and fanciful abstractions. In the Goldyn Terge, Dunbar's most elaborate work of the kind, the poet

⁶⁵ This singular poem, in which the Genius of Wealth is represented as a pigmy or dwarf, boasting, however, of his great prowess and strength, although now 'cryn'd' in through age, undoubtedly belongs to the reign of James IV. It is written in the same measure with the ballad of the Freir of Tungland, and it might have been included in the class of 'Poems attributed to Dunbar.' Having printed it, however, in a previous collection, ("Select Remains," &c., 1822, 4to,) which it is contemplated to republish uniform with the present work, it has not been inserted in these volumes.

has presented a favourable and striking specimen of this style of writing, the characters who are attendants on Lady Beauty, being not incongruous with the personages of heathen mythology who are introduced, while the verses display the greatest richness of description and imagery. It is, notwithstanding, to be regretted, that Dunbar and other contemporary poets should have shown such a marked predilection for allegory, instead of cultivating more assiduously the narrative style of composition, which admitted of vivid and spirited delineations of individual character being blended with scenes drawn from familiar life,—such, for instance, as we find in the admirably managed tale of the Freirs of Berwick.⁶⁶

In conclusion it may be observed, that we ought perhaps to consider those works of Dunbar which have been preserved, more as manifestations of what the author was capable of producing, than as presenting to us the full and matured fruits of his genius. It cannot fail to strike the reader how great a proportion of his poems are of a mere temporary nature, referring to passing events of no permanent interest, or to circumstances of no further importance, except as illustrations of his own personal fortunes. Whether the poet ever applied himself to any great achievement in the walks of literature, cannot be ascertained; but we can easily conceive that some, if not many

⁶⁶ See vol. ii. p. 3, and the Notes to the Poem.

of his more valuable productions, might have shared the destructive fate which has deprived us of so much of the coeval literature. Yet although we have no power to

— call up him who left half-told

The story of Cambuscan bold,

there is a possibility that some additional fragments of Chepman's press, or some neglected manuscript collection may yet be discovered, that will increase our present stores. The zeal of our early collectors, unfortunately, was not regulated by the taste and judgment of later times; and while such poems as the *Flying* and the *Tournament* are preserved in various forms, the *Thrissil and Rois*, the *Queen's Reception* at Aberdeen, and the *Satire on Edinburgh*, have severally been discovered in single manuscripts; and the *Welcome to Lord Aubigny* on his arrival in Scotland, exists only in a mutilated printed form.

We need, however, no proofs in addition to what are furnished by the poems in this volume, to show that Dunbar possessed in no common degree, one peculiar and distinguishing characteristic of every great poet,—a certain transparency or purity of language, which at once conveys to the mind of the reader the exact image or conception that is intended, and which implies energetic brevity of expression. These poems, also, afford a striking proof of the singular variety and diversified nature of our author's compositions, evincing that his genius was of no ordinary kind.

When we reflect, therefore, on the greatness and variety of Dunbar's powers, it is impossible to divine what such a mind as his, under favourable circumstances, was capable of producing. He who could, with the view of enlivening the sports of Holyrood, produce such a living picture as the Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins,—and then pass, without effort, to conjure up in the infernal regions an exhibition of such broad and coarse humour as the mock-tournament between a Tailor and a Soutar, might truly be regarded as a poet, whose imagination was capable of any effort whatever:—at one time, revelling uncontrolled in the fields of allegory;—upon other occasions rising from some homely exhibition of the ordinary events of life, and reaching even 'the brightest heaven of invention.'



THE ROYAL PALACE OF HOLYROOD-HOUSE.—1645.

APPENDIX
TO THE MEMOIRS OF DUNBAR.



APPENDIX.—NO. I.

NOTICES OF THE DUNBARS OF BEILL, DURING THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.



COSPATRICK, Earl of Northumberland, maternal grandson of Ethelred, King of England, settled in Scotland after the Norman Conquest. As stated in the Memoir of the Poet, (p. 6,) he was the ancestor of the **EARLS OF DUNBAR and MARCH**. In tracing the descent of that ancient and very powerful family, our Peerage writers, Crawford, Douglas, and Wood, have varied in several particulars ; and considerable difficulty occurs in such an investigation, owing to the persons in succession being often of the same Christian name, and not sufficiently distinguished in the charters of the 13th and 14th centuries. In collecting some detached notices of a particular branch of that family, during the 15th century, it may be sufficient to observe that,

GEORGE, Tenth Earl of **DUNBAR and MARCH**, married Christian, daughter of Sir William Seton, and died in 1420, aged upwards of 82. In a charter, 20, Rob. III. (1392) Wawan, Colin, Patrick, and John, are mentioned as brothers

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of George, afterwards Eleventh Earl. There was also a younger brother, Sir David, who was slain at Perth in 1437. The eldest son, George, Eleventh Earl, was attained in Jan. 1434, after which, along with his son Patrick, he retired to England; whose descendants, deprived of their titles and hereditary possessions, existed for a time in comparative obscurity, when contrasted with the former splendour of the family.

SIR PATRICK DUNBAR OF BEILL, mentioned in the charter 1392, was fourth son of George, tenth Earl. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Homildon, 1402; was one of the hostages for King James the First, 1424; married previous to 1426, when a safe-conduct was granted to his wife and four servants to repair to him in the Tower of London; and was appointed ambassador to England in 1429. Two charters of Geo. de Dunbar, Earl of March, granted to Sir Patrick Dunbar of Biel, of several lands in Berwickshire, were confirmed, April 24, 1452, by King James the Second. (Reg. Magni Sig. IV. 236.)

GEORGE, WALTER, AND WILLIAM DUNBAR, are described as sons of 'Patrick of Dunbar of Bele,' in an original charter or obligation by George of Dunbar, Earl of March, to Robert of Levingston, burgess of Lythgow, dated August 10, 1440. To another deed, (being a resignation of the lands of Middle Binning, Linlithgowshire,) dated July 3, 1440, The same William Dunbar appears as a witness thus: 'Magistro Willielmo de Dunbar.' (The original deeds are preserved in the charter chest of the Earl of Rosebery, according to information communicated by JOHN RIDDELL, Esq. Advocate.)

DAVID DUNBAR OF BELE, who is styled “air to umquhile Alexander Dunbar of Bele, his brother,” and “Annabella Boid, spous of umquhill Patrik Dunbar, brother of the said umquhile Alexander,” are mentioned in a law proceeding regarding part of the lands of Mersinton in Berwickshire, Oct. 10, 1488. (*Acta Auditorum*, p. 114.)

HUGO DE DUNBAR DE BELE, Sept. 12, 1489 ; in the following charter : “164. REX concessit armigero suo Roberto Lauder de Edringtonne et heredibus suis—terras de Bele—Johnesclewche,—et le Clyntis,—cum turri, fortificio et molendino de Bele,—in baronia de Dunbar, infra constabulariam de Hadingtounne, et vic. de Edinburghe ;—necnon terras et molendinum de Mersintounne,—cum superiore et inferiore toftis et pertinen. earundem, infra vic. de Berwik :—quas Hugo de Dunbar de Bele resignavit.” (*Reg. Magni Sig.*)



APPENDIX.—NO. II.

NOTICES OF WILLIAM DUNBAR, FROM THE PUBLIC RECORDS OF SCOTLAND.

PRIVY SEAL REGISTER, Vol. ii. fol. 9.

1500. A Lettre maid to Maister Williame Dunbar of
Aug. 15. the gift of ten li. of penfionne to be pait to him
of our Souerane Lordis cofferis, be the The-
gratis. faurare, for al the dais of his life, or quhil he
be promovit be oure Souerane Lord to a bene-
fice of xl li or abone, &c. de data, xv^{to} Auguftj,
et regni Regis xiiij, [1500.] Per Signaturam.

ACCOUNTS OF THE LORD HIGH TREASURER.

1501. Item, to Maister William Dunbar in his penfionn
May 23. of Mertymes bipaft, be command of ane pre-
cept, v li.
✓ July 20. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, his penfionn of
the Witfonday terme bipaft, be command of
ane precept, v li.
✓ Dec. 20. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, quhilk was
payit to him efter he com furth of Ing-
land, v li.
1502. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, sic like, [his
✓ July 9. penfionn of Witfonday terme bipaft,] v li.

- ✓ 1502. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, his penfioun
Noy. 12. of the said terme of Mertymes, . . . v ti.
- 1503. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, his half 3eris
June 14. penfioun of the said terme [of Witsonday
last], v ti.
- Nov. 12. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, his penfioun
of Mertymes sic lyke, v ti.
- 1503-4. Item, the xvij day of March, to the Kingis of-
ferand at Maister William Dunbar's first mes,
✓ March 17. vij fr. cr. Sm. iiij ti. xvij s.
- ✓ 1504. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, his penfioun
May 28. sic like, [of the terme of Witsonday bipast,] v ti.
- Nov. 12. Item, to Maister Dunbar, his penfioun siclike,
[of the terme of Mertymes bipast,] v ti.
- 1505. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, his penfioun
May 4. siclike, [of the terme of Witsonday,] v ti.
- Aug. 11. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, be the Kingis
command, xlijs.
- Nov. 11. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, his penfioun
of Mertymes, v ti.
- 1505-6. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, be the Kingis
Jan. 27. command, for caus he wantit his gown at
gule, v ti.
- 1506. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, his penfioun
June 2. of terme foresaid, [of Witsonday,] v ti.
- Aug. 11. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, be the Kingis
command, v ti.
- Nov. 12. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, his penfioun of
the said terme [of Mertymes], v ti.
- 1506-7. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, in recompen-
Jan. 4. sation for his gown, v ti.
- 1507. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, his half 3eris
May 23. penfioun of the said terme [of Witsonday], v ti.

1507. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, his penfioun of
 Nov. 12. the said terme [of Mertymes], . x fi.
 & new ekit.
- 1507-8. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, be the Kingis
 March 15. command, v fi.
1508. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, his penfioun
 June 15. of the said terme [of Witfonday], . x fi.
26. Item, the xxij day of Junij, to Maister William
 Dunbar, be the Kingis command, iij fi. x s.

The Treasurer's Accounts from August 1508 to August 1511, have not been preserved.

PRIVY SEAL REGISTER, Vol. iv. fol. 80.

1510. A Lettre maid to Maister William Dunbar, of the
 Aug. 26. gift of ane zeirly penfioun of iiij^{xx} [four-score]
 fi. to be pait to him at Mertymes and Witfon-
gratis. day of the Kingis cofferis, be the Thesaurar that
 now is, and beis for the tyme, or quhill he be
 promouit to [ane] benefice of j^c [one hun-
 dred] fi. or abone, &c.; with command to the
 said Thesaurar to pay the samyn, and to the
 Auditouris of chekker to allow, &c. At Edin-
 burgh the xxvj day of August the zere forsaide
 [anno regni Regis xxij, 1510.]

Per Signaturam.

ACCOUNTS OF THE LORD HIGH TREASURER.

- 1511, Nov. } Item, to Maister William Dunbar takand
 1512, May, } termlic fourtj fi. of Martimes and Wit-
 fondaylast, Sm. lxxx fi.

- 1511-12. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, for his 3ule
 Jan. 23. leveray, vj elnis ane quartar Parise blak to be
 hyme ane gowne, price eln xl š. Sm. xij ti. x š.
 Item, allowit to the said Maister William, attour
 his leveray was tane at 3ule in anno Vcxj.
 [1511], v. quartaris scarlete, price iij ti. ij š. vj d.
1512. Item, the xxiiij day of December, to Maister
 Dec. 24. William Dunbar his Mertymes fee, be the
 Kingis command, xl ti.
1513. Item, the first day of Aprile, to Maister William
 April 1. Dunbar, xliij š.
14. Item, the xiiij day of Aprile, gevin to Maister
 William Dunbar, xliij š.
- May 14. Item, the xiiij day of Maij, to Maister William
 Dunbar in his penfioun, lvj š.

The Treasurer's Accounts, from Aug. 8, 1513, to June, 1515, have not been preserved. In those of a subsequent date, Dunbar's name does not appear.





POEMS

BY

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

VOL. I.

A



THE THRISSILL AND THE ROIS.

QUEEN Merch wes with variand windis past,
And Appryll had, with hir silver schouris,
Tane leif at Nature with ane orient blast,
And lusty May, that muddir is of flouris,
Had maid the birdis to begyn thair houris 5
Amang the tendir odouris reid and quhyt,
Quhois armony to heir it wes delyt :

In bed at morrow, sleiping as I lay,
Me thocht Aurora, with hir cristall ene,
In at the window lukit by the day, 10
And halfit me, with visage pail and grene ;
On quhois hand a lark sang fro the splene,
Awalk, luvaris, out of your flomeriing,
Sé how the lusty morrow dois up spring.

Me thocht fresche May befoir my bed up stude, 15
In weid depaynt of mony diversis hew,
Sobir, benyng, and full of manfuetude,
In brycht attair of flouris forgit new,
Hevinly of color, quhyt, reid, broun, and blew,
Balmit in dew, and gilt with Phebus bemys ; 20
Quhyll all the house illumynit of hir lemys.

Slugird, scho faid, awalk annone for schame,
 And in my honour sum thing thou go wryt;
 The lark hes done the mirry day proclame,
 To raise up luvaris with confort and delyt; 25
 Yit nocht increffis thy curage to indyt,
 Quhois hairt sum tyme hes glaid and blisfull bene,
 Sangis to mak undir the levis grene.

Quhairto, quoth I, fall I up ryfe at morrow,
 For in this May few birdis herd I sing; 30
 Thai haif moir cause to weip and plane thair sorrow;
 Thy air it is nocht holfum nor benyng;
 Lord Eolus dois in thy fessone ring:
 So bufteous are the blastis of his horne,
 Amang thy bewis to walk I haif forborne. 35

With that this Lady sobirly did smyle,
 And faid, Upryfe, and do thy observance;
 Thou did promyt, in Mayis lusty quhyle,
 For to discryve the Rois of most plesance.
 Go fé the birdis how thay sing and dance, 40
 Illumynit oure with orient skyis brycht,
 Annamyllit richely with new asure lycht.

Quhen this wes faid, departit scho, this Quene,
 And enterit in a lusty gairding gent;
 And than me thoct, full heftely befene, 45
 In serk and mantill [eftir hir] I went
 In to this garth, most dulce and redolent,

Off herb and flour, and tendir plantis facit,
And grene levis doing of dew down fleit.

The purpour sone, with tendir bemys reid, 50
In orient bricht as angell did appeir,
Throw goldin skyis putting up his heid,
Quhois gilt treffis schone so wondir cleir,
That all the world tuke confort, fer and neir,
To luke upone his freische and blisfull face, 55
Doing all fable fro the hevynnis chace.

And as the blisfull sounne of cherarchy
The fowlis song throw confort of the licht;
The birdis did with oppin vocis cry,
O luvaris so, away thew dully nycht, 60
And welcum day that confortis every wicht;
Haill May, haill Flora, haill Aurora schone,
Haill princes Nature, haill Venus luvis quene.

Dame Nature gaif ane inhibition thair
To feris Neptunus, and Eolus the bawld, 65
Nocht to perturb the wattir nor the air,
And that no schouris [snell] nor blastis cawld
Effray fuld flouris nor fowlis on the fold:
Scho bad eik Juno, goddes of the sky,
That scho the hevin fuld keip amene and dry. 70

Scho ordand eik that every bird and beist
Befoir hir Hienes fuld amone compeir,

And every flour of vertew, most and leift,
 And every herb be feild fer and neir,
 As thay had wont in May, fro yeir to yeir, 75
 To hir thair makar to mak obediens,
 Full law inclynnand with all dew reverens.

With that annone scho fend the fuiyft Ro
 To bring in beiftis of all conditionn;
 The restles Sualow commandit scho also 80
 To feche all foull of small and greit renown;
 And to gar flouris compeir of all fassoun,
 Full craftely conjurit scho the Yarrow,
 Quhilk did furth fwirk als swift as ony arrow.

All present wer in twynkling of ane é, 85
 Baith beift, and bird, and flour, befor the Quene;
 And first the Lyone, gretast of degré,
 Was callit thair, and he, most fair to sene,
 With a full hardy contenance and kene,
 Befoir dame Nature come, and did inclyne, 90
 With visage bawld, and corage leonyne.

This awfull beift full terrible wes of cheir,
 Persing of luke, and flout of countenance,
 Rycht strong of corpis, of fassoun fair, but feir,
 Lufty of schaip, lycht of deliverance, 95
 Reid of his cullour, as is the ruby glance;
 On feild of gold he stude full mychtely,
 With flour-de-lycis firculit lustely.

This Lady liftit up his cluvis cleir,
 And leit him listly lene upone hir kné, 100
 And crownit him with dyademe full deir,
 Off radyous stonis, most ryall for to sé;
 Saying, The King of Beiftis mak I thé,
 And the cheif protector in woddis and schawis;
 Onto thy leigis go furth, and keip the lawis. 105

Exerce justice with mercy and conscience,
 And lat no small beift suffir skaith na scornis,
 Of greit beiftis that bene of moir piscence;
 Do law elyk to aipis and unicornis,
 And lat no bowgle with his busteous hornis 110
 The meik pluch-ox opprefs, for all his pryd,
 Bot in the yok go peciable him befyd.

Quhen this was faid, with noyis and foun of joy,
 All kynd of beiftis in to thair degré,
 Atonis cryit, lawd, Vive le Roy, 115
 And till his feit fell with humilité;
 And all thay maid him homege and fewté;
 And he did thame refflaif with princely laitis,
 Quhois noble yre is parcere prostratis.

Syne crownit scho the Egle King of Fowlis, 120
 And as steill dertis scherpit scho his pennis,
 And bawd him be als just to awppis and owlis,
 As unto pacokkis, papingais, or crennis,
 And mak á law for wycht fowlis and for wrennis;

And lat no fowll of ravyne do efferay, 125
Nor devoir birdis bot his awin pray.

Than callit scho all flouris that grew on feild,
Discirnyng all thair fassionis and effeiris :
Upone the awfull THRISSILL scho beheld,
And saw him kepit with a busche of speiris ; 130
Confidering him so able for the weiris,
A radius crown of rubeis scho him gaif,
And said, In feild go furth, and fend the laif:

And sen thou art a King, thou be discreit ;
Herb without vertew thou hald nocht of sic pryce
As herb of vertew, and of odour sueit ;
And lat no nettill vyle, and full of vyce,
Hir fallow to the gudly flour-de-lyce ;
Nor latt no wyld weid, full of churlicheness,
Compair hir till the lilleis nobilness : 140

Nor hald non udir flour in sic denty
As the fresche Rois, of cullour reid and quhyt :
For gife thou dois, hurt is thyne honesty ;
Confiddering that no flour is so perfyte,
So full of vertew, plesans, and delyt, 145
So full of blisful angeilik bewty,
Imperiall birth, honour and dignité.

Than to the Rois scho turnit hir visage,
And said, O lusty dochtir most benyng,

Aboif the lilly, illustare of lynnage, 150
 Fro the stok ryell ryfing fresche and ying,
 Bot ony spot or macull doing spring:
 Come blowme of joy with jemis to be cround,
 For oure the laif thy bewty is renownd.

A coiftly croun, with clarefeid stonis brycht, 155
 This cumly Quene did on hir heid inclois
 Quhyll all the land illumynit of the licht;
 Quhairfoir me thocht the flouris did rejois,
 Crying, attonis, Haill be thow richeft Rois!
 Haill hairbis Empryce, haill frescheft Quene of Flouris,
 To th   be glory and honour at all houris.

Thane all the birdis song with voce on hicht,
 Quhois mirthfull soun wes mervelus to heir;
 The mavyis sang, Haill Rois most riche and richt,
 That dois up flureifs undir Phebus speir; 165
 Haill plant of yowth, haill Princes dochtir deir,
 Haill blofome breking out of the blud royall,
 Quhois pretius vertew is imperiall:

The merle scho sang, Haill Rois of most delyt,
 Haill of all flouris quene and foverane: 170
 The lark scho sang, Haill Rois both reid and quhyt,
 Most plefand flour, of nichty cullouris twane:
 The nychtingaill sang, Haill Naturis suffragane,
 In bewty, nurtour, and every nobilnefs,
 In riche array, renown, and gentilnefs. 175

The commoun voce up raife of birdis fmall,
Apon this wyis, O bliffit be the hour
That thow wes chofin to be our principall;
Welcome to be our Princés of honour,
Our perle, our plesans, and our paramour, 180
Our peax, our play, our plane felicité;
Chryft thé conferf frome all adverfité.

Than all the birdis song with fic a schout,
That I annone awoilk quhair that I lay,
And with a braid I turnyt me about 185
To fê this court; bot all wer went away:
Then up I lenyt, halflingis in affray,
And thus I wret as ye haif hard to-forrow,
Off lufy May upone the nynt morrow.

THE GOLDYN TARGE.

BRYENT as the stern of day begouth to schyne,
Quhen gone to bed war Vesper and Lucyne,
I raife, and by a rosere did me rest ;
Up sprang the goldyn candill matutyne, | 5
With clere depurit bemes cristallyne,
Glading the mery foulis in thair nest ;
Or Phebus was in purpur cape reveft
Up raife the lark, the hevyns menftrale fyne
In May, in till a morow myrthfullest.

Full angellike thir birdis fang thair houris 10
Within thair courtyns grene, in to thair bouris,
Apparalit quhite and red, wyth blomes fuede ;
Anamalit was the felde wyth all colouris,
The perly droppis schuke in filvir schouris ;
Quhill all in balme did branch and levis flete 15
To part fra Phebus, did Aurora grete ;
Hir cristall teris I faw hyng on the flouris,
Quhilk he for lufe all drank up with his hete.

For mirth of May, wyth skippis and wyth hoppis,
The birdis fang upon the tender croppis, 20
With curioufe notis, as Venus chapell clerkis :
The rofis yong, new fpredding of thair knoppis,

War powderit brycht with hevinly beriall droppis,
 Throu bemes rede, birnyng as ruby sperkis ;
 The skyes rang for schoutyng of the larkis, 25
 The purpur hevyn oure scaillit in filvir floppis
 Ouregilt the treis, branchis, leivis and barkis.

Doun throu the ryce a ryvir ran wyth stremys,
 So lustily agayn thai lykand lemys,
 That all the lake as lamp did leme of licht, 30
 Quhilk schadounit all about wyth twynkling gleimis ;
 That bewis bathit war in fecund bemys
 Throu the reflex of Phebus vifage brycht ;
 On every fyde the hegeis raise on hicht,
 The bank was grene, the bruke was full of bremys,
 The stanneris clere as sternis in frosty nycht.

The cristall air, the fapther firmament,
 The ruby skyes of the orient,
 Keft beriall bemes on emerant bewis grene ;
 The rofy garth depaynt and redolent, 40
 With purpur, azure, gold, and goulis gent
 Arayed was, by dame Flora the quene,
 So nobily, that joy was for to sene ;
 The roch agayn the ryvir resplendent
 As low enlumynit all the leves schene. 45

Quhat throu the mery foulis armony,
 And throu the ryveris foun that ran me by,
 On Florais mantill I slepit as I lay,
 Quhare fone in to my dremes fantasy

I saw approach agayn the orient sky, 50
 A faill, als quhite as bloffum upon spray,
 Wyth merse of gold, brycht as the stern of day ;
 Quhilk tendit to the land full lustily,
 As falcoun swift defyrufe of hir pray.

And hard on burd unto the blomyt medis, 55
 Amang the grene rispis and the redis,
 Arrivit scho, quhar fro anon thare landis
 Ane hundreth ladyes, lusty in to wedis,
 Als fresch as flouris that in May up spredis,
 In kirtillis grene, withoutyn kell or bandis : 60
 Thair brycht hairis hang gletering on the strandis
 In treffis clere, wyppit wyth goldyn thredis,
 With pappis quhite, and mydlis small as wandis.

Discrive I wald, bot quho coud wele endyte
 How all the feldis wyth thair lilies quhite 65
 Depaynt war brycht, quhilk to the hevyn did glete :
 Noucht thou, Homer, als fair as thou coud wryte,
 For all thine ornate stilis so perfyte ;
 Nor yit thou, Tullius, quhois lippis fuete
 Off rethorike did in till termes flete : 70
 Your aureate tongis both bene all to lyte,
 For to compile that paradise complete.

Thare saw I Nature, and als dame Venus quene,
 The fresch Aurora, and lady Flora schene,
 Juno, [Latona,] and Proserpyna, 75
 Dyane the goddesse chaste of woddis grene,

My lady Cleo, that help of Makaris bene,
 Thetes, Pallas, and prudent Minerva,
 Fair feynit Fortune, and lemand Lucina,
 Thir mychty Quenis in crounis mycht be fene, 80
 Wyth bemys blith, bricht as Lucifera.

There faw I May, of myrthfull monethis quene,
 Betuix Aprile, and June, her sifter schene,
 Within the gardyng walking up and doun
 Quham of the foulis gladdith al be dene ; 85
 Scho was full tender in hir yeris grene.
 Thare faw I Nature present hir a gown
 Rich to behald, and nobil of renoun,
 Off eviry hew undir the hevin that bene
 Depaynt, and braid be gude proporcioun. 90

Full lustily thir ladyes all in fere
 Enterit within this park of most plesere,
 Quhare that I lay oure helit wyth levis ronk ;
 The mery foulis, blisfullest of chere,
 Saluft Nature, me thought, on thair manere, 95
 And eviry blome on branch, and eke on bonk,
 Opnyt and spred thair balmy levis donk,
 Full low enclynnyng to thair Quene so clere,
 Quham of thair nobill norifing thay thonk.

Syne to dame Flora, on the famyn wyfe, 100
 Thay salufe, and thay thank a thousand fyfe ;
 And to dame Venus, lufis mychty quene,
 Thay sang ballettis in lufe, as was the gyfe,

With amorouse notis lusty to devise,
As thay that had lufe in thair hertis grene; 105
Thair hony throtis, opnyt fro the splene,
With werblis suete did perse the hevinly skeyes,
Quhill loud refownyt the firmament serene.

Ane othir court thare saw I consequent,
Cupide the king, wyth bow in hand ybent, 110
And dredefull arowis grundyn scharp and square :
Thare saw I Mars, the god armypotent,
Aufull and sterne, strong and corpulent ;
Thare saw I crabbit Saturn ald and haire,
His luke was lyke for to perturb the aire ; 115
Thare was Mercurius, wise and eloquent,
Of rethorike that fand the flouris faire ;

Thare was the god of gardingis, Priapus ;
Thare was the god of wildernes, Phanus ;
And Janus, god of entree delytable ; 120
Thare was the god of fludis, Neptunus ;
Thare was the god of wyndis, Eolus,
With variand luke, rycht lyke a lord unstable ;
Thare was Bachus the gladdir of the table ;
Thare was Pluto, the elrich incubus, 125
In cloke of grene, this court unfit no fable.

And eviry one of thir in grene arayit,
On harp or lute full merily thai playit,
And sang ballettis with mighty notis clere :
Ladies to dance full soberly assayit, 130

Endlang the lufy ryvir so thai mayit :
 Their observance rycht hevynly was to here ;
 Than crap I throu the levis, and drew nere,
 Quhare that I was richt fudaynly affrayit,
 All throu a luke, quhilk I have boucht full dere.

And fchortly for to fpeke, be Lufis Quene
 I was afpyit, fcho bad hir archearis kene
 Go me arrest ; and thay no time delayit ;
 Than ladyes fair lete fall thair mantillis grene,
 With bowis big in treffit hairis schene, 140
 All fudaynly thay had a felde arayit ;
 And yit rycht gretly was I noucht affrayit,
 The party was fo plesand for to fene,
 A wonder lufy bikkir me affayit.

And first of all, with bow in hand ybent, 145
 Come dame Beantee, rycht as fcho wald me fchent ;
 Syne folowit all hir dameselis yfere,
 With mony diverse aufull instrument,
 Unto the pres, Fair Having wyth her went,
 Fyne Portrature, Plesance, and lufy Chere. 150
 Than come Refoun, with fchelde of gold fo clere,
 In plate and maille, as Mars armypotent,
 Defendit me this nobill chevallere.

Syne tender Youth come wyth hir virgyns ying,
 Grene Innocence, and fchamefull Abaifing, 155
 And quaking Drede, wyth humble Obedience ;
 The GOLDYN TARGE harmyt thay no thing ;

Curage in thame was noucht begonne to spring ;
 Full fore thay dred to done a violence :
 Suete Womanhede I saw cum in prefence, 160
 Of artilyé a warld scho did in bring,
 Servit wyth ladyes full of reverence.

Scho led wyth hir Nurture and Lawlynes,
 Contenance, Pacience, Gude Fame and Stedfastnes,
 Discretioun, Gentrife, and Confiderance, 165
 Levefell Company, and Honeft Befynes,
 Benigne Luke, Mylde Chere, and Sobirnes :
 All thir bure ganyeis to do me grevance ;
 But Refon bure the TARGE wyth fik constance,
 Thair scharp affayes mycht do no dures 170
 To me, for all their aull ordynance.

Unto the pres persewit Hie Degree,
 Hir folowit ay Eftate and Dignitee,
 Comparifoun, Honour, and Nobill Array,
 Will, Wantonnes, Renoun, and Libertee, 175
 Richeffe, Freedome, and eke Nobilitee :
 Wit ye thay did thair baner hye display ;
 A cloud of arowis as hayle schour loufit thay,
 And schot, quhill waftit was thair artilye,
 Syne went abak reboytit of thair pray. 180

Quhen Venus had persavit this rebute,
 Diffymulance scho bad go mak persute,
 At all powere to perfe the GOLDYN TARGE ;
 And scho that was of doubilnes the rute,

Askit hir choise of archeris in refute. 185
 Venus the best bad hir go wale at large ;
 Scho tuke Prefence plicht ankers of the barge,
 And Fair Callyng that wele a slayn coud schute,
 And Cherising for to complete hir charge.

Dame Hamelynes scho tuke in company, 190
 That hardy was, and hende in archery,
 And broucht dame Beautee to the felde agayn ;
 With all the choise of Venus chevalry
 Thay come, and bikkerit unabaitly :
 The schour of arowis rappit on as rayn ; 195
 Perilouse Prefence, that mony fyre has slayne,
 The bataill broucht on bordour hard us by,
 The salt was all the farar futh to fayn.

Thik was the schote of grundyn dartis kene ;
 Bot Refoun with the Scheld of Gold so schene, 200
 Warily defendit quho so evir assayit ;
 The afull stoure he manly did sustene,
 Quhill Prefence kest a pulder in his ene,
 And than as drunkyn man he all forwayit :
 Quhen he was blynd the fule wyth hym thay playit,
 And banyft hym amang the bewis grene ;
 That sory ficht me fudaynly affrayit.

Than was I woundit to the deth wele nere,
 And yoldyn as a wofull prissonere
 To lady Beautee, in a moment space ; 210
 Me thought scho semyt lustiar of chere,

Efter that Refoun tynt had his eyne clere,
 Than of before, and lufiare of face :
 Quhy was thou blyndit, Refoun ? quhy, allace !
 And gert ane hell my paradise appere, 215
 And mercy feme, quhare that I fand no grace.

Diffymulance was befy me to file,
 And Fair Calling did oft apon me fmyle,
 And Cherifing me fed wyth wordis fair ;
 New Acquayntance enbracit me a quhile, 226
 And favouryt mee, quhill men mycht go a myle,
 Syne tuk hir leve, I faw hir nevir mare :
 Than faw I Dangere toward me repair,
 I coud efchew hir prefence be no wyle,
 On fyde fcho lukit wyth ane fremyt fare. 225

And at the laft departing coud hir drefle,
 And me delyverit unto Hevynesse
 For to remayne, and fcho in cure me tuke ;
 Be this the Lord of Wyndis, wyth wodenes,
 God Eolus, his bugill blew I gefle ; 230
 That with the blaft the levis all to fchuke,
 And fudaynly, in the fpace of a luke,
 All was hyne went, thare was bot wildernes,
 Thare was no more bot birdis, bank, and bruke.

In twynkling of ane eye to fchip thay went, 235
 And fwyth up faile unto the top thay fient,
 And with fwift courfe atour the flude thay frak ;
 Thay fyrit gunnis wyth powder violent,

Till that the reke raise to the firmament,
 The rochis all refownyt wyth the rak, 240
 For reird it femyt that the rayn bow brak;
 Wyth spirit affrayde apon my fete I sprent
 Among the clewis, fo carefull was the crak.

And as I did awake of my sueving,
 The joyfull birdis merily did syng 245
 For myrth of Phebus tendir bemes schene;
 Suete war the vapouris, soft the morowing,
 Halefum the vale, depaynt wyth flouris ying;
 The air attemperit, fobir, and amene;
 In quhite and rede was all the felde besene, 250
 Throu Naturis nobil fresch anamalyng,
 In mirthfull May, of eviry moneth Quene.

O reverend Chaucere, rose of rethoris all,
 As in oure tong ane flour imperiall,
 That raise in Britane evir, quho redis rycht, 255
 Thou beris of Makaris the tryumph riall;
Thy fresch anamalit termes celicall
 This matir coud illumynit have full brycht:
 Was thou noucht of oure Inglisch all the lycht,
 Surmounting eviry tong terrestriall, 260
 Alls fer as Mayes morow dois mydnycht.

O morall Gower, and Lydgate laureate,
 Your fugurit lippis and tongis aureate,
 Bene to oure eris cause of grete delyte;
 Your angel mouthis most mellifuate 265

Our rude langage has clere illumynate,
And faire oure gilt our speche, that imperfyte
Stude, or your goldyn pennis schupe to write ;
This Ile before was bare, and defolate
Off rethorike, or lusty fresch endyte. 270

| Thou lytill Quair, be ever obedient,
| Humble, subject, and fymple of entent,
Before the face of every connyng wicht :
I know quhat thou of rethorike hes spent ;
Off all hir lusty rofis redolent 275
Is none in to thy gerland sett on hicht ;
Esfhame thar of, and draw thé out of ficht !
| Rude is thy wede, difteynit, bare, and rent,
| Wele aucht thou be aferit of the licht.

BEWTY AND THE PRESONEIR.

SEN that I am a Prefoneir

Till hir that fairest is and best,

I me commend, fra yeir to yeir,

In till hir bandoun for to rest ;

I govit on that gudlieft,

5

Sa lang to luk I tuik lafeir,

Quhill I wes tane withouttin test,

And led furth as a Prefoneir.

Hir Sweit Having, and Frefche Bewté,

Hes wondit me but fwerd or lance ;

10

With hir to go commandit me,

On till the Castell of Pennance.

I faid, Is this your govirnance,

To tak men for thair lukiug heir ?

Frefche Bewty fayis, Ya, Schir, perchance

Ye be my Ladeis Prefoneir.

Thai had me bundin to the yett,

Quhair Strangenefs had bene porteir ay ;

And in deliverit me thairat,

And in thir termis can thai fay,

20

Do wait, and lat him nocht away.
Quoth Strangenefs unto the porteir,
On till my Lady, I dar lay,
Ye be to pure a Presoneir.

Thai keft me in a deip dungeoun, 25
And fetterit me but lok or cheyne ;
The capitane hecht Comparefone,
To luke on me he thocht greit deyne :
Thocht I was wo, I durft nocht pleyne,
For he had fetterit mony affeir ; 30
With peteous voce thus cuth I fene,
Wo is a wofull Presoneir !

Langour wes weche upon the wall,
That nevir fleipit, bot evir wouke ;
[And] Skorne wes bourdour in the hall, 35
And oft on me his babill fchuke ;
Lukand with mony a dengerous luke.—
Quhat is he yone, that methis us neir ?
Ye be to townage, be this buke,
To be my Ladeis Presoneir. 40

Gud Howp [then] rownit in my eir,
And bad me baldlie breve a bill ;
With Lawlinefs he fuld it beir,
With Fair Schervice fend it hir till :
I wouk and wret hir all my will. 45
Fair Schervice fure withouttin feir,

Sayand till hir, with wirdis still,
Haif pety on your Presoneir.

Than Lawlinefs to Petie went,
And faid till hir, in termis fchort,— 50
Lat we yone Presoneir be fchent
Will no man do to us fupport;
Gar lay ane fege unto yone fort !
Than Petie faid, I fall appeir.
Thocht fayis, I hecht, wun I ourthort, 55
I houp to lowfs the Presoneir.

Than to battell thai war arreyit all,
And ay the wawart kepit Thocht;
Luft bure the benner to the wall,
And Biffinefs the grit gyn brocht. 60
Skorne cryis out, fayis, Wald ye ocht ?
Luft fayis, We wald haif entré heir.
Comparifone fayis, That is for nocht,
Ye will nocht wyn the Presoneir.

Thai thairin fchup for to defend, 65
And thai thairfurth failyeit ane hour :
Than Biffinefs the grit gyn bend,
Straik down the top of the foir tour.
Comparifone began to lour,
And cryit furth, I yow requeir, 70
Soft and fair, and do favour,
And tak to yow the Presoneir.

Thai fyrit the yettis deliverly
 With faggottis wer grit and huge;
 And Strangeneis, quhair that he did ly, 75
 Wes brint in to the porter luge.
 Luftely thay lakit bot a Juge,
 Sik straikis and ftychling wes on feir;
 The femeliest wes maid affege,
 To quhome that he wes Presoneir. 80

Thruch Skornes nose thai put a prik,
 This he wes banist and gat a blek;
 Comparifone wes erdit quik,
 And Langour lap and brak his nek;
 Thai failyeit fast all the fek, 85
 Luft chafit my Ladeis chalmirleir,
 Gud Fame wes drownit in a fek,
 Thus ranfomit thai the Presoneir.

Fra Sklandir hard Luft had undone
 His ennemeis, him aganis 90
 Affemblit ane femely fort full sone,
 And raifs and rowttit all the planis;
 His cufing in the Court remanis,
 Bot Jaloufe folkis and Geangleiris,
 And fals Invy that no thing lanis, 95
 Blew out on Luvis Presoneir.

Syne Matremony, that nobill king
 Was grevit, and gadderit ane grit oft,

And all enermite without lesing,
 Cheft Sklander to the Weft Sé coft ; 100
 Than was he and his lineage loft,
And Matremony, withouttin weir,
 The band of freindschip hes indoft
Betuix Bewty and the Presoneir.

Be that of eild wes Gud Famifs air, 105
 And cummyne to continuatioun,
And to the Court maid his repair,
 Quhair Matremony than woir the crowne ;
 He gat ane confirmatioun,
All that his Modir aucht but weir : 110
 And baid still, as it wes reffone,
With Bewty and the Presoneir.

TO A LADYE.

SWEIT Rois of vertew and of gentilnefs,
Delytſum Lyllie of everie luſtynefs,
 Richeſt in bontie, and in bewtie cleir,
 And everie vertew that is [held moſt] deir,
Except onlie that ye ar mercylefs. 5

In to your garthe this day I did perſew,
Thair ſaw I flowris that freſche wer of hew;
 Baithe quhyte and reid moiſt luſty wer to ſeyne,
 And halfum herbis upone ſtalkis grene;
Yit leif nor flour fynd could I nane of Rew. 10

I dout that Merche, with his cauld blaſtis keyne,
Hes flane this gentill herbe, that I of mene;
 Quhois petewous deithe dois to my heart ſic pane
 That I wald mak to plant his rute againe,
So confortand his levis unto me bene. 15

For aye How
Heir was Deseried
To Be Ane Freir.

THE VISITATION OF ST FRANCIS.

THIS nycht befor the dawing cleir
Me thoct Sanct Francis did to me appeir,
 With ane religiouse abbeith in his hand,
 And said, In this go cleith thé my fervand,
Refuifs the warld, for thow mon be a Freir. 5

With him and with his abbeith bayth I skarrit,
Lyk to ane man that with a gaift wes marrit:
 Me thoct on bed he layid it me abone;
 But on the flure delyverly and sone
I lap thair fra, and nevir wald cum nar it. 10

Quoth he, Quhy skarris thow with this holy weid?
Cleith thé thairin, for weir it thow most neid;
 Thow that hes lang done Venus lawis teiche,
 Sall now be freir, and in this abbeith preiche;
Delay it nocht, it mon be done but dreid. 15

Quoth I, Sanct Francis, loving be thé till,
And thankit mot thow be of thy gude will
 To me, that of thy claithis are so kynd;
 Bot thame to weir it nevir come in my mynd;
Sweit Confessour, thow tak it nocht in ill. 20

In haly legendis haif I hard alleuin,
 Ma sanctis of bishoppis, nor freiris, be sic sevin ;
 Off full few freiris that hes bene sanctis I reid ;
 Quhairfoir ga bring to me ane bishoppis weid,
 Gife evir thow wald my saule yeid unto hevin. 25

My brethir oft hes maid thé supplicationis,
 Be epistillis, fermonis, and relationis,
 To tak this abbeir ; bot thow did postpone ;
 But furdur proces, cum on thairfoir anone
 All circumstance put by and excusationis. 30

Gif evir my fortoun wes to be a freir,
 The dait thair of is past full mony a yeir ;
 For in to every lusty toun and place,
 Off all Yngland, from Berwick to Kalice,
 I haif in to thy habeit maid gud cheir. 35

In freiris weid full fairly haif I fleichit,
 In it haif I in pulpet gone and preichit
 In Derntoun kirk, and eik in Canterbury ;
 In it I past at Dover oure the ferry,
 Throw Piccardy, and thair the peple teichit. 40

Als lang as I did beir the freiris style,
 In me, God wait, wes mony wriuk and wyle ;
 In me wes falsset with every wicht to flatter,
 Quhilk mycht be flemit with na haly watter ;
 I wes ay reddy all men to begyle. 45

The freir that did Sanct Francis thair appeir,
Ane feind he wes in liknes of ane freir ;

He vaneist away with stynk and fyrrie smowk ;
With him me thocht all the houle and he towk,
And I awoik as wy that wes in weir. 50

DUNBAR'S DREAM.

THIS hinder nycht half-sleiping as I lay,
Me thocht my chalmer in ane new aray
Was all depaynt with many divers hew,
Of all the nobill storyis ald and new,
Sen oure first father formed was of clay. 5

Me thocht the lift all bricht with lampis lycht,
And thair in enterrit many lustie wicht,
Sum young, sum old, in findry wyfe arayit,
Sum sang, sum danceit, on instrumentis sum playit,
Sum maid disportis with hartis glaid and lycht. 10

Than thocht I thus, this is ane felloun phary,
Or ellis my witt rycht wondroullie dois varie;
This seimes to me ane guidlie companie,
And gif it be ane freindlie fantasie,
Defend me Jhesu, and his moder Marie ! 15

Thair pleasant sang, nor yett thair pleasant toun,
Nor yett thair joy did to my heart redoun;
Me thocht the drerie damiefall Distres,
And eik hir sorie sifter Hevineis,
Sad as the leid, in bed lay me abone. 20

And Langour satt up at my beddis heid,
With instrument full lamentable and deid ;
Scho playit fangis so duilfull to heir,
Me thocht ane houre seimeit ay ane yeir ;
Hir hew was wan and wallowed as the leid. 25

Than com the ladyis, danceing in ane trace,
And Nobilnes befeir thame come ane space,
Saying, with cheir bening and womanly,
I fé ane heir in bed oppreffit ly,
My fisteris go and help to get him grace. 30

With that anon did start out of a dance
Twa fisteris, callit Confort and Pleasance,
And with twa harpis did begin to sing,
Bot I thair of mycht tak na rejoseing,
My Heviness opprest me with sic mischance. 35

Thay saw that I nocht glaidder wax of cheir,
And thair of had thai winder all but weir,
And said ane lady that Persaveing hicht,
Of Heviness he feillis sic a wecht,
Your melody he pleiffis nocht till heir. 40

Scho and Distres hir fister dois him greve :
Quod Nobilness, Qunhow fall he thame elchew ?
Than spak Discretioun, ane lady richt bening,
Wirk eftir me, and I fall gar him sing,
And lang or nicht gar Langour tak hir leve. 45

And then said Witt, Giff thai work nocht be thé,
But onie dout thai fall not work be me.

Discretioun said, I knaw his malady,
The strok he feillis of melancholie,
And Nobilnes, [his] lecheing lyis in thé. 50

Or evir this wicht at heart be haill and feir,
Both thou and I must in the court appeir ;

For he hes lang maid service thair in vaine :
With sum rewaird we mane him quyt againe,
Now in the honour of this guid new yeir. 55

Weill worth thé, sifter, said Considerance,
And I fall help for to mantene the dance.

Than spak ane wicht callit Blind Effectioun,
I fall befor yow be, with mine electioun,
Of all the court I have the governance. 60

Than spak ane constant wycht callit Reffoun,
And said, I grant yow hes beine lord a fessioun,

In diftributioun, bot now the tyme is gone,
Now I may all diftribute myne alone ;
Thy wrangous deidis did evir man enschefoun. 65

For tyme war now that this man had sum thing,
That lange hes bene ane fervand to the King,

And all his tyme nevir flatter couthe nor faine,
Bot humble in to ballat wyse complaine,
And patientlie indure his tormenting. 70

I counfall him be mirrie and jocound ;
 Be Nobilneſs his help mon firſt be found.
 Weill ſpokin, Reſſoun, my brother, quoth Diſcretioun,
 To fett on deiſs with lordis at the ceſſioun,
 In to this realme yow war worth mony ane pound. 75

Than ſpak anone Anoportunitie,
 Ye fall nocht all gar him ſpeid without me,
 For I ſtand ay befoir the Kingis face ;
 I fall him deiſſ, or ellis my ſelf mak chace,
 Bot gif that I befoir him ſervit be. 80

Ane beſy aſkar ſoonner fall he ſpeid,
 Na fall twa beſy ſervandis out of dreid,
 And he that aſkis nocht tynes bot his word,
 Bot for to tyne lang ſervice is no bourd,
 Yett thocht I nevir to do ſic folie deid. 85

Than com anone ane callit Schir Johne Kirkepakar,
 Off many cures ane michtie undertaker,
 Quod he, I am poſſeſt in kirkis ſevin,
 And yitt I think thai grow fall till ellevin,
 Or he be ſervit in ane, yone ballet maker. 90

And then ſchir Bet-the-kirk, ſa mot I thryff,
 I haif of buſie ſervandis foure or fyve,
 And all directit unto ſindrie ſteidis,
 Ay ſtill awaiting upoun kirk-menes deidis,
 Fra quhom my tithingis will I heir belyff. 95

Quod Refoun than, The ballance gois unevin,
That thow allace to ferff hes kirkis fevin,
And fevin als worth kirk, nocht haifand ane,
With gredines I fie this world ourgane,
And fufficiency dwellis nocht bot in heavin. 100

I have nocht wyt thairof, quod Temperance,
For thocht I hald him evinlie the ballance;
And, but ane cuir, full [evin] nicht till him wey,
Yett will he take ane uther and gar it fuey :
Quha best can rewill wald maist have governance. 105

Patience to me, My friend, said, mak guid cheir,
And on the prince depend with hevinely feir,
For I full weill dois knaw his nobill intent ;
He wald nocht, for ane bischopprikis rent,
That yow war unrewardit half ane yeir. 110

Than as ane fary thai to duir did brak,
And schot ane gone that did so rudlie rak,
Quhill all the aird did raird the rane bow under,
On Leith sandis me thocht scho brak in founder,
And I ainon did walkin with the crak. 115

THE BIRTH OF ANTICHRIST.

LUCINA schynnyng in filence of the nycht,
The hevin all being full of sternis bricht,
To bed I went; bot thair I tuke no rest,
With hevie thocht so foir I wes opprest,
That fair I langit eftir the dayis licht. 5

Off Fortoun I complenit hevely,
That scho to me stude so contrariously;
And at the last, quhen I had turnyt oft
For weirines, on me ane slummer soft
Come, with ane dremyng and a fantesfy. 10

Me thocht deme Fortoun, with ane fremmit cheir,
Stude me beforne, and said on this maneir:
Thow suffir me to wirk gif thow do weill,
And preifs thé nocht to stryfe aganis my quheill,
Quhilk every warldly thing dois turne and feir. 15

Full mony ane man I turne unto the hicht,
And makis als mony full law down to licht;
Up on my staigis or that thow ascend,
Treift weill thy trouble is neir at ane end, 19
Seing thir takinis, quhairfoir thow mark thame rycht.

Thy trublit gait fall neir moir be degeft,
Nor thow in to no benifice poſſeft,

 Quhill that ane Abbot him cleith in ernis pennis,
 And flé up in the air amangis the crennis,
And as ane falcone fair fro eaſt to weſt. 26

He fall aſcend as ane horrible griphoun,
Him meit fall in the air ane ſcho dragoun ;
 Thir terrible monſteris fall togidder thriſt,
 And in the cludis gett the Antechriſt,
Quhill all the air infeck of thair puyſoun. 30

Undir Saturnus fyrie regioun
Symone Magus fall meit thame, and Mahoun ;
 And Merlyne, at the mone, fall hym be bydand ;
 And Jonet the weido, on ane buſſome rydand,
Off wichis with ane wondir gareſoun. 35

And fyne thay fall diſcend with reik and fyre,
And preiche in erth the Antechryſtis impyre ;
 Be than it fall be neir this warldis end.
 With that this Lady ſone fra me did wend :
Sleipand and walkand wes fruſtrat my deſyre. 40

Quhen I awoik my dreame it wes ſo nyce,
Fra every wicht I hid it as a vyce ;
 Quhill I hard tell, be mony ſuthfaſt wy,
 Flé wald ane Abbot up in to the ſky,
And all his fethreme maid wes at devyce. 45

Within my hairt confort I take full sone,
Adew, quoth I, my drery dayis ar done :
 Full weill I wist to me wald never cum thrift,
 Quhill that twa monis wer sene up in the lift,
Or quhill an Abbot flew aboif the mone. 50

Vane organis he full clenly kervit;
 Quhen of his straik so mony stervit,
 Dreid he had gottin that he deservit,
 He fled away gud speid.

In Scotland than, the narrest way, 25
 He come, his cunnyng till affaye,
 To sum man thar it was no play
 The preving of his sciens.

In potingary he wrocht gret pyne,
 He muredrest in to medicyne; 30
 The Jowe was of a gret ingyne,
 And generit was of gyans.

In lechecraft he was homicide,
 He wald haf for a nycht to byd,
 Ane haknay and the hurt mannis hyd, 35
 So mekle he was of myans.

His irnis was rude as ony rauchtir,
 Quhar he leit blude it was no lauchtir,
 Full mony instrumentis for slauchtir
 Was in his gardyvians. 40

He couth gif cure of laxatif,
 To gar a wicht horse want his lyf;
 Quha evir affay wald, man or wyf,
 Thar hippis yeid hiddy-giddy.
 His praktikis nevir war put to preif 45
 Bot sudand deid, or gret mischeif;

He had purgacioun to mak a theif
To dé without a wedye.

Unto no mels preiffit the prelat,
For found of facrying bell nor skellat ; 50
As blak smyth brukit was his pellat,
For battiring at the study.

Thocht he come hame a newe maid channoun,
He had dispenfit with matinnis cannoun,
On him come nothir stole nor fannoun, 55
For smwking of the smedye.

Me thocht feir fassounis he affalyeit,
To mak the quinteffence, and failyeit ;
And quhen he saw that nocht avalyeit,
A federem on he tuke : 60
And schupe in Turkey for to flé ;
And quhen that he did mont on hie,
All fowlis farlet quhat he fuld be,
That evir did on him luke.

Sum held he had bene Dedalus, 65
Sum the Mynataur mervalufs,
Sum Mertis blak smyth Vulcanus,
And sum Saturnus cuk.

And evir the cuchettis at him tuggit,
The rukis him rent, the ravynis him druggit, 70
The huditt crawis his hair furth ruggit,
The hevin he micht nocht bruke.

The Myttane and Sanct Mertynis fowle
 Wend he had bene the hornit howle,
 Thay set upone him with a yowle, 75
 And gaif him dynt for dynt.
 The golk, the gormaw, and the gled,
 Best him with buffettis quhill he bled;
 The spar halk to the spring him sped
 Als fers as fyre of flynt. 80

The tarfall gaif him tug for tug,
 A stanchell hang in ilk a lug,
 The pyot furth his pennis did rug,
 The stork straik ay but stint;
 The biffart, biffy but rebuik, 85
 Scho was so cleverus of hir cluik,
 His bawis he nicht nocht langer bruik,
 Scho held thame at ane hint.

Thik was the clud of kayis and crawis,
 Of marleyonis, mittanis, and of mawis, 90
 That bikkrit at his berd with blawis,
 In battell him abowt:
 Thay nybbillit him with noyis and cry,
 The rerd of thame raife to the sky,
 And evir he cryit on Fortoun, Fy! 95
 His lyfe was in to dowt.

The ja him skrippit with a skryke,
 And skornit him as it was lyk;

The egill strong at him did stryke,
And rawcht him mony a rout : 100
For feir uncunnandly he cawkit,
Quhill all his pennis war drown and drawkit,
He maid a hundreth nolt all hawkit,
Beneth him with a spowt.

He schewre his feddereme that was schene, 105
And slippit owt of it full clene,
And in a myre, up to the ene,
Amang the glar did glyd.
The fowlis all at the fedderem dang
As at a monfter thame amang, 110
Quhill all the pennis of it owtsprang
In till the air full wyde.

And he lay at the plunge evir mair
Sa lang as any ravin did rair ;
The crawis him focht, with cryis of cair, 115
In every schaw befyde.
Had he reveild bene to the ruikis,
Thay had him revin all with thair cluikis :
Thré dayis in dub amang the dukis
He did with dirt him hyde. 120

The air was dirkit with the fowlis
That come with yawmeris, and with yowlis,
With skryking, skrymming, and with scowlis,
To tak him in the tyde.

44 THE FENYEIT FREIR OF TUNGLAND.

I walknit with the noyis and schowte, 125
So hiddowis beir was me abowte.
Sen fyne I curse that cankerit rowte
 Quhair evir I go or ryde.

THE DEVILL'S INQUEST.

THIS nycht in my sleip I wes agast,
Me thoct the Devill wes tempand fast
The people, with aithis of crewaltie;
Sayand, as throw the mercat he past,
Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 5

Me thoct as he went throw the way,
Ane priest fweirit braid, be God verey,
Quhill at the alter reffavit he.
Thou art my clerk, the Devill can say,
Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 10

Than fwoir ane courtyour mekle of pryd,
Be Chryftis woundis bludy and wyd,
And be his harmes wes rent on tré.
Than spak the Devill, hard him befyd,
Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 15

Ane merchand, his geir as he did fell,
Renuncit his pairt of hevin and hell.
The Devill said, Welcum mot thow be,
Thow fall be merchand for my fell,
Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 20

Ane goldfmyth said, The gold is fa fyne
That all the workmanfchip I tyne;
The feind refflaif me gif I lie.
Think on, quoth the Devill, that thow art myne,
Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 25

Ane tailyour said, In all this toun,
Be thair ane better weil maid gown,
I gif me to the feynd all fre.
Gramercy, tailyour, said Mahoun,
Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 30

Ane fowttar said, In gud effek,
Nor I be hangit be the nek,
Gife bettir butis of ledder ma be.
Fy, quoth the feynd, thou fairis of blek;
Ga clenge thé clene, and cum to me. 35

Ane baxftar fayd, I forfaik God,
And all his werkis, evin and od,
Gif fairar ftuff neidis to be.
The Devill luche, and on him cowth nod,
Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 40

Ane flefchour fwoir be the facrament,
And be Chryftis blud maift innocent,
Nevir fatter flefch faw man with é.
The Devill said, Hald on thy intent,
Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 45

The maltman sayis, I God forsaik,
 And mot the devill of hell me taik,
 Gif ony better malt may be,
 And of this kill I haif inlaik :
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 50

Ane browstar fwoir the malt wes ill,
 Baith reid and reikit on the kill,
 That it will be na aill for me ;
 Ane boll will not sex gallonis fill :
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 55

Be Goddis bluid, quoth the tavernnier,
 Thair is sic wyne in my felleir,
 Hes never come in this cuntrie.
 Tut, quoth the Devill, thou fellis our deir,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 60

The smyth fwoir be rude and raip,
 In till a gallowis mot I gaip,
 Gif I ten dayis wan pennyis thré,
 For with that craft I can nocht thraip :
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 65

Ane menstrall said, The feind me ryfe,
 Gif I do ocht but drink and swyfe ;
 The Devill said, Than I counfall thé,
 Exerfe that craft in all thy lyfe,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 70

Ane dyfour said, with wirdis of stryfe,
The devill mot stik him with a knyfe,
Bot he kept up fair fyifis thré ;
The Devill said, Endit is thy lyfe,
Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 75

Ane theif said, God that evir I chaip,
Nor ane stark widdy gar me gaip,
Bot I in hell for geir wald be.
The Devill said, Welcum in a raip,
Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 80

The fische wyffis flett, and fwoir with granis,
And to the Feind faule, flesche and banis
Thay gaif thame, with ane schowt on hie.
The Devill said, Welcum all attanis,
Renunce your God, and cum to me. 85

The rest of craftis grit aithis fwair,
Thair wark and craft had na compair,
Ilk ane into thair qualitie.
The Devill said, Than withoutin mair,
Renunce your God, and cum to me. 90

THE DANCE OF THE SEVIN DEIDLY SYNNSIS.

OFF Februar the fyiftene nycht,
 Full lang befoir the dayis lycht,
 I lay in till a trance ;
 And than I faw baith Hevin and Hell :
 Me thocht, amangis the feyndis fell, 5
 Mahoun gart cry ane Dance
 Off Schrewis that wer nevir fchrevin,
 Aganis the feift of Fafternis evin,
 To mak thair obfervance ;
 He bad gallandis ga graith a gyifs, 10
 And kaft up gamountis in the fkyifs,
 As varlotis dois in France.

.
 Heilie Harlottis on hawtane wyifs,
 Come in with mony findrie gyifs,
 Bot yit luche nevir Mahoun, 15
 Qubill preiftis come in with bair fchevin nekkis ;
 Than all the Feyndis lewche, and maid gekkis,
 Blak-belly and Bawfy-Broun.

Lat fé, quoth he, now quha begynnis.
 With that the fowll Sevin Deidly Synnis 20
 Begowth to leip at anis.

And first of all in Dance wes PRYD,
 With hair wyld bak, and bonet on fyd,
 Lyk to mak vaiftie wanis ;
 And round abowt him, as a quheill, 25
 Hang all in rumpillis to the heill

His kethat for the nanis :
 Mony prowld trumpour with him trippit,
 Throw skaldand fyre, ay as thay skippit
 Thay gyrnd with hyddouls granis. 30

Than YÆ come in with sturt and fryfe ;
 His hand wes ay upoun his knyfe,
 He brandeift lyk a beir :
 Bostaris, braggaris, and barganeris,
 Eftir him paffit in to pairis, 35

All bodin in feir of weir ;
 In jakkis, and scryppis, and bonettis of steill,
 Thair leggis wer chenyteit to the heill,

Frawart wes thair affeir :
 Sum upoun uder with brandis beft, 40
 Sum jagit utheris to the heft,
 With knyvis that scherp cowld fcheir.

Nixt in the Dance followit INY,
 Fild full of feid and fellony,
 Hid malyce and dispyte : 45

For pryvie hatrent that tratour trymlit;
 Him followit mony freik diffymlit,
 With fenyteit wordis quhyte:
 And flattereris in to menis facis;
 And bak-byttaris in secreit placis, 50
 To ley that had delyte;
 And rownaris of fals leſingis,
 Allace! that courtis of noble kingis
 Of thame can nevir be quyte.

Nixt him in Dans come CUVATYCE, 55
 Rute of all evill, and grund of vyce,
 That nevir coud be content:
 Catyvis, wrechis, and ockeraris,
 Hud-pykis, hurdaris, and gadderaris,
 All with that warlo went: 60
 Out of thair throttis thay ſchot on udder
 Hett moltin gold, me thoct, a fudder
 As fyre-flawcht maift fervent;
 Ay as thay tumit thame of ſchot,
 Feyndis fild thame new up to the thrott 65
 With gold of allkin prent.

Syne SWEIRNES, at the ſecound bidding,
 Come lyk a ſow out of a midding,
 Full ſlepy wes his grunye:
 Mony ſweir bumbard belly huddroun, 70
 Mony flute daw, and ſlepy duddroun,
 Him ſervit ay with ſounye;

He drew thame furth in till a chenyie,
And Belliall with a brydill renyie,
Evir lascht thame on the lunyie : 75
In Dance thay war so slaw of feit,
Thay gaif thame in the fyre a heit,
And maid them quicker of counyie.

Than LICHERY, that lathly corse,
Came berand lyk a bagit horse, 80
And Ydilnes did him leid ;
Thair wes with him ane ugly fort,
And mony stynkand fowll tramort,
That had in syn bene deid :
Quhen thay wer enterit in the Dance, 85
Thay wer full strengre of countenance,
Lyke tortchis byrnand reid ;
Ilk ane led uthair be the tarffis ;
Suppois thay fyleit with thair arffis,
It mycht be no remeid. 90

Than the fowll monstir **GLUTTONY**,
 Off wame unfasiable and gredy,
 To Dance he did him dress :
 Him followit mony fowll drunckart,
 With can and collep, cop and quart, 95
 In surffet and excefs ;
 Full mony a waistless wally-drag,
 With wamis unweildable, did furth wag,
 In creisfche that did increfs :

Drynk ! ay thay cryit, with mony a gaip, 100
 The Feyndis gaif thame hait leid to laip,
 Thair leveray wes na lefs.

Na menstrallis playit to thame but dowl,
 For glé-men thair wer haldin owt,
 Be day, and eik by nycht ; 105
 Except a menstrall that flew a man,
 Swa till his heretage he wan,
 And enterit be breif of richt.

Than cryd Mahoun for a Heleand Padyane :
 Syne ran a Feynd to feche Makfadyane, 110
 Far northwart in a nuke ;
 Be he the Correnoch had done schout,
 Ersche men so gadderit him abowt,
 In Hell grit rume thay tuke :
 Thae tarmegantis, with tag and tatter, 115
 Full lowd in Ersche begowth to clatter,
 And rowp lyk revin and ruke.
 The Devill sa devit wes with thair yell,
 That in the depest pot of hell
 He smorit thame with smuke. 120

THE JUSTIS BETUIX THE TAILYEOUR AND SOWTAR.

Nixt at a Tournement was tryit,
That lang before in Hell was cryit,
In prefens of Mahoune ;
Betuix a Tailyeour and a Sowtar,
A priklounis and a hobbill clowtar, 5
Thair barrafs was maid boune.
The Tailyeour, baith with speir and scheld,
Convoyit was unto the feld,
With mony a lymmer lowne ;
Of feme bytaris, and beist gnapparais, 10
Of stomok stelarais, and clayth knapparais
A gracelefs garifoun.

His baner borne him was before,
Quharin war cloutis a hundreth score,
Ilk ane of divers hew ; 15
And all stolllyn owt of fyndry webbis,
For, quhill the fé flude fillis and ebbis,
Tailyeouris will nevir be trewe.
The buthman on the barrafs blent ;
Allace ! he tynt all hardyment, 20
For feir he changit hew :

Mahoune him comfort, and maid him knyght,
No ferly thoct his hart was licht,
That to sic honour grew.

He hecht hiely before Mahoune, 25
That he fuld dyng the Sowtar doun,
Thocht he war wicht as maft ;
Bot quhen he on the barrafs blenkit,
The Tailyeouris corage a litill fehrenkit,
His hart did all oure cast : 30

And quhen he saw the Sowtar cum,
Off all sic wordis he was dum,
Full fair he was agast ;
For he in hart tuke sic a scunnir,
A rak of fartis lyk ony thunnir, 35
Went fra him, blaft for blaft.

The Sowtar to the feld him drest,
He was convoyit out of the west,
As a defendour stowt :
Suppois he had no lufly varlot, 40
He had full mony lowfy harlot,
Fast rynnand him abowt.

His banir was a barkit hyd,
Quharin Sanct Girnyga did glyde,
Before that rebald rowt : 45
Full Sowtar-lyk he was of laitis,
For ay betwene the harnas platia,
The oyly briffit out.

Apon the Tailyeour quhen he did luke,
His hart a litill dwalmyng tuke, 50

Uneifs he mycht upfit ;
In till his stomok was fic a steir,
Of all his dyner that coft him deir,

His brest held never a bit.
To comfort him, or he raide forthir, 55
The Devill of knycht-hed gaf him ordir ;

For stynk than he did spit ;
And he about the Devillis nek
Did spewe agane a quart of blek,
So knychtlie he him quyt. 60

Than forty tymes the Feynd cryit, Fy !
The Sowtar furth affraitlye,

Unto the feld he foucht :
Quhen thai war servit with thair speris,
Folk had a feile be thair efferis, 65

Thair hartis was baith on flocht.
Thai spurrit apon athir fyd,
The hors attour the grene did glyd,

And tham togiddir brocht ;
The Tailyeour was no thing wele fittin, 70
He left the sadill all beschittin,

And to the ground he socht.

His birnes brak and maid a bratill,
The Sowtaris horse scarrit with the rattill,
And round about did reile ; 75

This beift that was affrayit full evill,
 Ran with the Sowtar to the Devill,
 And thar rewardit him wele.
 Sum thing fra him the Feynde efchewit,
 He trowit agane to be befpewit, 80
 So strenyt he was in ftele:
 He thoct he wald agane debait him,
 He torned his erfs and all bedrait him,
 Quyte our fra nek to hele.

He lowfit it with fic a rerd, 85
 Baith horfe and man flawe to the erd,
 He fartit with fic a feir:
 Now, haif I quyt thé ! quoth Mahoun ;
 The new maid knycht lay into fwoun,
 And did all armes forfweir. 90
 The Devill gart thaim to dungeoun dryf,
 And tham of knycht-hed to depryf,
 Discharging tham all weir ;
 And maid tham harlotis agane for evir,
 Quhilk ftyle to kepe thai had fer levir 95
 Na ony armes beir.

I had mair of thair werkis writtin,
 Had noch the Sowtar bene befcchittin,
 With Beliallis arfs unblift ;
 Bot that fa gud a bourd, me thoct, 100
 Sic folace to my hart it wrocht,
 For lauchtir neir I brift.

Quhar throw I walkinnit of my trauns;
To put in to rememberans,

 Micht no man me refist,

105

To dyte how all this thing befell
Before Mahoune, the heir of hell:
 Schirris, trow it gif ye list.

AMENDIS TO THE TAILYEOURIS AND SOWTARIS.

BETUIX twell houris and ellevin,
I dremed ane angell came fra Hevin,
 With plefand ftevin, sayand on hie,
 Tailyeouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.

In Hevin hie ordand is your place,
Aboif all Sanctis in grit folace,
Nixt God, grittest in dignitie :
Tailyeouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.

The cause to yow is nocht unkend,
That God misfakkis ye do amend, 10
Be craft and grit agilitie:
Tailyeuris and Sowtaris, bleft be ye.

Sowtaris, with fehone weill maid and meit,
Ye mend the faltis of ill maid feit,
Quhairfoir to Hevin your faulis will flie : 15
Tailyeouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.

Is nocht in all this fair a flyrok,
That has upoun his feit a wyrok,

Knowll tais, nor mowlis in no degrie,
But ye can hyd thame : blift be ye. 20

And Tailyeouris with weil maid clais,
Can mend the werft maid man that gais,
And mak him femely for to fé :
Tailyeouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.

Thocht God mak ane miffaffonit man, 25
Ye can him all fchaip new agane,
And faffoun him bettir be fic thré :
Tailyeouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.

Thocht a man haif a brokin bak,
Haif ye a gnde crafty Tailyeour, quhat-rak, 30
That can it cuver with craftis flie !
Tailyeouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.

Off God grit kyndnefs may ye claime,
That helpis his peple fra cruke and lame,
Supportand faltis with your fupplie : 35
Tailyeouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.

In Erd ye kyth fic mirakillis heir,
In Hevin ye fal be Sanctis full cleir,
Thocht ye be knavis in this cuntré :
Tailyeouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye. 40

THE TUA MARYIT WEMEN AND THE WEDO.

APON the Midfumer evin, mirriest of nichtis,
I muvit furth allane, neir as midnicht wes past,
Befyde ane gudlie grene garth, full of gay flouris,
Hegeit, of ane huge hicht, with hawthorne treis ;
Quhairon ane bird, on ane bransche, so birst out hir notis
That never ane blythfullar bird was on the beuche harde :
Quhat through the fugarat sound of hir sang glaid,
And through the favour sanative of the sueit flouris,
I drew in derne to the dyk to dirkin eftir myrthis ;
The dew donkit the daill, and dynarit the foulis. 10

I hard, under ane holyn hevinlie grein hewit,
Ane hie speiche, at my hand, with hautand wourdis ;
With that in haift to the hege so hard I intrang
That I was heildit with hawthorne, and with heynd leivis :
Throw pykis of the plet thorne I prefandlie luikit, 15
Gif ony persoun wald approche within that plesand
garding.

I saw Thré gay Ladeis sit in ane grene arbeir,
All grathit in to garlandis of fresche gudellie flouris ;
So glitterit as the gold wer thair glorius gilt tressis,
Quhill all the gressis did gleme of the glaid hewis ; 20

Kemmit was thair cleir hair, and curiounlie fched
 Attair thair schulderis doun schyre, schyning full bricht;
 With curches, caffin thame abone, of kirsp cleir and thin:
 Thair mantillis grein war as the greis that grew in May
 fessoun,

Fetrit with thair quhyt fingeris about thair fair sydis : 25
 Off ferlifful fyne favour war thair faceis meik,
 All full of flurist fairheid, as flouris in June ;
 Quhyt, feimlie, and soft, as the sweit lillies ;
 New up spred upon spray, as new spynist rose,
 Arrayit ryallie about with mony rich wardour, 30
 That Nature, full nobillie, annamalit fine with flouris
 Off alkin hewis under hevin, that ony heynd knew ;
 Fragrant, all full of fresche odour fynest of smell,
 Ane marbre tabile coverit wes befor thai Thré Ladeis,
 With ryale cowpis apon rawis full of ryche wynis : 35
 And of thir fair Wlonkes, with Tua [that] weddit war
 with Lordis,

Ane wes ane Wedow, I wift, wantoun of laitis.

And, as thai talkit at the tabill of mony taill funde,
 Thay wauchtit at the wicht wyne, and warit out woundis ;
 And fyne thai spak more spedelie, and sparit no materis. 40

Bewrie, said the Wedo, ye weddit wemen ying,
 Quhat mirth ye fand in maryage, sen ye war menis wyffis ;
 Reveill gif ye rewit that rakles condition ?
 Or gif that ever ye luffit leyd upone lyf mair
 Nor thame that ye your fayth hes festinit for ever ? 45
 Or gif ye think, had ye chois, that ye wald cheis better ?

Think ye it nocht ane blift band that bindis so fast
That none unto it adew may ~~be~~ bot the deithe alane ?

Than spak ane luffly belyf, with luffly effeiris ;
It, that ye call the blift band that bindis so fast, 50
Is bair of blis, and bailfull, and greit barrat wirkis.
Ye speir, had I fré chois, gif I wald cheis better ?
Chenyeis ay ar to eschew ; and changeis ar fueit :
Sic curfit chance till eschew, had I my chois anis,
Out of the chenyeis of ane churle I chaip suld for ever. 55
God gif matrimony were made to mell for ane yeir !
It war bot monstros to be mair, bot gif our myndis plefit :
It is agane the law of luif, of kynd, and of nature,
Togiddir hartis to strene, that stryveis with uther :
Birdis hes ane better law ^{than we} na bernis be meikill, 60
That ilk yeir, with new joy, joyis ane maik ;
And fangis thame ane fresche feyr, unfulyeit, and constant ;
And lattis thair fulyeit feiris flie quhair thai pleis.
Chryft gif sic ane consuetude war in this erth holdin !
Than weill war us wemen, that ever we may be fré ; 65
We suld have feiris as fresche to fang quhen we wald,
And gif all larbaris thair leveis, quhan thai lak curage.
My self suld be full femlie with filkis arrayit ;
Gymp, jolie, and gent, richt joyus, and gentryce,
I suld at fairis be found, new faceis to spy ; 70
At playis, and preichingis, and pilgrimages greit,
To schaw my renoun, royaly, quhair preis was of folk ;
To manifest my makdome to multitude of pepill,

And blaw my bewtie on breid, quhair bernis war mony ;
 That I nicht cheis, and be chofin, and change quhen me
 lykit : 75

Than fuld I waill ane full weill, oure all the wyd realme,
 That fuld my womanheid weild the lang winter nicht ;
 And when I gottin had ane grume, ganest of uther,
 Yaip, and ying, in the yok ane yeir for to draw ;
 Fra I had preivit his pith the first plefand moneth, 80
 Than fuld I cast me to keik in kirk, and in markat,
 And all the cuntré about, kyngis court, and uther,
 Quhair I ane galland nicht get aganis the nixt yeir,
 For to perfurneis furth the werk quhen failyeit the tother :
 A forky fure, ay furthwart, and forfy in draucht ; 85
 Nothir febill, nor fant, nor fulyeit in labour ;

Bot als fresche of his forme, as flouris in May ; *but the fls*
 For all the fruit fuld I fang thocht he the flour burgeoun. *displeyn*

I have ane wallidrag, ane ~~worme~~, ane auld wobat carle,
 A waiftit wolroun, na worth bot wourdis to clatter ; 90
 Ane bumbart, ane dron bee, ane bag full of flewme,
 Ane scabbit skarth, ane scorpioun, ane scutarde behind :
 To see him scart his awin skyn grit scunner I think.

Quhen kissis me that carybald, than kyndillis all my sorow ;
 As birfs of ane brym bair, his berd is als stif, 95

Bot soft and soppill as the silk is his fary lwme :

He may weill to the fyn assent, bot sakles is his deidis.

With gor is his tua grym ene gladderrit all about,

And gorgeit lyk twa gutaris that wer with glar stoppit ;

Bot quhen that glourand gaist grippis me about, 100

Than think I hiddowus Mahoune hes me in armes ;

Than ma na fainyne me fave fra that auld Sathane ;
 For, thocht I wose me all cleine, fra the croun doun,
 He will my corfe all beclip, and clap to his breift.
 Quhen schaffyn is that ald schalk with a scharp rasiour,
 He schowis on me his schewill mouth, and schedis my
 lippis ;

And with his hard hurcheone skyn fa heklis he my chekis,
 That as a glemand gleyd glowis my chaftis ;
 I schrenk for the scharp stound, bot schout dar I nought,
 For schore of that auld schrew, schame him betide ! 110
 The luf blenkis of that bogill, fra his blerde ene,
 As Belzebub had on me blent, abasit my spreit ;
 And quhen the smy on me smyrkis, with his snake smolet,
 He sepillis like a farcy aver, that flyrit on a gillot.

Quhen that the found of his saw sinkis in my eris, 115
 Than ay renewis my noy, or he be neir cumand :
 Quhen I heir nemmyt his name, than mak I nyne crocis,
 To keip me fra the cummerans of that carll mangit,
 That full of eldnyng is, and anger, and all evill thewis .
 I dar nought luk to my luf for that lene gib, 120
 He is fa full of jelusy, and engyne fals ;
 Ever ymagynyng in mynd materis of evill,
 Compasand and castand cakis a thousand
 How he fall tak me, with a trawe, at trift of ane othir :
 I dar nought keik to the knaip that the cop fillis, 125
 For eldnyng of that ald schrew that ever on evill thynkis ;
 For he is waifit, and worne fra Venus werkis,
 And may nought beit worth a bene in bed of my mystirs.
 He trowis that young folk I yerne yeild, for he gane is,

Bot I may yuke all this yeir, or his yerd help. 130

Ay quhen that caribald carll wald clym on my wambe,
Than am I dangerus, and dane, and dour of my will ;

Yit leit I never that larbar my leggis ga betweene,
To styke my flesche, na fumyll me, without a fee gret ;
And thocht his pen purly me payis in bed, 135

His purse pays richely in recompense efter :

For, or he clym on my corse, that carybald forlane,
I have condition of a curche of kerfp all ther fynest ;

A gown of engranyt claith, right gaily furrit ;
A ring with a ryall stane, or other riche jowell, 140

Or rest of his rousty raid, thocht he wer rede wod :
For all the buddis of Johne Blunt, quhen he abone clymis,
Me think the baid deir aboucht sa bawch ar his werkis ;
And thus I sell him solace, thocht I it four think :
Fra sle a fyre, God yow saif, my sueit Sisteris deir! 145

Quhen that the Semely had said her sentence to end,
Than all thai leuch apon loft, with laitis full mery ;
And raucht the cop round about full off riche wynis,
And ralyest lang, or thai wald rest, with ryatus speche.

The Wedo to the tothir Wlonk warpit thir wordis ; 150
Now, fair Sister, fallis yow but fenyeing to tell,
Sen man first with matrimony yow menkit in kirk,
How haif ye farne be your faith? confests us the treuth :
That band to blifs, or to ban, quhilk yow best thinkis ?
Or how ye like lif to leid in to leill spoufage? 155
And fyne my self ye exeme on the samyn wise,

And I fall say furth the futh, diffymyland no word.

The Plesand said, I proteft, the treuth gif I schaw,
 That of your toungis ye be traift : The tothir twa grantit ;
 With that sprang up hir spreit be a span hechar. 160
 To speik, quoth scho, I fall nought spair ; ther is no spy neir :
 I fall a ragment reveil fra the rute of my hert,
 A roust that is fa rankild quhill risis my stomok ;
 Now fall the byle all out brift, that beild has so lang ;
 For it to beir on my brift wes burdin our hevy : 165
 I fall the venome devoird with a vent large,
 And me affuage of the fwalme, that fuellit wes gret.

My husband wes a hur maister, the hugeast in erd,
 Tharfor, I hait him with my hert, fa help me our Lord !
 He is a young man ryght yaip, bot nought in youthis flouris ;
 For he is fadit full far, and feblit of strenth :
 He wes as flurifing fresche within thir few yeris,
 Bot he is fulyeit full far, and falyeid in labour ;
 He has bene lychour so lang quhill loft is his natur,
 His lume is waxit larbar, and lyis in to swoune : 175
 Wes never fugeorne wer fet na on that snail tyrit,
 For efter seven oulkis rest, it will nought rap anys ;
 He has bene waiftit apon wemen, or he me wif cheifit,
 And in adultre, in my tyme, I haif him tane oft :
 And yit, he is als brankand with bonet on fyde, 180
 And blenkand to the brichtest that in the burgh duellis,
 Alse curtly of his clething, and kemmyng of his hair,
 As he that is mair valyeand in Venus chalmer ;
 He semys to be fumthing worth, that fyphyr in bour,

He lukis as he wald luffit be, thocht he be litill of valour;
 He dois as dotit dog that damys on all buffis,
 And liftis his leg apon loft, thocht he nought lift piſche ;
 He has a luke without luſt, and lif without curage ;
 He has a forme without force, and feſſoun but vertu,
 And fair wordis but effect, all fruſter of dedis ; 190
 He is for ladyis in luſ a richt luſty ſchadow,
 Bot in to derne, at the deid, he ſalbe drup fundin ;
 He railyeis, and makis repet with ryatus wordis,
 Ay ruſing him of his radis, and rageing in chalmer ;
 Bot God wait quhat I think quhen he ſo thra ſpekis : 195
 And how it ſettis him ſo fyde to fege of ſic materis.
 Bot gif him ſelf, of ſum evin, myght ane ſay amang thaim,
 Bot he nought ane is, bot nane of naturis poſſeſſoris.

Scho that has ane auld man nought all is begylit ;
 He is at Venus werkis na war na he ſemys : 200
 I wend I joſit a gem, and I haif ane geit gottin ;
 He had the glemying of gold, and wes bot glaſe fundin :
 Thought men be ferſe, wele I fynd, fra failye thair curage,
 Thar is bot eldnyng, or anger thair hertis within.
 Ye ſpeik of birdis on beuch : of bliſe may thai ſing, 205
 That, on ſaſt Valentyne day, ar vacandis ilk yeir :
 Hed I that pleſand prevelege to part quhen me likit,
 To change, and ay to cheiſe agane, than, Chaſtité, adew !
 Than ſuld I haif a freſch feir to fang in myne armes :
 To hald a freke, quhill he faynt, may foly be callit. 210

Apone ſic materis-I muſe, at mydnyght, fall oft,
 And murnys ſo in my mynd, I murdris my ſelfin ;
 Than ly I walkand for wa, and walteris about

Wariand off my wickit kyn, that me away cast,
 To sic a craudoune, but curage, that knyt my clér bewté;
 And ther so mony kene knyghtis this kenrik within :
 Than think I on a femelyar, the futh for to tell,
 Na is our fyre be sic fevin ; with that I fych oft :
 Than he ful tenderly dois turne to me his tume perfoun,
 And with a yoldin yerd, dois yolk me in armys ; 220
 And fays, My foverane fueit thing, quhy fleip ye no
 better ?

Me think ther haldin yow a hete, as ye sum harme ailyt.
 Quoth I, My hony, hald abak, and handill me nought fair ;
 A hathe is happinit hastely at my hert rut.

With that I feme for to fwoune, thought I na fwerf tak ; 225
 And thus befwik I that fwane, with my fueit wordis :
 I cast on him a crabbit é, quhen cleir day is cummyn,
 And leitis it is a luf blenk, quhen he about glemys,
 I turne it in a tender luke, that I in tene warit,
 And him behaldis hamely, with hertly fmyling. 230

I wald a tender peronall, that myght na put thole,
 That hatit men with hard geir, for hurting of flesch,
 Had my gud man to hir gest ; for I dar God fuer,
 Scho fuld not stert for his straik a stray breid of erd.
 And fyne, I wald that ilk band, that ye so blift call, 235
 Had bund him so to that bryght, quhill his bak werkit ;
 And I wer in a bed broght with berne that me likit,
 I trow, that bird of my blis fuld a bourd want.

Onone quhen this Amyable had endit hir speche,
 Loudly lauchand the laif allowit hir mekle : 240

Thir gay Wiffis maid game amang the grene leiffis ;
 Thai drank, and did away dule, under derne bewis ;
 Thai swapit of the fueit wyne, thai swan quhit of hewis,
 Bot all the pertlyar in plane thai put out thair vocis.

Than said the Weido, I wis ther is no way other ; 245
 Now tydis me for to talk ; my taill it is nixt :
 God my spreit now inspir, and my speche quykkyn,
 And send me sentence to say, substantious, and noble ;
 Se, that my preching may pers your perverft hertis,
 And mak you mekar to men in maneris and conditionis.

I schaw you, Sisteris in schrift, I wes a schrew evir,
 Bot I wes schene in my schrowd, and schew me innocent ;
 And thought I dour wes, and dane, dispitois, and bald,
 I wes diffymblyt futtelly in a sanctis liknes :
 I semyt sober, and fueit, and sempill without fraud, 255
 Bot I couth sexty diffais that futtillar wer haldin.

Unto my lesson ye lyth, and leir at me wit,
 Gif you nought list be forleit with losingeris untrew :
 Be constant in your governance, and counterfeit gud maneris,
 Thought ye be kene, and inconstant, and cruell of mynd ;
 Thought ye as tygris be terne, be trefable in luf ;
 And be as turtoris in your talk, thought ye haif talis brukill ;
 Be dragonis baithe and dowis, ay in double forme,
 And quhen it nedis you, onone, note baith ther stranthis ;
 Be amyable with humble face, as angellis apperand, 265
 And with a terrebill tail be stangand as edderis ;

Be of your luke like innocentis, thought ye haif evill myndis ;
 Be courtly ay in clething, and costy arrayit,
 That hurtis yow nought worth a hen ; your husband pays
 for all.

Twa husbandis haif I had, thai held me baith deir, 270
 Thought I dispytit thaim agane, thai spyit it na thing :
 Ane wes ane hair hogaart, that hostit out flewme ;
 I hatit him like a hund, thought I it hid prevé :
 With kiffing, and with clapping, I gert the carill fon ;
 Weil couth I claw his cruke bak, and keme his cowit
 noddill, 275

And with a bukkie in my cheik bo on him behind ;
 And with a bek gang about, and bler his ald é ;
 And with a kyind countenance kys his crynd chekis ;
 In to my mynd makand mokis at that mad fader,
 Trowand me with trew lufe to treit him so fair : 280
 This couth I do without dule, and na difes tak,
 Bot ay be mery in my mynd, and myrthfull of cheir.

I had a luffummar leid, my lust for to slokyn,
 That couth be secrete and sure, and ay saif my honour,
 And few bot at certayne tymes, and in sicir placis ; 285
 Ay when the ald did me anger, with akword wordis,
 Apon the galland for to goif it gladit me agane.
 I had sic wit that for wo weipit I bot litill ;
 Bot leit the fueit ay the four to gud sesome bring.
 Quhen that the chuf wald me chid, with girnand chaftis,
 I wald him chuk, cheik and chyn, and cheris him so mekill ;
 That his cheif chymys had chevist to my sone,
 Suppois the churll wes gane chaift, or the child wes gottin :

As wife woman ay I wrought, and nought as wod fule,
For mair with wylis I wan na wichtnes of handis. 295

Syne maryit I a merchand, myghti of gudis :
He was a man of myd eld, and of mene statur ;
Bot we na fallowis wer in frendſchip and blud,
In fredome, na furth bering, na fairnes of perfounne ;
Quhilk ay the fule did foryet, for febilnes of knowlege;
Bot I ſa oft thocht him on quhill angrit his hert,
And quhylum I put furth my voce, and Pedder him callit :
I wald ryght tuichandly talk, be I wes tuiſe maryit,
For endit wes my innocence with my ald huſband :
I wes apperand to be pert within perfit eild ; 305
Sa ſais the curat of our kirk, that knew me full ying :
He is our famous to be fals, that fair worthy prelot ;
I ſalbe laith to lat him lé, quhill I may luke furth.
I gert the buthman obey, ther wes no bute ellis ;
He maid me ryght hie reverens, fra he my rycht knew :
For, thocht I ſay it my ſelf, the ſeverance was mekle,
Betuix his baſtard blude, and my birth noble.
That page wes never of ſic price for to preſome anys
Unto my perfone to be peir, had peté nought grantit.
Bot mercy in to womanheid is a mekle vertu : 315
For never bot in a gentill hert is generit ony ruth.
I held ay grene in to his mynd that I of grace tuk him,
And for he couth ken him ſelf I curtaily him lerit :
He durft not fit anys my ſummondis ; for, or the ſecund
charge,
He wes ay redy for to ryn ; ſo raid he wes for blame. 320

Bot ay my will wes the war of womanly natur ;
The mair he loutit for my luf, the les of him I rakit ;
And eik, this is a ferly thing, or I him faith gaif,
I had sic favour to that freke, and feid syne for ever.

Quhen I the cur had all clene, and him our cummyn haill,
I crew abone that craudone, as cok that wer victour ;
Quhen I him saw subject, and sett at myn bydding,
Than I him lichtlyit as a lowne, and lathit his maneris.
Than woxe I sa unmerciable to martir him I thought,
For, as a beist, I broddit him to all boyis laubour : 330
I wald haif ridden him to Rome, with ane raip in his heid,
Wer not ruffill of my renoune, and rumour of pepill.
And yit hatrent I hid within my hert all ;

Bot quhilis it hepit so huge, quhill it behud out :
Yit tuk I nevir the wosp clene out of my wyde throte, 335
Quhill I oucht wantit of my will, or quhat I wald desir.
Bot quhen I feverit had that fyre of sub stance in erd ;
And gottin his biggingis to my barne, and his burrow
landis ;

Than with a stew stert out the stoppell of my hals,
That he all stynyst throu the stound, as of a stele wappin.
Than wald I, efter lang, first sa fane haif bene wrokin,
That I to flyte wes als fers as a fell dragoun.
I had for flattering of that fule fenyeit so lang,
Mi evidentis of heritagis or thai wer all felit ;
My breift that wes gret beild, bowdyn wes sa huge, 345
That neir my baret out brist or the band makin ;
Bot quhen my billis, and my bauthles wes all braid felit,
I wald na langar beir on bridill, bot braid up my heid ;

Thar myght na molet mak me moy, na hald my mouth in :
 I gert the renyeis rak, and rif in to fondir ; 350
 I maid that wif carll to werk all womenis werkis,
 And laid all manly materis, and menfk in this eird.
 Than said I, to my cumaris, in counfall about,
 Sé how I cabeld yone cout with a kene brydill !
 The cappill, that the crelis keft in the caf mydding, 355
 Sa curtally the cart drawis, and kennis na plungeing,
 He is nought fkeich, na yit fker, na fcippis nought on fyd :
 And thus the fcorne and the fcaith fcapit he nothir.

He wes no glaidfum geft for a gay lady,
 ✓ Tharfor, I gat him a game that ganyt him bettir ; 360
 He wes a gret goldit man, and of gudis riche ;
 I leit him be my lumbart to lous me all mifteris,
 And he wes fane for to fang fra me that fair office,
 And thought my favoris to fynd through his feill giftis.
 He grathit me in a gay filk, and gudly arrayis ; 365
 In gownis of engranyt clayth, and gret goldin chenyeis ;
 In ringis ryally fet with riche ruby ftonis,
 Quhill hely raife my renoune amang the rude peple ;
 Bot I full craftely did keip thai courtly wedis,
 Quhill eftir dede of that drupe, that docht nought in
 chalmer : 370
 Thought he of all my clathis maid coft and expenfe,
 Ane othir fall the worfchip haif, that weildis me efter ;
 And thought I likit him bot litill, yit for the luf of otheris,
 I wald me prunya plesandly ; in precius wedis,
 That luffaris myght apon me luke, and ying lufly gal-
 landis, 375

That I held more in daynté, and derer be ful mekill,
 Ne him that drestit me so dink : full dotit wes his heyd.
 Quhen he wes heryit out of hand, to hie up my honoris,
 And payntit me as pako, proudest of fedderis,
 I him miskennyt, be Christ ; and cukkald him maid ; 380
 I him forleit as a lad, and lathlyit him mekle :
 I thocht my self a papingay, and him a plukit herle ;
 All thus enforfit he his fa, and fortifyit in strenth,
 And maid a stalwart staff to strik him selfe doune.

Bot of ane bowrd in to bed I fall yow breif yit : 385
 Quhen he ane hail year wes hanyt, and him behuffit rage,
 And I wes laith to be loppin with sic a lob avoir,
 Alse lang as he wes on loft, I lukit on him never ;
 Na leit never enter in my thought that he my thing perfit.
 Bot ay in mynd ane other man ymagynit that I haid ; 390
 Or ellis had I never mery bene at that myrthles raid.
 Quhen I that grome geldit had of gudis, and of natur,
 Me thought him gracelese on to goif, sa me God help :
 Quhen he had warit all on me his welth, and his substance,
 Me thought his wit wes all went away with the laif ; 395
 And so I did him dispise, I spittit quhen I saw
 That super spendit evill spreit, spulyeit of all vertu.
 For, weill ye wait, Wiffis, that he that wantes riches,
 And valyeandnes in Venus play, is ful vile haldin :
 Full fruster is his fresch array, and fairnes of persoun, 400
 All is bot frutlese his effeir, and falyeis at the up with.

I buskit up my barnis like baronis sonnis,
 And maid bot fulis of the fry of his first wif :
 I banyft fra my boundis his brether ilkane ;

His frendis as my fais I held at feid ever; 405
 Be this, ye beleif may, I luffit nought him felf,
 For never I likit a leid that langit till his blude :
 And yit thir wisemen, thai wait that all wiffis evill
 Ar kend with thair conditionis, and knawin with the
 famin.

Deid is now that dyvour, and dollin in erd : 410
 With him deit all my dule, and my dreery thoghtis ;
 Now done is my dolly nyght, my day is upspringin,
 Adew dolour, adew ! my daynté now begynis :
 Now am I a wedow, I wis, and weill am at ese ;
 I weip as I wer woful, bot wel is me for ever ; 415
 I buik as I wer bailfull, bot blith is my hert ;
 My mouth it makis murnyng, and my mynd launchis ;
 My klokis thai ar cairfull in colour of fabill ;
 Bot courtly and ryght curyus my corfe is ther undir :
 I drup with a ded luke, in my dule habit, 420
 As with manis daill I had done for dayis of my lif.

Quhen that I go to the kirk, cled in cair weidis,
 As foxe in a lambis fleife fenyé I my cheir ;
 Than lay I furth my bright buke on breid on my kné,
 With mony luffy letter ellummynit with gold ; 425
 And drawis my klok forthwart our my face quhit,
 That I may spy, unaspyit, a space me beside :
 Full oft I blenk by my buke, and blynis of devotioun,
 To fé quhat berne is best brand, or bredest in schulderis,
 Or forgeit is maist forcibly, to furnyse a bancat 430
 In Venus chalmer, valyeandly, withoutin vane gnfse :
 And, as the new mone, all pale, oppreffit with change,

Kythis quhilis her cleir face, through cluddis of fable,
 So keik I through my clokis, and castis kynd lukis
 To knychtis, and to cleirkis, and courtly perfonis. 435

Quhen frendis of my husbandis behaldis me on fer,
 I haif a water spunge for wa, within my wyde clokis,
 Than wring I it full wylely, and wettis my chekis;
 With that watteris myn ene, and welteris doune teris.
 Than say thai all, that fittis about, Sé ye nought, allace!
 Yone lustlese leid so lelely scho luffit hir husband:

Yone is a peté to enprent in a princis hert,
 That sic a perle of plesance suld yone pane dré!
 I fane me as I war ane sanct, and femys ane angell;
 At langage of lichory I leit as I war crabit: 445

I sich, without fair hert, or feiknes in body;
 According to my fable weid I mon haif sad maneris,
 Or thai will fé all the futh; for certis, we wemen
 We fet us all fra the fyght to fyle men of treuth:
 We dule for na evill deid, sa it be derne haldin. 450

Wife women has wayis, and wonderfull gydingis
 With gret engyne to bejaip ther jelyus husbandis;
 And quyety, with sic craft, convoyis our materis
 That, under Chrift, no creatur kennis of our doingis.
 Bot felk a cury may miscuke, that knowledge wantis, 455
 And has na colouris for to cover thair awne kindly fautis;
 As dois thir damyfellis, for derne dotit lufe,
 That dogonis haldis in dainté, and delis with thaim so lang,
 Quhill all the cuntré knaw ther kyndnes, and faith:
 Faith has a fair name, bot falsheid faris better: 460
 Fy on hir that can nought feyne her fame for to saif!

Yet am I wife in sic werk, and wes all my tyme;
 Thocht I want wit in warldlynes, I wylis haif in luf,
 As ony happy woman has that is of hie blude:
 Hutit be the halok lase a hunder yeir of eild ! 465

I have ane secrete servand, rycht fobir of his toung,
 That me supportis of sic nedis, quhen I a fyne mak :
 Thocht he be sympill to the sicht, he has a tong fickir;
 Full mony femelyar sege wer service dois mak :
 Thought I haif cair, under cloke, the cleir day quhill
 nyght, 470

Yit haif I solace, under serk, quhill the sone ryse.

Yit, am I haldin a haly wif our all the haill schyre,
 I am sa peteouse to the pur, quhen thair is personis mony
 In passing of pilgrymage I pride me full mekle,
 Mair for the prefe of peple, na ony perdoun wynyng. 475

Bot yit, me think, the best bourd, quhen baronis and
 knychtis,

And othir bachilleris, blyth blumyng in youth,
 And all my luffaris lele, my lugeing persewis ;
 And fillis me wyne wantonly, with weillfair and joy :
 Sum rownis ; and sum ralyeis ; and sum redis ballatis ; 480
 Sum raiffis furth rudly with riatus speche ;
 Sum plenis, and sum prayis ; sum praisis my bewté,
 Sum kissis me ; sum clappis me ; sum kyndnes me proferis ;
 Sum kerffis to me curtalli ; sum me the cop giffis ;
 Sum stalwardly steppis ben, with a stout curage, 485
 And a stif standand thing staiffis in my neiff ;
 And mony blenkis ben our, that but full fer fittis,
 That mai nought, for the thik thrang, thrif as thai wald.

Bot, with my fair calling, I comfort thaim all :
 For he that fittis me nixt, I nip on his finger ; 490
 I ferf him on the tothir fyde on the famin faffon ;
 And he that behind me fittis, I hard on him lene ;
 And him befor, with my fut fast on his I ftramp ;
 And to the bernis far but fueit blenkis I caft :
 To every man in speciall fpeke I fum wordis, 495
 So willy, and fo womanly, quhill warmys thair hertis.

Thar is no lifsand leid fo law of degré
 That fall me luf unluffit, I am fo loik hertit ;
 And gif his luft fo be lent, into my lyre quhit,
 That he be loft or with me lig, his lif fall nocht haif
 danger ; 500

I am fo mercifull in mynd, and menys all wichtis,
 My fely faull, falbe faif, quhen fa bot all jugis.
 Ladyis leir thir leffonis, and be no laffis fundin :
 This is the Legeand of my lif, thought Latyne it be nane.

Quhen endit had her ornat fpeche this eloquent Wedow,
 Lowd thai leuch all the laif, and loiffit hir mekle ;
 And faid, thai fuld exampill tak of her foverane teching,
 And wirk efter hir wordis, that woman wes fo prudent.
 Than culit thai thair mouthis with comfortable drinkis ;
 And carpit full cummerlik, with cop going round. 510

Thus draif thai our that deir night, with danceis full noble,
 Quhill that the day did up daw, and dew donkit the flouris ;
 The morow myld wes and meik, the mavis did fing,
 And all remuffit the myft, and the meid fmellit ;

Silver schouris doune schuke, as the schene cristall, 515
 And birdis schoutit in schaw, with thair schill notis;
 The goldin glitterand gleme, so gladit thair hertis,
 Thai maid a glorius glé amang the grene bewis.
 The soft fouch of the swyr, and foune of the stremys,
 The fueit favour of the sward, and finging of foulis, 520
 Myght confort ony creatur of the kyn of Adam;
 And kindill agane his curage thocht it wer cald floknyt.

Than rais thir ryall rois, in thair riche wedis,
 And rakit hame to thair rest, through the rise blumys;
 And I all prevely past to a plesand arber, 525
 And with my pen did report thair pastance most mery.

Ye Auditoris, most honorable, that eris has gevin
 Onto this uncouth Aventur, quhilk airly me happinnit;
 Of thir Thré Wantoun Wiffis, that I haif writtin heir,
 Quhilk wald ye wail to your Wif, gif ye fuld wed one?

THE TWA CUMMERIS.

Rycht airle on Ash Weddinfday,
Drynkand the wyne fatt Cummeris Tway :
The tane cowth to the tother complene ;
Graneand, and fuppand cowth fcho fay,
This lang Lentren makis me lene. 5

On cowth, befyd the fyre fcho fatt,
God wait gif fcho wes grit and fatt,
Yit to be feble fcho did hir fene ;
And ay fcho faid, Latt preif of that :
This lang Lentren makis me lene. 10

My fair fweit Cummer, quoth the tuther,
Ye tak that nigirtnefs of your muther ;
All wyne to test fcho wald difdane
But mavafy, fcho bad nane uther :
This lang Lentren makis me lene. 15

Cummer, be glaid, both even and morrow,
Thocht ye fuld bayth beg and borrow ;
Fra our lang fafting ye yow reffrene,
And latt your hufband dré the forrow :
This lang Lentren makis me lene. 20

Your counsaile, Cummer, is gud, quoth scho,
All is to tene him that I do ;

In bed he is nocht wirth a bene :
Fill fow the glaifs, and drynk me to :
This lang Lentren makis me lene.

25

Off wyne, out of ane choppyne stowp,
Thay drank twa quartis, fowp and fowp ;
Off drowth sic excess did thame confstrene ;
Be than to mend thay had gud howp :

That Lentren fuld nocht mak thame lene.

30

THE TOD AND THE LAMB.

THIS hindir nycht in Dumfermeling,
To me wes tawld ane windir thing,
That lait ane Tod wes with ane Lame,
And with hir playit, and maid gud game;
 Syne till his breist did hir imbrace, 5
And wald haif riddin hir lyk ane Rame;
 And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

He braifit hir bony body sweit,
And halfit hir with [his] fordir feit,
Syne schuk his taill, with quhinge and yelp; 10
And todlit with hir lyk ane quhelp;
 Syne lowrit on growfe, and askit grace.
And ay the Lame cryd, Lady, help!
 And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

The Tod wes nowder lene nor skowry, 15
He wes ane lufty reid-haird lowry,
Ane lang taid beift, and grit withall;
The filly Lame wes all to small,
 To fic ane tribbill to hald ane bace:
Scho fled him nocht; fair mot hir fall! 20
 And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

The Tod was reid, the Lame wes quhyte,
 Scho wes ane morfall of delyte ;
 He lovit na yowis auld, teuch and sklender :
 Becaus this Lame wes yung and tender ; 25
 He ran upoun hir with a race,
 And scho schup nevir for till defend hir :
 And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

He grippit hir abowt the weft,
 And handlit hir as he had heft ; 30
 This innocent that nevir trespass,
 Tuke hert that scho wes handlit fast,
 And lute him kifs hir lusty face :
 His girnand gamis hir nocht agast ;
 And that me thocht ane ferly cace. 35

He held hir till him be the hals,
 And spak full fair, thocht he wes fals ;
 Syne said, and fwoir to hir be God,
 That he fuld nocht twich hir prene-cod.
 The filly thing trowd him, allace ! 40
 The Lame gaif credence to the Tod ;
 And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

I will no lesingis put in verse,
 Lyk as thir jangleris dois reheris ;
 Bot be quhat maner thay war mard, 45
 Quhen licht wes owt, and durris wes bard,
 I wait nocht gif he gaif hir grace ;

Bot all the hollis wes stoppit hard ;
And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

Quhen men dois fleit in joy maist far, 50
Sone cumis wo or thay be war ;
Quhen carpand wer thir two most crowfe,
The Wolf he ombesett the house,
Upoun the Tod to mak ane chace :
The Lamb than cheipit lyk ane mowfe ; 55
And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

Throw hiddowis yowling of the Wowf,
This wylie Tod plat down on growf ;
And in the filly Lambis skin,
He crap als far as he nicht win ; 60
And hid him thair ane weill lang space ;
The yowis besyd thay maid na din,
And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

Quhen of the Tod wes hard no peip,
The Wowf went all had bene on sleip ; 65
And quhill the Tod had strikkin ten,
The Wowf hes drest him to his den,
Protestand for the secound place :
And this report I with my pen,
How at Dumfermling fell the cace. 70

DUNBAR'S DIRIGE TO THE KING AT STIRLING.

We that ar heir in Hevins glory,
To yow that ar in Purgatory,
Commendis us on our hairtly wyifs,—
I mene we folk in Parradyifs, 5
In Edinburgh with all mirrines,
To yow in Strivilling in distrefs,
Quhair nowdir plesance nor delyt is,
For pety thus ane Apostill wrytis.

O Ye Heremeitis, and Hankerfaidillis,
That takis your pennance at your tabillis, 10
And eitis nocht meit restorative,
Nor drynkis no wyne confortative,
Bot aill, and that is thyn and small;
With few coursis in to your hall,
But cumpany of Lordis or Knychtis, 15
Or ony uder gudly wichtis,
Solitar walkand your allone,
Seing no thing but stek and stene;
Out of your panefull Purgatory,
To bring yow to the blifs of glory, 20

Off Edinburgh, the mirry toun,
 We fall begyn ane cairfull soun ;
 Ane DIRIGE devoit and meik,
 The Lord of blifs doing beseik
 Yow to delyver out of your noy, 25
 And bring yow sone to Edinburgh joy,
 For to be mirry amang us :
 And sa the DIRIGE begynis thus.

LECTIO PRIMA.

The Fader, the Sone, and Haly Gaift,
 The mirthfull Mary, virgene chaift, 30
 Of Angellis all the ordouris nyne,
 And all the Hevinly Court devyne,
 Sone bring yow fra the pyne and wo
 Of Strivilling, every court manis fo,
 Agane to Edinburghs joy and blifs, 35
 Quhair wirschep, walth, and weillfair is,
 Play, plesance, and eik honesty :
 Say ye, Amen, for Cheritie.

RESPONSIO.

Tak consolatioun in your pane,
 In tribulatioun tak consolatioun, 40
 Out of vexatioun cum hame agane,
 Tak consolatioun in your paine.
 Out of distrefs of Strivilling toun
 To Edinburghs blifs, God mak yow boun !

LECTIO SECUNDA.

Patriarchis, Profeitis, and Appostillis deir, 45
 Confessouris, Virgynis, and Marteris cleir,
 And all the Saitt Celestiall,
 Devotely we upoun thame call,
 That sone out of your panis fell,
 Ye may in Hevin heir with us dwell ; 50
 To eit swan, cran, pertrik, and plever,
 And every fische that fwymis in rever ;
 To drynk with us the new fresche wyne,
 That grew upoun the rever of Ryne ;
 Fresche fragrant Clairettis out of France, 55
 Of Angeris, and of Orliance,
 With mony ane course of grit dyntie :
 Say ye Amen, for Cheritie.

RESPONSIO.

God and Sanct Jeill, heir yow convoy
 Baith sone and weill, God and Sanct Jeill, 60
 To fonce and feill, folace and joy,
 God and Sanct Jeill heir yow convoy.
 Out of Strivilling panis fell,
 In Edinburghs joy, son mot ye dwell !

LECTIO TERTIA.

We pray to all the Sanctis of Hevin, 65
 That are aboif the sterris sevin,
 Yow to deliver out of your pennance,

That ye may sone play, fing, and dance
 Heir in to Edinburgh, and mak gud cheir.
 Quhair welth and weifair is but weir, 70
 And I, that dois your panis discryve,
 Thinkis for to viffy yow belyve ;
 Nocht in desert with yow to dwell,
 Bot as the angell Sanct Gabriell,
 Dois go betwene, fra Hevinis glory, 75
 To thame that ar in Purgatory,
 And in thair tribulation,
 To gif thame consolatioun,
 And schaw thame quhen thair panis ar past
 Thay fall till Hevin cum at last ; 80
 And how nane deservis to haif sweitnes,
 That nevir taiftit bitternes :
 And thairfoir, how fuld ye confiddir
 Of Edinburghs blifs, quhen ye cum hiddir,
 But gif ye taiftit had befoir 85
 Of Strivilling toun, the panis foir ?
 And thairfoir, tak in patience
 Your pennance, and your abstinence,
 And ye fall cum, or Yule begin,
 In to the blifs that we ar in : 90
 Quhilk grant the glorius Trinitie !
 Say ye, Amen, for Cheritie.

RESPONSIO.

Cum hame, and dwell no moir in Strivilling,
 Frome hyddoufs Hell cum hame and dwell,

Quhair fische to fell is non bot spirling,
Cum hame, and dwell no moir in Strivilling.

95

Et ne nos inducas in temptationem de Strivilling:
Sed libera nos a malo ejusdem.
Requiem Edinburgi dona eis, Domine,
Et lux ipsius luceat eis.
A porta trititiæ de Strivilling,
Erue, Domine, animas et corpora eorum.
Credo gustare vinum Edinburgi,
In villa vinentium.
Requiescant statim in Edinburgo. Amen.
Domine, exaudi orationem meam:
Et clamor meus ad te veniat.

OREMUS.

Deus qui justos et corde humiles ex omni eorum tribulatione liberare dignatus es, libera famulos tuos apud villam de Strivilling versantes a pœnis et trititiis ejusdem, et ad Edinburgi gaudia eos perducas. Amen.

NEW YEARS GIFT TO THE KING.

My Prince in God gif thé guid grace,
Joy, glaidnes, confort, and folace,
Play, pleafance, myrth, and mirrie cheir,
In hanfell of this guid New Yeir.

God gif to thé ane bliffed chance, 5
And of all vertew abundance,
And grace ay for to perfeveir,
In hanfell of this guid New Yeir.

God give thé guid prosperitie,
Fair fortoun and felicitie, 10
Evir mair in earth quhill thow ar heir,
In hanfell of this guid New Yeir.

The heavinlie Lord his help thé fend,
Thy realme to reull and to defend,
In peace and juftice it to fteir, 15
In hanfell of this guid [New] Yeir.

God gif thé blis quhair evir thow bownes,
And fend thé many Fraunce crownes,
Hie liberall heart, and handis nocht fwear,
In hanfell of this guid New Yeir. 20

OF THE LADYIS SOLISTARIS AT COURT.

THIR Ladyis fair,
That makis repair,
And in the Court ar kend,
Thré dayis thair,
Thay will do mair, 5
Ane mater for till end,
Than thair gud men
Will do in ten,
For ony craft thay can ;
So weill thay ken, 10
Quhat tyme and quhen,
Thair menes thay sowld mak than.

With littill noy
Thay can convoy
Ane mater fynaly, 15
Richt myld and moy,
And keip it coy,
On evyns quyetyly ;
Thay do not mis, .
Bot gif thay kifs, 20
And keipis collatioun,

Quhat rek of this ?
Thair mater is
Brocht to conclusioun.

Ye may wit weill, 25
Thay haif grit feill
Ane mater to folist ;
Trest as the steill,
Syne nevir a deill
Quhen thay cum hame ar mist. 30
Thir lairdis ar
Me think richt far
Sic Ladyis behaldin to,
That sa weill dar
Go to the bar, 35
Quhen thair is ocht ado.

Thairfoir I reid,
Gif ye haif pleid,
Or mater in to pley,
To mak remeid, 40
Send in your steid
Your Ladyis graithit up gay :
Thay can defend,
Evin to the end,
Ane mater furth exprefs ; 45
Suppois thay spend,
It is unkend,
Thair geir is nocht the lefs.

In quyet place,
 Thocht thay haif space, 50
 Within les nor twa howris,
 Thay can, percaice,
 Purches sum grace
 At the compositouris ;
 Thair compositioun, 55
 Without suspitioun,
 Thair fynallie is endit,
 With expeditioun,
 And full remissioun,
 And thair feilis to ar pendit. 60

Alhaill almoist,
 Thay mak the coist,
 With fobir recompens ;
 Richt littill lost,
 Thay get indoist, 65
 Alhaill thair evidens ;—
 Sic Ladyis wyfe,
 Thay ar to prya,
 To say the veretie,
 Swa can devyis, 70
 And nocht suppryis
 Thame, nor thair Honestie.

IN PRAIS OF WEMEN.

Now of Wemen this I say for me,
Off ertthly thingis nane may bettir be :
Thay fuld haif wirsohep and grit honoring
Off men, aboif all uthir ertthly thing;
Rycht grit dishonour upoun himself he takkis 5
In word or deid quha evir Wemen lakkis ;
Sen that of Wemen cumin all ar we,
Wemen ar Wemen, and sa will end and dé :
Wo wirth the fruct wald put the tré to nocht !
And wo wirth him rycht so that sayis ocht 10
Off Womanheid, that may be ony lak,
Or sic grit schame upone him for to tak !
Thay us confaif with pane, and be thame fed,
Within thair breiftis thair we boun to bed :
Grit pane, and wo, and murnyng mervellus, 15
Into thair birth thay suffir fair for us ;
Than, meit and drynk, to feid us get we nane,
Bot that we fowk out of thair breiftis bane :
Thay ar the confort that we all haif heir,
Thair may no man be till us half so deir : 20
Thay ar our verry nest of nurriffing.
In lak of thame, quha can say ony thing,
That fowll his nest he fylis ! and for thy
Exylit he fuld be of all gud cumpany ;

Thair fuld na wyifs man gif audience, 25
To sic ane without intelligence.
Chryft to his Fader, he had nocht ane man :
Sé quhat wirfchep Wemen fuld haif than !
That Sone is Lord, that Sone is King of Kingis,
In Hevin and Erth his Majeftie ay ringis ! 30
Sen fcho hes borne him in hir halines,
And he is well and grund of all gudnes,
All Wemen of us fuld haif honoring,
Service, and lufe aboif all uthir thing ! c

TO THE MERCHANTIS OF EDINBURGH.

QUHY will ye, MERCHANTIS of renoun,
Lat EDINBURGH, your nobill toun,
For laik of reformatioun
The commone proffeitt tyne and fame?
Think ye nocht schame, 5
That ony uther regioun
Sall with dishonour hurt your Name!

May nane pas throw your principall Gaittis,
For stink of haddockis and of scaittis;
For cryis of carlingis and debaittis; 10
For fensum flyttingis of defame:
Think ye nocht schame,
Befoir strangeris of all estaittis
That sic dishonour hurt your Name!

Your stinkand Scule that standis dirk, 15
Haldis the lycht fra your Parroche Kirk;
Your foirstairis makis your houffes mirk,
Lyk na cuntray bot heir at hame:
Think ye nocht schame,

Sa litill polefie to work 20
In hurt and sklander of your Name !

At your hie Croce, quhair gold and filk
Sould be, thair is bot crudis and milk ;
And at your Trone but cokill and wilk,
Panfches, pudingis of Jok and Jame : 25
Think ye nocht schame,
Sen as the world sayis that ilk
In hurt and sklander of your Name !

Your commone Menstrallis hes no tone,
Bot Now the day dawis, and Into Joun; 30
Cuningar men man scherve Sanct Cloun,
And nevir to uther craftis clame :
Think ye nocht schame,
To hald sic mowaris on the mounne,
In hurt and sklander of your Name ! 35

Tailyouris, Soutteris, and craftis vyll,
The fairest of your freitis dois fyll ;
And merchandis at the stinkand Styll
Ar hamperit in ane hony came :
Think ye nocht schame, 40
That ye have nether witt nor wyll
To win your selff ane bettir Name !

Your Burgh of beggaris is ane nest,
To schout thai fwenyouris will nocht rest ;

All honest folk they do molest, 45
Sa piteuslie thai cry and rame :
Think ye nocht schame,
That for the poore hes no thing dreft,
In hurt and sclander of your Name !

Your proffeit daylie dois increse 50
Your godlie workis lefs and lefs ;
Through streittis nane may mak progress,
For cry of cruikit, blind, and lame :
Think ye nocht schame,
That ye sic substance dois posses, 55
And will nocht win ane bettir Name !

Sen for the Court and the Seffioun,
The great repair of this regioun
Is in your Burgh, thairfoir be boun
To mend all faultis that ar to blame, 60
And eschew schame ;
Gif thai pas to ane uther Toun
Ye will decay, and your great Name !

Thairfoir strangeris and leigis treit,
Tak nocht ouer meikle for thair meit, 65
And gar your Merchandis be discreit,
That na extortiounnes be proclaime,
Awfrand ane schame :
Keip ordour, and poore nyctbouris be it,
That ye may gett ane bettir Name ! 70

Singular profit so dois yow blind,
The common profit gais behind :
I pray that Lord remeid to fynd
That deit into Jerusalein ;

And gar yow schame !
That sum tyme reffoun may yow bind,
For to [reconquais] yow guid Name.

75

OF SOLISTARIS AT COURT.

BE dyvers wayis and operatiounis
Men makis in Court thair solistationis ;
Sum be service, and diligence ;
Sum be continewale residence ;
Sum on his substance dois abyde, 5
Quhill Fortoun do for him provyde ;
Sum fingis ; sum dancis ; sum tellis storyis ;
Sum lait at evin bringis in the moreis ;
Sum flyrdis ; sum fenyeis ; and sum flattiris ;
Sum playis the fulle, and all owt clattiris ; 10
Sum man, mufand with the wa,
Luikis as he mycht nocht do with à ;
Sum standis into a nuike, and rownis ;
For covatyce ane uther neir fwownis ;
Sum beiris as he wald ga wod 15
For heit defyr off warldis guid ;
Sum at the mefs leivis all devotioun,
And besy labouris for promotioun ;
Sum hes thair advocattis in chamir,
And takis thame selffe thairoff no glamir. 20
My fymphilnes, amang the laiff,
Wait of na way, fa God me faiff !
Bot, with ane humbill cheir and face,
Referris me to the Kyngis grace :
Me thinkis his gracious countenance, 25
In ryches is my sufficence.

TYDINGIS FRA THE SESSIOUN.

ANE Murlandis Man of uplandis mak,
At hame thus to his Nychtbour spak,
Quhat Tydingis, Goffep, peax or weir ?
The tother rownit in his eir,
I tell yow this undir confessioun, 5
Bot laitly lichtit of my meir,
I come of Edinburgh fra the Sessioun.

Quhat Tythingis hard ye thair, I pray yow ?
The tother answerit, I fall say yow :
Keip this all secreit, gentill brother, 10
Is na man thair that treftis ane uther :
Ane commoun doar of transgressioun,
Of innocent folkis prevenis a futher :
Sic Tydingis hard I at the Sessioun.

Sum with his fallow rownis him to pleifs 15
That wald for invy byt of his neifs ;
His fa sum by the oxstar leidis ;
Sum patteris with his mowth on beidis,
That hes his mynd all on oppreffioun ;
Sum beikis full law, and schawis bair heidis, 20
Wald luke full heich war nocht the Sessioun.

Sum bydand the law, layis land in wed ;
 Sum super expendit gois to his bed ;
 Sum speidis, for he in court hes menis ;
 Sum of parcialitie complenis, 25

How feid and favour flemis discretioun ;
 Sum speikis full fair, and falsly fenis :
 Sic Tythingis hard I at the Seffioun.

Sum castis fummondis, and sum exceptis ;
 Sum standis befyd, and skaild law keppis ; 30

Sum is continwit ; sum wynniss ; sum tyniss ;
 Sum makis him mirry at the wyniss ;
 Sum is put owt of his possessioun ;
 Sum herreit, and on creddens dyniss :
 Sic Tydingis hard I at the Seffioun. 35

Sum fweiris, and [sum] forfaikis God ;
 Sum in ane lamb-skin is ane tod ;
 Sum in his toung his kyndnes turfis ;
 Sum cuttis throttis, and sum pykis purfis ;
 Sum gois to galloufs with proceffioun ; 40
 Sum fanis the fait, and sum thame curfis :
 Sic Tydingis hard I at the Seffioun.

Religious men of divers placis
 Cummis thair to wow, and sê fair facis ;
 Baith Carmeleitis and Cordilleris 45
 Cummis thair to genner and get ma freiris,
 And ar unmindfull of thair professioun ;

The yungar at the eldar leiris :
 Sic Tydingis hard I at the Sessioun.

Thair cummis yung monkis of hé complexioun, 50
 Of devoit mynd, lue, and affectioun ;
 And in the Courte thair hait fiesche dantis,
 Full fader-lyk, with pechis and pantis ;
 Thay ar so hummill of intercessioun,
 All mercyfull wemen thair errandis grantis : 55
 Sic Tydingis hard I at the Sessioun.

WELCOME TO THE LORD TREASURER.

I THOCHT lang quhile sum Lord come hame,
Fra whom faine kyndnefs I wald clame ;
His name of confort I will declair,
Welcom, my awin Lord Thesaurair !

Befoir all raik of this regioun, 5
Under our Roy of most renoun,
Of all my mycht, thocht it war mair,
Welcom, my awin Lord Thesaurair.

Your nobill payment I did affay,
And ye hecht sone without delay, 10
Againe in Edinburgh till repair ;
Welcom, my awin Lord Thesaurair !

Ye keipit tryft fo winder weill,
I hald you trew as ony steill ;
Neidis nane your payment till dispair ; 15
Welcom, my awin Lord Thesaurair !

Yett in a pairt I was agast,
Or ye the narrest way had past,

Fra town of Stirling to the air :

Welcom, my awin Lord Thesaurair ! 20

Thane had my dyt beine all in duill,

Had I my wage wantit quhill Yuill ;

Quhair now I fing with heart on fair,

Welcum, my awin Lord Thesaurair !

Welcum, my benefice, and my rent, 25

And all the lyflett to me lent ;

Welcum, my penfioun most preclair ;

Welcum, my awin Lord Thesaurair !

Welcum, als heartlie as I can,

My awin dear maifter to your man ; 30

And to your fervand singulair,

Welcum, my awin Lord Thesaurair !

ANE HIS AWIN ENNEMY.

He that hes gold and grit riches,
And may be into mirrynes,
And dois glaidnes fra him expell,
And levis in to wretchitnes,
He wirkis forrow to him fell. 5

He that may be but sturt or stryfe,
And leif ane lusty plefand lyfe,
And syne with mariege dois him mell,
And bindis him with ane wicket wyfe,
He wirkis forrow to him fell. 10

He that hes for his awin genyie
Ane plefand prop, bot mank or menyie,
And schuttis syne at ane uncow schell,
And is forfairn with the fleis of Spenyie,
He wirkis forrow to him fell. 15

And he that with gud lyfe and trewth,
But varians or uder flewth,
Dois evir mair with ane maister dwell,
That nevir of him will haif no rewth,
He wirkis forrow to him fell. 20

Now all this tyme lat us be mirry,
And fet nocht by this warld a chirry :
Now quhill thair is gude wyne to fell,
He that dois on dry breid wirry,
I gif him to the Devill of Hell.

TO THE LORDIS OF THE KINGIS CHACKER.

My Lordis of Chacker, pleis yow to heir
My coumpt, I fall it mak yow cleir,
But ony circumstance or sonyie;
For left is neither corce nor cunyie
Off all that I tuik in the yeir. 5

For rekkynning of my rentis and rounes,
Ye neid nocht for to tyre your thowmes;
Na, for to gar your countaris clink,
Nor paper for to spend, nor ink,
In the reffaveing of my founes. 10

I tuik fra my Lord Thesaurair
Ane founne of money for to wair:
I can nocht tell yow how it is spendit,
Bot weill I waitt that it is endit;
And that me think ane coumpt our fair! 15

I trowit, in tyme, quhen that I tuik it,
That lang in burgh I sould have bruikit,
Now the remanes are eith to turfs;
I haif na preiff heir, bot my pursis,
Quhilk wald nocht lie, and it war luikit. 20

OF JAMES DOIG, KEIPER OF THE-
QUENIS WARDROP.

TO THE QUENE.

THE Wardraipper of Venus boure,
To giff a dowblett he is als doure,
As it war off ane fute fyd frog :
Madame, ye heff a dangeroufs Dog !

Quhen that I fchawe to him your markis, 5
He turnis to me again, and barkis,
As he war wirriand ane hog :
Madame, ye heff a dangeroufs Dog !

Quhen that I fchawe to him your writing,
He girnis that I am red for byting ; 10
I wald he had ane havye clog :
Madame, ye heff a dangeroufs Dog !

Quhen that I speik till him freindlyk,
He barkis lyk ane midding tyk,
War chaiffand cattell through a bog : 15
Madame, ye heff a dangeroufs Dog !

He is ane maftyf, mekle of mycht,
To keip your wardroippe over nycht,

Fra the grytt Sowdan Gog-ma-gog :
 Madame, ye heff a dangerous Dog ! 20

He is owre mekle to be your meffan,
 Madame, I reid you get a lefs ane,
 His gang garis all your chalmeris fchog :
 Madame, ye heff a dangerous Dog !

OF THE SAID JAMES,
 QUHEN HE HAD PLEISIT HIM.

O GRACIOUS Princes, guid and fair !
 Do weill to James your Wardraipair ;
 Quhais faithfull bruder maift freind I am :
 He is na Dog ; he is a Lam.

Thocht I in ballat did with him bourde, 5
 In malice fpak I nevir ane word,
 Bot all, my Dame, to do you game :
 He is na Dog ; he is a Lam.

Your Hienes can nocht get ane meter,
 To keip your wordrope, nor discreter, 10

To rule your robbis, and drefs the fame :

He is na Dog ; he is a Lam.

The wyff, that he had in this innys,

That with the tangis wald break his fchynnis,

I wald fcho drownit war in a dam : 15

He is na Dog ; he is a Lam.

The wyff that wald him kuckold mak,

I wald fcho war, bayth fyd and bak,

Weill batteret with ane barrow tram :

He is na Dog ; he is a Lam. 20

He hes fa weill doin me obey

In till all thing, thairfoir I pray,

That nevir dolour mak him dram :

He is na Dog ; he is a Lam.

TO THE KING.

THAT HE WAR JOHNE THOMSOUNIS MAN.

SCHIR, for your Grace bayth nicht and day,
Richt hartlie on my kneis I pray,
With all devotioun that I can,
God gif ye war Johne Thomfounis man !

For war it fo, than weill war me, 5
Bot benifice I wald nocht be ;
My hard fortoun war endit than :
God gif ye war Johne Thomfounis man !

Than wald fum reuth within you reft,
For faik of hir fairest and best, 10
In Bartane, syn hir tyme began ;
God gif ye war Johne Thomfounis man !

For it micht hurt in no degré,
That one, so fair and gude as sche,
Throw hir virtew sic wirschip wan, 15
As you to mak Johne Thomfounis man.

I wald gif all that evir I haif
To that condition, so God me faif,

That ye had vowit to the Swan,
Ane yeir to be Johne Thomfounis man. 20

The merfy of that fweit meik Rois,
Suld sofft yow Thrifill, I suppois,
Quhois pykis throw me so reuthles ran ;
God gif ye war Johne Thomfounis man !

My advocat, bayth fair and fweit, 25
The hale rejoing of my spreit,
Wald speid in to my errandis than;
And ye war anis Johne Thomfounis man.

Ever quhen I think yow harde or dour,
Or mercyles in my succour, 30
Than pray I God, and fweit Sanct An,
Gif that ye war Johne Thomfounis man !

TO THE QUENE.

MADAME, your Men said thai wald ryd,
And latt this Fastrennis evin ower flyd :
 Bot than thair Wyffis come furth in flockis,
And baid thame betteis foun abyd
 At hame, and lib thame of the pockis. 5

Now propoifs thai, fen ye dwell still,
Off Venus feist to fang ane fill,
 Bot in the felde preiv thai na cockis ;
For till haif riddin had been lefs ill
 Nor latt thair wyffis breid the pockis. 10

Sum of your men sic curage had,
Dame Venus fyre fa hard thame fted,
 Thai brak up durris, and raiff up lockis,
To gett ane pampholet on ane pled,
 That thai mycht lib thame of the pockis. 15

Sum, that war ryatous as rammis
Ar now maid tame lyk ony lammis,
 And settin doun lyk farye crockis ;
And hës forsaikin all sic gammis,
 That men call libbing of the pockis. 20

Sum, thocht thame felffis stark, lyk gyandis,
Ar now maid weak lyk willing wandis ;
 With schinnis fsharp, and small lyk rockis ;
And gottin thair bak in bayth thair handis,
 For ower off libbing of the pockis. 25

I faw cow-clinkis me besyd
The young men to thair howffis gyd,
 Had better liggit in the stockis ;
Sum fra the bordell wald nocht byd,
 Quhill that thai gatt the Spanyie pockis. 30

Thairfor, all young men, I yow pray,
Keip yow fra harlottis nycht and day ;
 Thay fall repent quha with thame yockis :
And be war with that perrellous play,
 That men callis libbing of the pockis. 35

COMPLAINT AGANIS MURE.

TO THE KING.

SEHIR, I complane of injuris :
A ryseing sone of rakyng MURIS
Hes mangellit my makking, throw his malis,
And present it in to your Palis :
 Bot, sen he plesis with me to pleid, 5
I fall him knawin mak hyne to Calis,
 Bot giff your Hienefs it remeid.

That fulle difmemberit hes my meter,
And poyfound it with strang faltpeter,
With rycht defamoufs speiche off Lordis, 10
Quhilk with my collouris all discordis :
 Quhois crewall sclanderis serviss deid ;
And in my name all leis recordis,
 Your Grace beseik I of remeid.

He hes indorfit myn indytting 15
With versis off his [awin] hand writting ;
Quhairin baith sclander is and treffoun :
Off ane wod fuill far owt off sefsoun,
 He wanttis nocht bot a roundit heid,
For he hes tynt baith wit and reffoun : 20
 Your Grace beseik I off remeid.

Puneifs him for his deid culpabill ;
Or gar deliver him ane babill,
That Cuddy Ring the Drumfrefs fuill,
May him refave agane this Yuill,
All roundit into yallow and reid ;
That laddis may baird him lyk a buill :
For that to me war sum remeid.

OF A DANCE IN THE QUENIS CHALMER.

SCHIR JHON SINCLAIR begowthe to dance,
For he was new cum out of France;
For ony thing that he do mycht,
The ane futt yeid ay unrycht,
And to the tother wald not gree. 5
Quoth ane, Tak up the Quenis knycht :
A mirrear Dance mycht na man fee.

Than cam in Maister ROBERT SCHAW :
He luikit as he culd lern tham a ;
Bot ay his ane futt did waver, 10
He stakkerit lyke ane strummell aver,
That hap schakkellit abone the kné :
To feik fra Strivilling to Stranaver,
A mirrear Daunce mycht na man fee.

Than cam in the Maister ALMASER, 15
Ane hommelty-jommelty juffeller,
Lyk a stirk stackarand in the ry ;
His hippis gaff mony hiddoufs cry.
JOHN BUTE the Fule said, Wa is me !
He is bedirtin,—Fy ! fy ! 20
A mirrear Dance mycht na man fee.

Than cam in DUNBAR the Makkar ;
 On all the fiure thair was nane frakkar,
 And thair he daunfit the Dirrye dantoun ;
 He hoppet lyk a pillie wantoun, 25
 For luiff of Musgraiffe, men tellis me ;
 He trippet, quhill he tint his pantoun :
 A mirrear Dance mycht na man fee.

Than cam in Maitrifs MUSGRAIFFE ;
 Scho mycht haiff lernit all the laiffe ; 30
 Quhen I saw hir sa trimlye dance,
 Hir guid convoy and countenance,
 Than, for hir saik, I wiffit to be
 The grytaft erle, or duik, in France :
 A mirrear Dance mycht na man fee. 35

Than cam in Dame DAUTIEBOUR ;
 God waitt giff that scho loukit four !
 Scho maid sic morgeounis with hir hippis,
 For lauchter nane mycht hald thair lippis ;
 Quhen scho was danceand biffelye, 40
 Ane blast of wind foun fra hir slippis :
 A mirrear Dance mycht na man fee.

Quhen thair was come in fyve or sax,
 The Quenis Dog begowthe to rax ;
 And of his band he maid a bred, 45
 And to the danceing foun he him med ;
 Quhow mastive lyk about yeid he !
 He stinckit lyk a tyk, fum said :
 A mirrear Dance mycht na man fee.

TO A LADYE.

QUHEN HE LIST TO FAYNE.

My Hartis Trefure, and fwete affured fo,
The finale endar of my lyfe for ever;
The creuell brekar of my hart in tuo,
To go to deathe, this I defervit never:
O man flayar ! quhill faule and life diffever; 5
Stynt of your flaughter; Allace ! your man am I,
A thowfand tymes that dois you mercy cry.

Have mercie, Luif ! have mercie, Ladie bricht !
Quhat have I wrocht aganis your womanheid,
That ye [fuld] murder me, a faiklefs wicht, 10
Trespaffing never to yow in word nor deid ?
That ye confent thairto, O God forbid !
Leif creuelté, and faif your man for fchame,
Or throucht the warld quyte lofit is your name.

My deathe chafis my lyfe fo befallie 15
That wery is my goift to flé fo faft ;
Sic deidlie dwawmes fo mifcheifailie
Ane hundrethe tymes hes my hairt ovirpaff ;
Me think my fpireit rynnys away full gaff,
Befeikand grace, on kneis yow befoir, 20
Or that your man be loft for ever moir.

Behald my wod intollerable pane,
 For ever moir quhilk salbe my dampnage !
 Quhy, undir traift, your man thus have ye flane ?
 Lo ! deithe is in my breift, with furious rage, 25
 Quhilk may no balme, nor tryacle assuage,
 But your mercie, for laik of quhilk I dé :
 Allace ! quhair is your womanlie pitie !

Behald my deidlie passioun dolorous !
 Behald my hiddowfs hew, and wo, allace ! 30
 Behald my mayne, and murning mervalous,
 Withe sorrowfull teris falling from my face !
 Rewthe, Luif, is nocht, helpe ye nocht in this cace,
 For how sould ony gentill hart indure
 To fé this fycht on ony creature ! 35

Quhyte Dow, quhair is your fobir humilnes ?
 Swete gentill Turtour, quhair is your peté went ?
 Quhair is your rewthe ? the frute of nobilnes,
 Off womanheid the trefour, and the rent ;
 Vertue is never put out of meik intent, 40
 Nor out of gentill hart is fundin petie ;
 Sen mercyles may no wycht nobill be.

In to my mynd I fall yow mercy cry,
 Quhill that my tounge sall fail me to speik ;
 And quhill that Nature me in fycht deny ; 45
 And quhill my ene for pane incluse and steik ;
 And quhill the Dethe my hart in sowndir breik ;
 And quhill my mynd may think, and towng may steir ;
 And syne, Fair weill, my hartis Ladie deir !

OF ANE BLAK-MOIR.

LANG haif I maid of Ladyes Quhytt,
Now of ane Blak I will indytt,
That landit furth of the laft fchippis ;
Quhowe fain wald I defcryve perfytt,
My Ladye with the mekle lippis. 5

Quhow fcho is tute mowitt lyk an aip,
And lyk a gangarall unto graip ;
And quhow hir fchort catt nois up fkippis ;
And quhow fcho fchynes lyk ony faip ;
My Ladye with the mekle lippis. 10

Quhen fcho is clad in reche apparrall,
Scho blinkis as brycht as ane tar barrell ;
Quhen fcho was born, the fone tholit clippis,
The nycht be fain faucht in hir quarrell :
My Ladye with the mekle lippis. 15

Quhai for hir faik, with fpeir and fcheild,
Preiffis maift mychtelye in the feild,
Sall kifs, and withe hir go in grippis ;
And fra thyne furth hir luiff fall weild :
My Ladye with the mekle lippis. 20

And quhai in feilde receavis schame,
And tynis thair his knychtlie name,
Sall cum behind and kifs hir hippis ;
And nevir to other confort clame :
My Ladye with the mekle lippis.

OF SIR THOMAS NORRAY.

Now lythis of ane gentill Knycht,
SCHIR THOMAS NORRAY, wyfe and wicht,
And full of chivalrie ;
Quhais Father was ane Grand Keine,
His Mother was ane Farie Queine, 5
Gottin be soffery.

Ane fairer Knycht nor he was ane,
On ground may nether ryd nor gang,
Na beir bucklar nor brand ;
Or cum in this Court but dreid ; 10
He did full mony valyeant deid
In Rofs, and Murray land.

Full many Catherein hes he cheift,
And cummered many Helland gaift,
Amang thai dully glennis : 15
Off the Glen Quhettane twenti fcoir
He drave as oxin him befoir ;
This deid thocht na man kennis.

At feiftis and brydallis up-aland,
He wan the grie, and the garland ; 20

Danceit non fo on deifs :
He hes at warflingis beine ane hunder,
Yett lay his body nevir at under :
He knawis gif this be leis.

Was never weild Robeine under Bewch, 25
Nor yitt Roger of Clekkinfklewch,
So bauld a bairne as he ;
Gy of Gysburne, na Allane Bell,
Na Simones sonnes of Quhynfell,
At schot war nevir fo flie. 30

This anterous Knycht, quhaire ever he went,
At justinge, and at tornament,
Evir moir he wan the gree ;
Was never of halff so great renoun
Schir Bewis the knycht of South Hamptoun : 35
I schrew him gif I lie.

Thairfoir Quhentyne was bot ane lurdane,
That callit him ane full plum Jurdane,
This wyse and worthie knycht ;
He callit him foullar than ane fule, 40
He said, He was ane licherufs bull,
That crooned bayth day and nycht.

He wald have maid him Curries knaiff ;
I pray God better his honour saiff,
Na to be lichtleit sua ! 45

Yett this far furth I dar him prais,
He fyld never fadell in his dayis ;
And Currie befyld twa.

Quhairfoir, ever at Pasche and Yule,
I cry him Lord of everie fuill, 50
That in this regioun dwellis ;
And, verralie, it war great rycht :
For, of ane hie renowned knyght,
He wantis no thing bot bellis.

ON HIS HEID-AKE.

TO THE KING.

My heid did yak yesternicht,
This day to mak that I na micht,
 So fair the magryme dois me menyie,
 Perfeing my brow as ony ganyie,
That scant I luik may on the licht. 5

And now, Schir, laitlie, eftir Mefs,
To dyt, thocht I begowthe to drefs,
 The sentence lay full evill till find,
 Unfleipit in my heid behind,
Dullit in dulnefs and diftreffs. 10

Full oft at morrow I upryfe,
Quhen that my curage fleipeing lyis,
 For mirth, for menftrallie and play,
 For din, nor danceing, nor deray,
It will nocht walkin me no wife. 15

**WELCUM TO BERNARD STEWART,
LORD OF AUBIGNY.**

**RENOWNIT, ryall, right reverend and ferene,
Lord hie tryumphing in wirschip and valoure,
Fro kyngis downe most Criftin knight, and kene,
Most wyse, most valyeand, most laureat hie victour,
Unto the flerris upheyt is thyne honour ; 5
In Scotland Welcum be thyne Excellence
To King, Queyne, lord, clerk, knight and fervatour,
With glorie and honour, lawde and reverence.**

**Welcum in ftour most strong, incomparable knight,
The fame of armys, and floure of vassalage ; 10
Welcum in weir moste worthy, wyse and wight ;
Welcum the soun of Mars of moste curage ;
Welcum moste lustybranche of our linnage,
In every realme our scheild, and our defence ;
Welcum our tendir blude of hie parage, 15
With glorie and honour, lawde and reverence.**

**Welcum in weir the secund Julius,
The prince of knightheyd, and flour of chevalry ;
Welcum most valyeant and victorius ;
Welcum invincible victour moste wourthy ; 20
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**Welcum our Scottis chiftane moft doughty ;
Wyth fowne of clarioun, organe, fong and fence,
To thé atonis, Lord, Welcum all we cry ;
With glorie and honour, lawde and reverence.**

Welcum our indeficient adjutorie, 25
 That evir our Natioun helpit in thare neyd;
 That never saw Scot yit indigent nor sory,
 Bot thou did hym support, with thy gud deid;
 Welcum; therfor, abuse all livand leyd,
 Withe us to live, and to maik residence, 30
 Quhilk never fall sunyhé for thy saik to bleid:
 To quham be honour, lawde and reverence.

Is none of Scotland borne faithfull and kynde,
 Bot he of naturall inclinacioun
 Dois favour thé, withe all his hert and mynde, 35
 Withe fervent, tendir, trew intencioun ;
 And wald of inwart hie effectioun,
 But dreyd of danger, dé in thy defence,
 Or dethe, or schame, war done to thy persoun ;
 To quham be honour, lawde and reverence. . 40

Welcum thou knight, moſte fortunable in feild ;
 Welcum in armis moſte aunterus and able,
 Undir the foun that beris helme or ſcheild ;
 Welcum thou campioun, in feght unourcumable ;
 Welcum moſt dughty, digne, and honorable, 45
 And moſt of lawde, and hie magnificence,

Nixt undir kingis to stand incomparable ;
To quham be honour, lawde and reverence.

Throw Scotland, Ingland, France, and Lumbardy,
Fleyis on wyng thy fame, and thy renoun ; 50
And oure all cuntreis, undirnethe the sky,
And oure all strandis, fro the sterris doune ;
In every province, land, and regioun,
Proclomit is thy name of excellence,
In every ceté, village, and in toune, 55
Withe gloire and honour, lawd and reverence.

O feyrſe Achill, in furius hie curage !
O ſtrong invincible Hector, undir ſcheild !
O vailyeant Arthur, in knyghtly vaſſalage !
Agamemnon, in governance of feild ! 60
Bold Henniball, in batall to do beild !
Julius, in jupert, in wiſdom and expence !
Moſt fortunate chiftane, bothe in yhouth and eild,
To thé be honour, lawde and reverence !

At parlament thow ſuld be hye renownit, 65
That did ſo many victoryſe opteyn ;
Thy criſtall helme with lawry ſuld be crownyt,
And in thy hand a branche of olyve greyn ;
The ſueird of conquis, and of knyghtheid keyn,
Be borne ſuld highe before thé in preſence, 70
To repreſent ſic man as thou has beyn ;
With glorie and honour, lawde and reverence.

Hie furius Mars, the god armipotent,
 Rong in the hevin at thyne nativité ;
 Saturnus doune, with fyry eyn, did blent, 75
 Throw bludy visar, men menasing to gar dé ;
 On thé fresche Venus keist hir amourouse é ;
 On thé Mercurius furtheyet his eloquence ;
 Fortuna Major did turn hir face on thé ;
 With glorie and honour, lawde and reverence. 80

Prynce of fredom, and flour of gentilnes,
 Sweyrd of knighthaid, and choise of chevalry,
 This tyme I lefe, for grete prolixitnes,
 To tell quhat feildis thou wan in Pikkardy,
 In France, in Bertan, in Naples, and Lumbardy ; 85
 As I think eftir, withe all my diligence,
 Or thow departe, at lenthe for to discry ;
 With glorie and honour, lawd and reverence.

B, in thy name, betaknis batalrus ;
 A, able in feild ; R, right renoune most hie ; 90
 N, nobilnes ; and A, for aunterus ;
 R, ryall blude ; for dughtines, is D ;
 V, valyeantnes ; S, for strenewité ;
 Quoife knyghtly name, so schynyng in clemence,
 For wourthines in gold suld writtin be ; 95
 With glorie and honour, lawd and reverence.

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ELEGY ON THE
DEATH OF BERNARD STEWART,
LORD OF AUBIGNY.

ILLUSTER LODOVICK, of France most Cristin King,
Thow may complain with fighis lamentable,
The death of BERNARD STEWART, nobill and ding,
In deid of armis most anterous and abill ;
Most mychty, wyfe, worthie, and comfortable, 5
Thy men of weir to governe and to gy :
Fortun, allace ! now may thow weir the sabill,
Sen he is gone, the Flour of Chevalrie.

Complaine fould everie nobill valiant Knycht
The Death of him that doughtie was in deid ; 10
That many ane fo in feild hes put to flycht,
In weiris wicht, be wifdome and manheid ;
To the Turk sey all land did his name dreid,
Quhois force all France in fame did magnifie ;
Of fo hie price fall nane his place poffeid, 15
For he is gone, the Flour of Chevalrie.

O duilfull Death ! O Dragon dolorous ;
Quhy hes thow done fo duffullie devoir
The prince of knychtheid, nobill and chevalrous,
The witt of weiris, of armes and honour, 20

134 ON THE DEATH OF BERNARD STEWART.

The cropt of curage, the strenth of armes in flour,
The fame of France, the fame of Lumbardy,
The choifs of cheiftanes, moft awfull in armour,
The charbuckell cheif of every Chevalrie !

Pray now for him, all that him loveit heir ! 25

And for his faull mak interceffioun

Unto the Lord, that hes him bocht fo deir,

To gif him mercie and remiffioun ;

And namelie We of Scottis natioun,

In till his lyff quhom moft he did affy, 30

Foryett we nevir in to our Orifoun

To pray for him, the Flour of Chevalrie

AGANIS TREASON.

ANE EPITAPH FOR DONALD OWRE.

IN vice most vicius he excellis
That with the vice of Treffone mellis ;
Thocht he remiffioun
Haif for prodiffioun,
Schame and fuffiffioun Ay with him dwellis. 5

And he evir odious as ane owle,
The falt fa filthy is and fowle ;
Horrible to Natour
Is ane tratour,
As feind infratour Undir a cowle. 10

Quha is a tratour, or ane theiff,
Upoun him felff turnis the mifcheiff ;
His frawdfull wylis
Him felf begylis
As in the Ilis Is now a preiff, 15

The fell ftrong Tratour DONALD OWYIR,
Mair faltett had nor udir fowyr ;
Rownd Ylis and Seyis
In his fuppleis,
On gallow treis, Yitt dois he glowir. 20

Falfett no feit hes, nor deffence,
Be power, practik, nor puscence,
Thocht it fra licht
Be smord with slicht,
God schawis the richt, With soir vengeance ! 25

Off the falis fox diffimulatour,
Kynd hes every theiff and tratour,
Eftir respyt
To wirk dispyt,
Mair appetyt He hes of Natour. 30

War the fox tane a thowfand fald,
And grace him gevin ay quhen he wald ;
War he on plane,
All war in vane,
Frome hennis agane Micht non him hald. 35

The murtherer ay murthour mais,
And evir, quhill he be slane he slais ;
Wyvis thus makis morkkis,
Spynnand on rokkis,
Ay rynniss the fox Quhill he fute hes. 40

THE TESTAMENT
OF MR ANDRO KENNEDY.

I MAISTER ANDRO KENNEDY,
Curro quando sum vocatus,
Gottin with sum incuby,
Or with sum freir infatuatus;
In faith I can nought tell redly, 5
Unde aut ubi fui natus,
Bot in trewth I trow trewly,
Quod sum diabolus incarnatus.

Cum nichill fit certius morte,
We mon all dé, quhen we haif done, 10
Nescimus quando, vel qua forte,
Na blind Allane wait of the mone.
Ego patior in pectore,
This nyght I myght nocht fleip a wink;
Licet æger in corpore, 15
Yit wald my mouth be wet with drink.

Nunc condo testamentum meum,
I leiff my faull for evermair,
Per omnipotentem Deum,
In to my Lordis wyne cellair; 20

Semper ibi ad remanendum,
 Quhill domifday, without diffever,
 Benum vinum ad bibendum,
 With fneit Cuthbert that luffit me never.

Ipfe eft dulcis ad amandum, 25
 He wald oft ban me in his breith,
 Det michi modo ad potandum,
 And I forgif him laith and wraith :
 Quia in cellario cum cervisia,
 I had lever lye baith air and lait, 30
 Nudus folus in camisia,
 Na in my Lordis bed of flait.

A barrell bung ay at my bofum,
 Of warldis gud I had na mair ;
 Et corpus meum ebriofum, 35
 I leif in to the toune of Air ;
 In a draff mydding for ever and ay
 Ut ibi fepeliri queam,
 Quhar drink and draff may ilka day
 Be caffyne fuper faciem meam : 40

I leif my hert that never wes fickir,
 Sed femper variabile,
 That never mair wald flow nor flickir,
 Conforti meo Jacobe :
 Thought I wald bynd it with a wickir, 45
 Verum Deum renui ;

Bot and I hecht to teme a bicker,
 Hoc pactum semper tenui.

Syne leif I the best aucht I bocht,
 Quod est Latinum propter canpe, 50
 To hede of kyn, bot I wait nought
 Quis est ille, than I schrew my scawpe :
 I callit my Lord my heid, but hiddill,
 Sed nulli alii hoc dixerunt,
 We wer als sib as feve and riddill, 55
 In una filva quæ creverunt.

Omnia mea folatia
 Thay wer bot lesingis all and ane,
 Cum omni fraude et fallacia,
 I leif the maister of Sanct Antane ; 60
 Willelmo Gray, sine gratia,
 Myne awne deir cusing, as I wene,
 Qui nunquam fabricat mendacia,
 But quhen the holyne growis grene.

My fenyeing, and my fals wynnyng, 65
 Relinquo falsis fratribus ;
 For that is Goddis awne bidding,
 Disperfit, dedit pauperibus.
 For menis faulis thay say and sing,
 Mentientes pro muneribus ; 70
 Now God gif thaim ane evill ending,
 Pro suis pravis operibus.

To Jok Fule, my foly fré
 Lego post corpus sepultum ;
 In faith I am mair fule than he, 75
 Licet ostendit bonum vultum :
 Of corne and catall, gold and fé,
 Ipse habet valdè multum,
 And yit he bleris my Lordis é
 Fingendo eum fore stultum. 80

To Maister Johne Clerk syne,
 Do et lego intimè,
 Goddis [braid] malifone and myne :
 Ipse est causa mortis meæ.
 War I a dog and he a swyne, 85
 Multi mirantur super me,
 Bot I fuld ger that lurdane quhryne,
 Scribendo dentes fine de.

Residuum omnium bonorum
 For to dispone my Lord fall haif, 90
 Cum tutela puerorum,
 Adé, Kytté, and all the laif.
 In faith I will na langar raif :
 Pro sepultura ordino
 On the new gys, sa God me saif, 95
 Non sicut more solito.

In die meæ sepulturæ
 I will nane haif bot our awne gyng,

Et duos rusticos de rure	
Berand a barell on a ftyng ;	100
Drynkand and playand cop out, evin,	
Sicut egomet folebam ;	
Singand and gretand with hie ftevin,	
Potum meum cum fletu miscebam.	
I will na Preiftis for me fmg,	105
Dies illa, Dies iræ ;	
Na yit na bellis for me ring,	
Sicut femper folet fieri ;	
Bot a bag pipe to play a fpryng, .	
Et unum ail wofp ante me ;	110
In ftayd of baneris for to bring	
Quatuor lagenas cervifiæ :	
Within the graif to fet fic thing,	
In modum crucis juxta me.	
To flé the feyndis, than hardely fmg	115
De terra plafmafti me.	

DUNBAR'S COMPLAINT.

TO THE KING.

COMPLAINE I wald, wift I quhom till,
Or unto quhom direct my bill;
Quhiddel to God, that all thing steiris,
All thing feis, and all thing heiris,
And all thingis wrocht in dayis sevin ; 5
Or till his Mothir, Quein of Heaven ;
Or unto Worldlie Prince heir doun,
That dois for justice weir a crown ;
Off wrangis, and of great injures
That nobillis in thair dayis indures, 10
And men of vertew, and cunning,
Of witt, and wisdom in gyding,
That nocht can in this Court conqueifs
For lawtie, love, or lang schervice.
Bot fowll, jow-jowrdane-yhedit jevellis, 15
Cowkin-kenfeis, and culroun kevellis ;
Stuffettis, strekouris, and stafische strummellis ;
Wyld hafchbaldis, haggerbaldis, and hummellis ;
Druncardis, dyfouris, dyouris, drevellis,
Misgydit memberis of the divellis ; 20
Mismaid mandragis of mastyf strynd,
Crawdones, couartis, and theiffis of kynd ;

Blait mowit blaidyeanes, with bleddir cheikis,
 Club-faceit cluccanes, with cloutit breikis,
 Chuff-midding churllis, cuming off cart fillaris, 25
 Great glafchew-heidit gorge millaris,
 Evill horrible monftouris, fals and fowll ;
 Sum caufles cleikis till him ane cowl,
 Ane gryt convent fra fyn to tyce ;
 And he him felff example of vyce : 30
 Enterand for geire, and no devotioun,
 The divell is glaid of his promotioun ;
 Sum ramyis ane rokkat fra the Roy,
 And dois ane dastart deftroi ;
 And fum that gettis ane perfonage, 35
 Thinkis it ane present for a page ;
 And on na wayis content is he,
 My Lord quhill that he callit be.
 Bot how is he contentit, or nocht,
 Deme ye about in to your thocht ! 40
 The lerit fone of Erll or Lord,
 Upoun this ruffie to remord,
 That with ald castingis hes him claid,
 His errandis for to ryn and red ?
 And he is maifter native borne, 45
 And all his eldaris him beforne ;
 And mekle mair cunning be fic thrie,
 Hes to poffeid ane dignitie,
 Saying his odius ignorance
 Panting ane prelottis countenance, 50
 Sa far abone him fett at table

That wont was for to muk the stable :
 Ane pyk-thank in ane prelottis clais,
 With his wauld feitt, and wirrok taifs,
 With hopper hippis, and henchis narrow, . 55
 And banfy handis to beir ane barrow ;
 With lut schulderis, and luttaird bak,
 Quhilk nature maid to beir ane pak ;
 With gryddy mynd, and glaschand game,
 Mell heidit lyk ane mortar stane, . 60
 Fenyeing the feiris of ane Lord,
 And he ane strumbell, I stand ford ;
 And evir moir as he dois ryfe,
 And nobillis of bluid he dois dispyfe,
 And helpis for to hald tham downe, . 65
 That they ryfe nevir to his renowne.

Thairfoir, O PRINCE, maist honorable !
 Be in this mater merciable,
 And to thy old schervandis have an é,
 That lang hes lippinit into Thé ; . 70
 Gif I be ane of thay my fell,
 Throw all Regiounes hes tein hard tell,
 Of quhilk my wryting witnes beiris ;
 And yett thy danger ay me deiris :
 Bot eftir danger cummis grace, . 75
 As hes bein herd in mony place.

DUNBAR'S REMONSTRANCE.

TO THE KING.

SCHIR, ye have mony servitouris,
And officiaris of dyvers curis ;
Kirkmen, courtmen, and craftismen fyne ;
Doctouris in jure, and medicyne ;
Divinouris, rethoris, and philosophouris, 5
Astrologis, artiftis, and oratouris ;
Men of armes, and vailyeand knychtis,
And mony uther gudlie wichtis ;
Musicianis, menstralis, and mirrie fingaris ;
Chevalouris, callandaris, and [Frenshe] flingaris ;
Cunyouris, carvouris, and carpentaris,
Beildaris of barkis, and ballingaris ;
Masounis, lyand upon the land,
And schip wrichtis hewaand upone the strand ;
Glasing wrichtis, goldsmythis, and lapidaris, 15
Pryntouris, payntouris, and potingaris ;
And all of thair craft cumming,
And all at anis lawboring,
Quhilk pleisand ar and honorable ;
And to your Hienes profitable ; 20
And richt convenient for to be,
With your hie regale Majestie ;

Defferving of your Grace moft ding
Bayth thank, rewarde, and cheriffing.

And thocht that I, among the laif, 25

Unworthy be ane place to have,
Or in thair nummer to be tald,
Als lang in mynd my wark fall hald !

Als haill in everie circumftance,
In forme, in mater, and fubftance, 30

But wering, or confumptioun,
Rouft, cankar, or corruptioun,
As ony of thair werkis all,
Suppois that my rewarde be fmall !

Bot ye fa gracious ar, and meik, 35

That on your Hienes followis eik
Ane uthir fort, more miserabill,

Thocht thay be nocht fa profitable :

Fenyeouris, fleichouris, and flatteraris ;
Cryaris, craikaris, and clatteraris ; 40

Sonkaris, gronkaris, gledaris, gunnaris ;
Monfouris of France, gud clarat cunnaris ;

Innopportoun afkaris of Yrland kynd ;

And meit revaris, lyk out of mynd ;
Scaffaris, and scamleris in the nuke, 45

And hall huntaris of draik and duik ;

Thrimlaris and thriftaris, as thay war woid,

Kokenis, and kennis na man of gude ;

Schulderaris, and fchowaris, that hes no fchame,

And to no cunning that can clame ; 50

And can non uthir craft nor curis

Bot to mak thrang, Schir, in Your duris,
 And rusche in quhair thay counsale heir,
 And will at na man nurtir leyr :
 In quintiscence, eik, ingynouris joly, 55
 That far can multiplie in folie ;
 Fantastik fulis, bayth fals and gredy,
 Off tounge untrew, and hand evill dredie :
 Few dar of all this last additioun,
 Cum in tolbuyth, without remissioun. 60

And thocht this nobill cunning fort,
 Quhom of befor I did report,
 Rewardit be, it war bot reffoun,
 Thairat fuld no man mak encheffoun :
 Bot quhen, the uthir fulis nyce, 65
 That feistit at Cokelbeis gryce,
 Ar all rewardit, and nocht I,
 Than on this fals warld I cry, Fy !
 My hart neir briftis than for teyne,
 Quhilk may nocht suffer nor sustene 70
 So grit abusoun for to sé,
 Daylie in Court befor my é !

And yit, more panence wald I have,
 Had I rewarde amang the laif ;
 It wald me sum thing satisfie, 75
 And lefs of [my] malancolie
 And gar me mony falt ouersé,
 That now is brayd befor myn é :
 My mynd so fer is fet to flyt,
 That of nocht ellis I can indyt ; 80

For owther mane my hart to breik ;
Or with my pen I man me wreik ;
And fen the tane moft nedis be,
In to malancolie to dé,
Or lat the vennim ifche all out,—
Be war, anone, for it will spout,
Gif that the tryackill cum nocht tyt
To fwage the fwalme of my dispyt !

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TO THE KING.
THE PETITION OF THE GRAY HORSE,
AULD DUNBAR.

Now Lufferis cummis with largefs lowd,
Quhy fould not Palfrayis thane be prowde,
Quhen Gillettis wilbe fchomd and fchroud,
That ridden ar baith with lord and lawd ?
Schir, lett it nevir in toun be tald, 5
That I fould be ane Yuillis yald !

Quhen I was young and into ply,
And wald caft gammaldis to the fky,
I had beine bocht in Realmes by,
Had I confentit to be fauld. 10
Schir, lett it nevir in toun be tald,
That I fould be ane Yuillis yald !

With gentill horfs quhen I wald knyp,
Thane is thair laid on me ane quhip,
To colleveris than man I fkip, 15
That fcabbit ar hes cruik and cald.
Schir, lett it nevir in toun be tald,
That I fould be ane Yuillis yald !

Thocht in the ftall I be nocht clappit,

As curfours that in filk beine trappit, 20
With ane new hous I wald be happit,
Aganis this Crystinmes for the cald.

Schir lett it nevir in town be tald,
That I fould be ane Yuillis yald !

Suppois I war ane auld yaid aver, 25
Schott furth our clewchis to pull the claver,
And had the strenth off all Stranaver,
I wald at Yuill be houfit and fald.

Schir, latt it nevir in toun be tald,
That I fuld be ane Yuillis yald ! 30

I am ane Auld Horfe, as ye knaw,
That evir in duill dois dring and draw ;
Great court horfe puttis me fra the ftaw,
To fang the fog be frith and fald.

Schir, latt it nevir in toun be tald, 35
That I fould be ane Yuillis yald !

I haif run lang furth in the feild,
On pastouris that ar plane and peild ;
I mycht be now tane in for eild,
My beikis ar spruning hé, and bauld. 40

Schir, latt it nevir in toun be tald,
That I fould be ane Yuillis yald !

My mane is turned in to quhytt,
And thair of ye have all the wytt !

Quhen uther horſe had bran to bytt 45
 I gat bot grifs, knip gif I wald.
 Schir, latt it nevir in toun be tald,
 That I ſould be ane Yuillis yald !

I was nevir dautit into ſtable,
 My lyf hes bene ſo miſerable, 50
 My hyd to offer I am able,
 For evill ſchom ſtrae that I reive wald.
 Schir, latt it nevir in toun be tald,
 That I ſould be ane Yuillis yald !

And yitt, ſuppois my thrift be thyne, 55
 Gif that I die your aucht within,
 Latt nevir the Soutteris have my ſkin,
 With uglie gumes to be gnawin.
 Schir, latt it nevir in toun be tald,
 That I ſould be ane Yuillis yald ! 60

The Court hes done my curage cuill,
 And maid me [ane] forriddin Muill ;
 Yett, to weir Trappouris at this Yuill,
 I wald be ſpurrit at everie ſpald. .
 Schir, latt it nevir in toun be tald, 65
 That I ſould be ane Yuillis yald !

RESPONSIO REGIS.

EFTIR OUR WRETTEINGIS, TREASURER,
TAK IN THIS GRAY HORSE, AULD DUNBAR,
QUHILK IN MY AUCHT, WITH SCHERVIC TREW,
IN LYART CHANGEIT IS HIS HEW ;
GAR HOWSE HIM NOW AGANIS THIS YUILL,
AND BUSK HIM LYK ANE BISCHOPPIS MUILL :
FOR, WITH MY HAND, I HAVE INDOST
TO PAY QUHAT EVIR HIS TRAPPOURIS COST.

THE QUEINIS RECEPTION AT ABERDEIN.

BLYTH ABERDENE, thow beriall of all tounis,
The lamp of bewtie, bountie, and blythnes ;
Unto the heaven [ascendit] thy renown is,
Off vertew, wisdome, and of worthines ;
Hé nottit is thy name of nobilnes, 5
In to the Cumming of Oure Lustie Quein,
The wall of welth, guid cheir, and mirrines :
Be blyth, and bliffull, burgh of Aberdein.

And first Hir mett the burgeis of the toun,
Richelie arrayit as become thame to be, 10
Of quhom they chefit four men of renoun,
In gounes of velvot, young, abill, and lustie,
To beir the pail of velvet cramasé
Abone Hir heid, as the custome hes bein ;
Gryt was the found of the artelerie : 15
Be blyth, and bliffull, burgh of Aberdein.

Ane-fair proceffioun mett hir at the Port,
In a cap of gold and filk, full pleasantlie,
Syne at hir Entrie, with many fair disport,
Reflavit hir on streittis lustilie ; 20

Quhair first the Salutatioun honorabillie
 Of the fweitt Virgin, guidlie mycht be feine ;
 The found of menstrallis blawing to the sky :
 Be blyth and bliffull, burgh of Aberdein.

And fyne thow gart the Orient Kingis thrie 25
 Offer to Chryft, with benyng reverence,
 Gold, fence, and mir, with all humilitie,
 Schawand him King with most magnificence ;
 Syne quhow the Angill, with sword of violence,
 Furth of the joy of Paradice putt clein 30
 Adame and Eve for innobedience :
 Be blyth and bliffull, burgh of Aberdein.

And fyne the Bruce, that evir was bold in flour,
 Thow gart as Roy cum rydand under croun,
 Richt awfull, strang, and large of portratour, 35
 As nobill, dreidfull, michtie campioun :
 The [nobill Stewarts] fyne, of great renoun,
 Thow gart upspring, with branches new and greine,
 Sa glorioufflie, quhill glaided all the toun :
 Be blyth and bliffull, burgh of Aberdein. 40

Syne come thair four and twentie madinis ying,
 All claid in greine of mervelous bewtie,
 With hair detreffit, as threidis of gold did hing,
 With quhyt hattis all browderit rycht bravelie,
 Playand on timberallis, and fyngand rycht sweitlie;
 That feimlie fort, in ordour weill befein,

Did meit the QUEIN, hir saluand reverentlie :
Be blyth and bliffull, burgh of Aberdein.

The streittis war all hung with tapestrie,
Great was the prefs of peopill dwelt about, 50
And pleafant padyheanes playit prattellie ;
The legeifs all did to thair Lady loutt,
Quha was convoyed with ane royall rountt
Off gryt barrounes and luftie ladyis [fchene] ;
Welcum, Our QUEIN! the commons gaif ane fchout :
Be blyth and bliffull, burgh of Aberdein.

At Hir cumming great was the mirth and joy,
For at thair Croce aboundantlie rane wyne ;
Untill hir ludgeing the Toun did hir convoy ;
Hir for to treit thay fett thair hail ingyne, 60
Ane riche present thay did till hir propyne ;
Ane coftlie coup that large thing wald contene,
Coverit and full of cunyeitt gold rycht fyne :
Be blyth and bliffull, burgh of Aberdein.

O potent PRINCESS, pleafant, and preclair, 65
Great caus Thow hes to thank this nobill Toun,
That for to do Thé honour, did nocht fpair
Thair geir, riches, fubftance, and perfoun,
Thé to reffave on maift fair fafoun ;
Thé for to pleis thay focht all way and mein ; 70
Thairfoir, fa lang as QUEIN thow beiris Croun,
Be thankfull to this burgh of Aberdein.

TO THE KING.

QUHEN MONY BENEFICES VAKIT.

SCHIR, at this feist of benefyce,
Think that small partis makis gryt service,
And equall distributioun,
Makis thame content that hes reffoun ;
And quha hes nane ar plefit na wyfa. 5

Schir, quhidder is it almefs mair
To gif him drink that thriftis fair ;
Or fyll ane full man quhyll he brift ;
And latt his fallow die for thrift
Quhylk wyne to drink als worthie wer ? 10

It is no glaid collatioun
Quhair ane makis mirrie, ane uther lukis downe ;
Ane thriftis, ane uthair playis cope out :
Lat anis the cope go round about,
And wein the covanis bennifoun. 15

TO THE KING.

SANCT Salvatour fend filver sorrow ;
It grevis me both evin and morrow,
Chafing fra me all cheritie ;
It makis me all blythnes to borrow ;
My panefull purs so prikillis me. 5

Quhen I wald blythlie ballattis brief,
Langour thairto givis me no leif ;
War nocht gud howp my hart uphie,
My verry corps for cair wald cleif ;
My panefull purs so prikillis me. 10

Quhen I fett me to fing or dance,
Or go to plesand pastance,
Than panfing of penuritie,
Revis that fra my remembrance ;
My panefull purs so prikillis me. 15

Quhen men that hes purffis in tone,
Paffis to drynk or to disjone,
Than mon I keip ane gravetie,
And say, That I will fast quhill none ;
My panefull purs so prikillis me. 20

My purs is maid of sic ane skyn,
Thair will na corfes byd it within ;
 Strait as fra the Feynd thay flé,
Quha evir tyne, qaha evir win ;
 My panefull purs so prikillis me. 25

Had I ane man of ony natioun,
Could mak on it ane conjuratioun,
 To gar silver aye in it be,
The Devill fuld haif no dominatioun,
 With pyne to gar it prikill me. 30

I haif inquiryt in mony a place,
For help and confort in this cace,
 And all men sayis, My Lord, that ye
Can best remeid for this mal-eis,
 That with sic panis prikillis me. 35

TO THE KING.

OFF benefyce, Schir, at everie feift,
Quha monyest hes makis maist requeist :
Get thay nocht all, thay think ye wrang thame ;
Ay is the ouer-word of the gaift,
Giff thame the pelf to part amang thame. 5

Sum fwaillis fwan, sum fwaillis duik,
And I stand fastand in a nuike,
Quhill the effect off all thay fang thame :
Bot, Lord ! how petewoullie I luike,
Quhen all the pelf thay pairt amang thame. 10

Off sic hie feiftis of Sanctis in glorie,
Baithe off commoun and proper storie,
Quhair lordis war patronis, oft I sang thame
Caritas pro Dei amore ;
And yit, I gat na thing amang thame. 15

This blynd warld ever so payis his dett,
Ryche befor puir spraidis ay thair net,
To fische all wateris dois belang thame :
Quha na thing hes can na thing get,
Bot ay as fypher sett amang thame. 20

Swa some the kirk had in thair cure,
Thay fors bot lytill how it fure,
Nor of the buikis, nor bellis quha rang thame:
Thay panse nocht off the parrochin pure,
Had thay the pelf to part amang thame. 25

So variant is this warldis rent,
That men of it ar nevir content,
Off dethe quhyll that the dragoun stang thame;
Quha maift hes than fall maift repent,
And hes maift compt to part amang thame. 30

TO THE KING.

SCHIR, yit remembir as of befoir,
How that my yowth is done forloir
In your service, with pane and greif,
Gud Confcienis cryis, Reward thairfoir !
Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif. 5

Your Clerkis ar fervit all about,
And I do lyk ane Reid Halk schout,
To cum to lure that hes no leif,
Quhair my plummyis begynis to brek out :
Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif. 10

Foryett is ay the Falconis kynd ;
But evir the Mittane is hard in mynd,
Of quhome thè Gled dois prectikis preif ;
The gentill Goishalk gois unkynd :
Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif. 15

The Pyet with hir pretty cot,
Fenyeis to fing the Nychtingalis not ;
Bot scho can nevir the corchat cleif,
For harshness of hir carlich throt :
Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif. 20

Ay fareft faderis hes farreft Fowlis ;
 Suppois thay haif no fang bot youlis,
 In filver caigis thay fit at cheif ;
 Kynd natyve neft dois clek bot Owlis :
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif. 25

O gentill Egill, how may this be,
 That of all fowlis dois keeft flé !
 Your leigis quhy will ye nocht releif,
 And chereifs eftir thair degré ?
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif. 30

Quhen fervit is all uthir man,
 Gentill and fempill off every clan,
 Kyne of RAUF COLYEAR, and JOHNE THE REIF,
 Na thing I get, nor conqueis can :
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif. 35

Thocht I in court be maid refus,
 And haif few vertewis for to rufs ;
 Yit am I cumin of Adame and Eif,
 And fane wald leif as uthiris dois :
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif. 40

Or I fuld leif in fic mifchance,
 Gife it to God war no grevance,
 To be a pyk-thank I wald preif,
 For thay in warld wantis no plesans :
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif. 45

In sum parte on my self I plenyé ;
 Quhen uthir folkis dois flatter and fenyé,
 Allace ! I can bot Ballattis breif ;
 Sic bairneheid biddis my brydill renye :
 Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif. 50

I grant my service is bot licht ;
 Thairfoir of mercy, and nocht of richt,
 I ask yow, Schir, no man to greif,
 Sum medecyne gife that ye might :
 Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif. 55

May nane remeid my malady
 Sa weill as ye, Schir, veraly ;
 For with a Benefice ye may preif,
 And gif I mend nocht heftely :
 Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif. 60

I wes in yowth on nureifs kné,
 Dandely ! Bischop, dandely !
 And quhen that ege now dois me greif,
 Ane sempill Vicar I can nocht be :
 Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif. 65

Jok that wes wont to keip the stirkis,
 Can now draw him ane cleik of kirkis,
 With ane fals cairt in to his sleif,
 Worth all my Ballattis undir the birkis :
 Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif. 70

Twa curis or thré hes upolandis Michell,
With dispensationis bund in a knitchell ;
Thocht he fra nolt had new tane leif,
He playis with totum, and I with nichell !
Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif. 75

How fuld I leif that is nocht landit,
Nor yit with Benefice am I blandit,
I say nocht, Schir, yow to repreif !
Bot doutlefs I ga rycht neir hand it :
Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif. 80

As faule is heir in Purgatory,
Leving in pane and houp of glory :
So is my self ye may beleif,
In howp, Schir, of your adjutory :
Excefs of thocht dois me mischeif. 85

OF DISCRETIOUN IN ASKING.

Of every Asking followis nocht
Rewaird, bot gif sum cause war wrocht ;
And quhair cause is, men weill may fie,
And quhair nane is, it wilbe thocht
In Asking fowld Discretioun be. 5

Ane fule, thocht he haif caufs or nane,
Cryis ay, Gif me, in to a drene ;
And he that dronis ay as ane bee
Sowld haif ane heirar dull as stane :
In Asking fowld Discretioun be. 10

Sum askis mair than he defervis ;
Sum askis far les than he fervis ;
Sum schames to ask, and braidis of me,
And all withowt reward he stervis :
In Asking fowld Discretioun be. 15

To ask but service hurtis gud fame,
To ask for service is nocht to blame ;
To serve and leif in beggartie,
To man and maister is baith schame :
In Asking fowld Discretioun be. 20

He that dois all his best servyis,
May spill it all with crakkis and cryis,
Be fowll inoportunitie;
Few wordis may suffyis the wyifs;
In Asking fowld Discretioun be. 25

Nocht neidfull is men fowld be dūm,
Na thing is gottin but wordis sum,
Nocht speid but diligence we sé;
For na thing it allane will cum:
In Asking fowld Discretioun be. 30

Asking wald haif convenient place,
Convenient tyme, lafour, and space;
But haift or preifs of grit menyie,
But hairt abait, but toung reklefs:
In Asking fowld Discretioun be. 35

Sum nicht haif Yea, with littill cure,
That hés oft Nay, with grit labour;
All for that tyme nocht byd can he,
He tynis baith errand and honour:
In Asking fowld Discretioun be. 40

Suppois the servand be lang unquit,
The Lord sum tyme rewaird will it!
Gif he dois nocht, quhat remedy?
To fecht with Fortoun is no witt:
In Asking fowld Discretioun be. 45

OF DISCRETIOUN IN GEVING.

- To speik of Giftis or almouſs deidis :
Sum gevis for mereit, and ſum for meidis ;
 Sum wardly honour to uphie ;
Sum gevis to thame that no thing neidis ;
 In Geving ſowld Diſcretioun be. 5
- Sum gevis for pryd, and glory vane ;
Sum gevis with grugeing and with pane ;
 Sum gevis on prattik for ſupplé ;
Sum gevis for twyiſs als gud agane :
 In Geving ſowld Diſcretioun be. 10
- Sum gevis for thank, and ſum for threit ;
Sum gevis money, and ſum gevis meit ;
 Sum gevis wordis fair and ſlé ;
And giftis fra ~~ſum~~ ma na man treit :
 In Geving ſowld Diſcretioun be. 15
- Sum is for gift ſa lang requyred,
Quhill that the crevar be ſo tyred,
 That or the gift deliverit be,
The thank is fruſtrat and expyred :
 In Geving ſowld Diſcretioun be. 20

Sum gevis fo littill full wretchitly,
That all his giftis ar nocht fet by,
And for a huid-pyk haldin is he,
That all the warld cryis on him Fy !
In Geving fowld Discretioun be. 25

Sum in his geving is fo large,
That all our-laidin is his barge ;
Than vyce and prodigalitie,
Thair off his honour dois dischairge :
In Geving fowld Discretioun be. 30

Sum to the riche gevis his geir,
That micht his giftis weill forbeir ;
And thocht the peur for falt fould dé,
His cry nocht enteris in his eir :
In Geving fowld Discretioun be. 35

Sum gevis to ftrangeris with face new,
That yifterday fra Flanderis flew ;
And to auld fervandis lift nocht fé,
War thay nevir of fa grit vertew :
In Geving fowld Discretioun be. 40

Sum gevis to thame can ask and plenye ;
Sum gevis to thame can flattir and fenyie ;
Sum gevis to men of honestie,
And haldis all janglaris at difdenyie :
In Geving fowld Discretioun be. 45

OF DISCRETIOUN IN GEVING.

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Sum gettis giftis and riche arrayis
To fweir all that his maister sayis,
Thocht all the contrair weill knawis he ;
Ar mony fic now in thir dayis :
In Geving fowld Discretioun be. 50

Sum gevis to gud men for thair thewis ;
Sum gevis to trumpouris and to fchrewis ;
Sum gevis to knaw his awtoritie ;
Bot in thair office gude fundin few is :
In Geving fowld Discretioun be. 55

Sum gevis parrochynnys full wyd,
Kirkis of Sanct Barnard and Sanct Bryd,
The people to teiche, and to owirfie,
Thocht he na wit hes thame to gyd :
In Geving fowld Discretioun be. 60

OF DISCRETIOUN IN TAKING.

EFFIR Geving I speik of Taking,
Bot littill of ony gud forfai king ;
Sum takkis our littill awtoritie,
And sum our-mekill, and that is glaiking :
In Taking fowld Discretioun be. 5

The clerkis takis beneficis with brawlis,
Sum of Sanct Petir, and sum of Sanct Paullis ;
Tak he the rentis, no cair hes he,
Suppois the Devill tak all thair sawlis :
In Taking fowld Discretioun be. 10

Barronis takis fra the tennentis peure,
All frutt that growis on the feure,
In mailis and gersomes raifit our hie,
And garris thame beg fra dure to dure :
In Taking fowld Discretioun be. 15

Sum merchandis takis unleiffum win,
Quhilk makis thair pakis oft tymes full thin ;
Be thair fuceffoun as ye may fie,
That ill win geir riches nocht the kin :
In Taking fowld Discretioun be. 20

Sum takis uthir meppis takkis,
And on the peure oppreffioun makkis,
And nevir rememberis that he mon die,
Quhyll that the gallowis gar him rax :
In Taking fowld Discretioun be. 25

Sum takis be fie, and fum be land,
And nevir fra taking can hald thair hand,
Quhill he be tyit up to ane tré ;
And fyne thay gar him undirstand,
In Taking fowld Discretioun be. 30

Sum wald tak all his nychbouris geir ;
Had he of man als littill feir
As he hes dreid that God him see ;
To tak than fowld he nevir forbeir :
In Taking fowld Discretioun be. 35

Sum wald tak all this warld on breid ;
And yit nocht satisfeit of thair neid,
Throw hairt unfatiable and gredie ;
Sum wald tak littill, and can nocht speid ;
In Taking fowld Discretioun be. 40

Grit men for taking and oppreffioun
Ar fet full famous at the Seffioun,
And peur takaris are hangit hie,
Schamit for evir, and thair succeffioun :
In Taking fowld Discretioun be. 45

INCONSTANCY OF LUVE.

QUHA will behald of Luve the chance,
With sueit diffavyng countenance,
In quhais fair diffimulance,

May none assure :

Quhilk is begun with inconstance, 5
And endis nocht but variance ;
Scho haldis with continewance

No ferviture.

Discretioun and Confiderance
Ar both out of hir governance ; 10
Quhairfoir, of it the schort plesance

May nocht indure.

Scho is so new of acquentance,
The auld gais fra remembrance ;
Thus I gife our the observans 15

Of Luvis cure.

It is ane point of ignorance
To lufe in sic diftemperance,
Sen tyme mispendit may avance

No creature : 20

In Luve to keip allegiance,
It war als nyse an ordinance
As quha wald bid ane deid man dance,
In sepulture.

OF MEN EVILL TO PLEIS.

FOUR maner of folkis ar evill to pleis ;
Ane is, that riches hes and eifs,
Gold, filver, corne, cattell, and ky,
And wald haif part fra utheris by.

Ane uther is of land and rent, 5
So great ane lord, and so potent,
That he may nother it rewill nor gy ;
And yit wald haif fra utheris by.

Ane is that hes of nobill bluid
Ane lusty lady, fair and gude, 10
Boith verteous, wyfe, and womanly ;
And yit wald haif ane uther by.

Ane uther dois so dourlie drink,
And aill and wyne within him fink,
Quhill in his wame no roume be dry ; 15
And yit wald haif fra utheris by.

In earth no wicht I can perfaif,
Of gud so great aboundance haif,
Nor in this world so welthfull wy,
Yit he wald haif frome utheris by. 20

Bot yitt of all this gold and guid,
Or uther cunyie, to conclude,
Quha evir it haif, it is nocht I ;
It gois frome me to utheris by.

And namelie at this Chryftis mefs,
Quhair evir Schir Gold maid his regrefs,
Off him I will no Largefs cry ;
He yeid fra me till utheris by.

OF COVETYCE.

FREDOME, honour, and nobilnefs,
Meid, manheid, mirth, and gentilnefs,
Ar now in court reput as vyce,
And all for caufs of Cuvetice.

All weilfair, welth and wantonefs, 5
Ar chengeit into wretchitnefs,
And play is fett at littill pryce ;
And all for caufs of Covetyce.

Halking, hunting, and fwift horfe rynnng, 10
Ar chengeit all in wrangus wynnng ;
Thair is no play bot cartis and dyce,
And all for caufs of Covetyce.

Honorable houfe-haldis ar all laid down ;
Ane laird hes with him bot a loun,
That leidis him eftir his devyce ; 15
And all for caufs of Covetyce.

In burghis to landwart and to fie,
Quhair was plefour and grit plentie,
Vennefoun, wyld-fowill, wyne, and fpice,
Ar now decayid thruch Covetyce. 20

Husbandis that grangis had full grete,
Cattell and corne to fell and ete,
Hes now no beift bot cattis and myce ;
And all thruch caufs of Covetyce.

Honest yemen in every toun, 25
War wont to weir baith reid and broun,
Ar now arrayit in raggis with lyce ;
And all thruch caufs of Covetyce.

And lairdis in filk harlis to the dill,
For quhilk thair tennentis fauld sommer meill, 30
And leivis on rutis undir the ryce ;
And all for caufs of Covetyce.

Quha that dois deidis of petie,
And leivis in pece and cheretie,
Is haldin a fule, and that full nyce ; 35
And all for caufs of Covetyce.

And quha can reive uthir menis rowmis,
And upoun peur men gadder fowmis,
Is now ane active man and wyice ;
And all for caufs of Covetyce. 40

Man, pleifs thy Makar, and be mirry,
And fett nocht by this warld a chirry ;
Wirk for the place of Paradyce,
For thairin ringis na Covetyce.

GUDE COUNSALE.

Be ye ane luvar, Think ye nocht ye fuld
Be weill advyfit in your governing ?
Be ye nocht fa, it will on yow be tauld ;
Be war thairwith for dreid of mis-demyng : [5
Be nocht a wreche, nor skerche in your spending ;
Be layth alway to do amifs or schame ;
Be rewlit richt, and keip [weill] this doctring,
Be secreit, trew, increffing of your name.

Be ye ane lear, that is werft of all ;
Be ye ane tratlar, that I hald als evill ; 10
Be ye ane janglar, and ye fra vertew fall,
Be nevir mair on to thir vicis thrall ;
Be now and ay the maistir of your will ;
Be nevir he that leifing fall proclame ;
Be nocht of langage quhair ye fuld be still ; 15
Be secreit, trew, increffing of your name.

Be nocht abasit for no wicket tung ;
Be nocht fa fet as I haif said yow heir ;
Be nocht fa large unto thir saw is fung ;
Be nocht our prowd, thinkand ye haif no peir, 20

Be ye so wyifs that utheris at yow leir ;
Be nevir he to sklander, nor defame ;

Be of your lufe nor preichour as a freir ;
Be secreit, trew, increffing of your name.

REWL OF ANIS SELF.

To dwell in court, my freind, gife that thou lift,
For gift of Fortoun invy thou no degré ;
Behold and heir, and lat thy tung tak rest,
In mekle speich is part of vanitie ;
And for no malyce preiſs thé nevir to lie : 5
Als trubill nevir thy ſelf ſoir be no tyd,
Uthiris to rewill, that will nocht rewlit be :
He rewlis weill, that weill him ſelf can gyd.

Be war quhome to thy counſale thou diſcure,
For trewth dwellis nocht ay for that trewth appeiris ; 10
Put nocht thyne honour in to aventure,
Ane freind may be thy fo as Fortoun ſteiris ;
In cumpany cheiſs honourable feiris,
And fra vyld folkis draw thé far on fyd,
The Pfalme ſayis, Cum ſancto ſanctus eris ; 15
He rewlis weill, that weill him ſelf can gyd.

Haif pacience thocht thou no lordſchip poſſeid,
For hie vertew may ſtand in law eſtait ;
Be thou content, of mair thou hes no neid,
And be thou nocht, deſyre ſall mak debait ; 20
Evirmoir till deth ſay to thé than chakmait,
Thocht all war thyne this warld within ſo wyd,

Quha can refist the serpent of dispyt ?
 He rewlis weill, that weill him self can gyd.

Flé from the fallowfchip of fic as ar defamit, 25
 And fra all fals tungis fullfild with flattry,
 Als fra all schrewis, or ellis thow art eschamit ;
 Sic art thow callit as is thy cumpany :
 Flé perrellus taillis foundit of invy ;
 With wilfull men son argown thow no tyd, 30
 Quhome no reffone may feis nor pacify :
 He rewlis weill, that weill him self can gyd.

And be thow nocht ane roundar in the nuke,
 For gif thow be, men will hald thé suspect ;
 Be nocht in countenance ane skornar, nor by luke, 35
 Bot dowt ficylk fall ftryk thé in the neck :
 Be war alfo to counfal or coreck
 Him that extold hes far him self in pryd,
 Quhair parrell is but proffeit or effeck ;
 He rewlis weill, that weill him self can gyd. 40

And fen thow feyis mony thingis variand,
 With all thy hart treit biffinefs and cure ;
 Hald God thy friend, evir stabill be him stand,
 He will thé confort in all misaventure ;
 And be no wayis dispytfull to the peure 45
 Nor to no man do wrang at ony tyd ;
 Quho fo dois, this ficker I yow affure,
 He rewlis weill, that fa weill him can gyd.

OF DEMING.

Musing allone this hinder nicht,
Of mirry day quhen gone was licht,
 Within ane garth undir a tré,
I hard ane voce, that faid on hicht,
 Ma na man now Undemit be : 5

For thocht I be ane crownit King,
Yit fall I nocht eschew Deming ;
 Sum callis me guid, sum sayis thay lie,
Sum cravis of God to end my ring,
 So fall I nocht Undemit me. 10

Be I ane Lord, and nocht lord-lyk,
Than every pelour and purf-pyk
 Sayis, Landis war bettir warit on me ;
Thocht he dow nocht to leid a tyk,
 Yit can he nocht lat Deming be. 15

Be I ane lady fresche and fair,
With gentill men makand repair,
 Than will thay say, baith scho and hie,
That I am jaipit lait and air ;
 Thus fall I nocht Undemit be. 20

Be I ane courtman, or ane knycht,
Honestly cled eftir my mycht,
Ane prydfull man than call thay me ;
Bot God fend thame a widdy wicht,
That can nocht lat sic Deming be. 25

Be I bot littill of stature,
Thay call me catyve createure ;
And be I grit of quantetie,
Thay call me monstrowis of nature ;
Thus can thay nocht lat Deming be. 30

And be I ornat in my speiche,
Than Towfye fayis, I am fa streiche,
I speik nocht lyk thair housis menyie ;
Suppois her mowth mifteris a leiche,
Yit can scho nocht lat Deming be. 35

Bot wist thir folkis that uthir Demis,
How that thair sawis to uthir semis,
Thair vicious wordis and vanitie,
Thair tratling tungis that all furth tumis,
Sum [tyme] wald lat thair Deming be. 40

War nocht the mater wald grow the mair,
To wirk vengeance on ane Demar,
But dout I wald caus mony dé ;
And mony cative end in cair,
Or sum tyme lat thair Deming be. 45

Gude JAMES THE FERD, our nobill King,

Quhen that he was of yeiris ying,

In sentens said full subillie,

Do weill, AND SETT NOCHT BY DEMING,

FOR NO MAN SALL UNDEMIT BE.

50

And so I fall with Goddis grace,

Keip his command in to that cace,

Beseiking ay the TRINITIE,

In Hevin that I may haif ane place,

For thair fall no man Demit be.

55

HOW SALL I GOVERNE ME !

How fowld I rewill me, or quhat wyifs,
I wald sum wyifs man wald devyifs ;
I can nocht leif in no degré,
Bot sum will my maneris dispyis ;
Lord God, how fall I governe me ! 5

Gif I be galland, lusty and blyth,
Than will thay say on me full swyth,
That out of mynd yone man is he,
Or sum hes done him confort kyth :
Lord God, how fall I governe me ! 10

Gife I be forrowfull and fad,
Than will thay say that I am mad,
I do bot drowp as I wold die ;
Thus will they say baith man and lad :
Lord God, how fall I governe me ! 15

Be I liberall, gentill, and kynd
Thocht I it tak of nobill strynd,
Yit will thay say, baith he and sche,
Yon man is lyk out of his mind :
Lord God, how fall I governe me ! 20

Gife I be lusty in array,
Than luve I paramouris thay say,
Or in my hairt is prowde and hie,
Or ellis I haif it sum wrang way ;
Lord God, how fall I governe me ! 25

Gife I be nocht weill als besene,
Than twa and twa sayis thame betwene,
That evill he gydis yone man, trewlie ;
Lo ! be his claithis it may be sene :
Lord God, how fall I governe me ! 30

Gife I be sene in court our lang,
Than will thay murmur thame amang,
My frends ar nocht worth a flé,
That I sa lang but guerdon gang :
Lord God, how fall I governe me ! 35

In court rewaird than purchefs I,
Than haif thay malyce and invy,
And secreitly thay on me lie,
And dois me sclander prevely :
Lord God, how fall I governe me ! 40

I wald my gyding war devyfit ;
Gife I spend littill I am dispyfit,
Gif I be nobill, gentill, and fré,
A prodigall man I am so pryfit :
Lord God, how fall I governe me ! 45

Now juge thay me baith guid and ill,
And I may no manis tung hald fill,
To do the best my mynd salbe ;
Latt every man say quhat he will,
The gracious God mot governe me !

BEST TO BE BLYTH.

FULL oft I muse, and hes in thocht,
How this fals Warld is ay on flocht,
 Quhair no thing ferme is nor degeft ;
And when I haif my mynd all focht,
 For to be blyth me think it best. 5

This warld evir dois flicht and wary,
Fortoun fa fast hir quheill dois cary ;
 Na tyme but turning can tak rest, .
For quhois fals change fuld none be sary ;
 For to be blyth me think it best. 10

Wald men confiddir in mynd rycht weill,
Or Fortoun on him turn hir quheill,
 That erdly honour may nocht left,
His fall lefs panefull he fuld feill ;
 For to be blyth me think it best. 15

Quha with this warld dois warfill and stryfe,
And dois his dayis in dolour dryfe,
 Thocht he in lordschip be posselt,
He levis bot ane wrechit lyfe :
 For to be blyth me think it best. 20

Off warldis gud and grit richefs,
Quhat fruct hes man but mirrinefs ?
Thocht he this warld had eift and weft,
All wer povertie but glaidnefs :
For to be blyth me think it beft. 25

Quho fuld for tynfall drowp or dé,
For thyng that is bot vanitie ;
Sen to the lyfe that evir dois left,
Heir is bot twynklyng of an ee :
For to be blyth me think it beft. 30

Had I for warldis unkyndnefs
In hairt tane ony havinefs,
Or fro my plesans bene opprest,
I had bene deid lang fyne dowllefs :
For to be blyth me think it beft. 35

How evir this warld do change and vary,
Lat us in hairt nevir moir be fary,
Bot evir be reddy and addrest,
To pafs out of this frawfull fary :
For to be blyth me think it beft. 40

OF CONTENT.

Quho thinkis he hes suffiience,
And of gudis hes ne indigence ;
Thocht he have nowthir land nor rent,
Great mycht, nor hie magnificence,
He hes anewch that is content. 5

Quho had all the riches unto Ynd,
And wer nocht satisfeit in mynd,
With povertie I hald him schent ;
Off covatyce sic is the kynd :
He hes anewch that is content. 10

Thairfoir I pray yow, breider deir,
Nocht to delyt in daynteis feir ;
Thank God of it is to thé sent,
And of it glaidlie mak gud cheir :
He hes anewch that is content. 15

Defy the warld, fenyeit and fals,
With gall in hart, and hunyit hals :
Quha maist it servis fall sonaft repent :
Off quhais subchettis four is the fals :
He hes anewch that is content. 20

Gif thow hes mycht, be gentill and fré ;
And gif thow standis in povertie,
 Off thine awin will to it consent ;
And riches fall return to thé :
 He hes anewch that is content. 25

And ye and I, my bredir all,
That in this lyfe hes lordschip small,
 Lat languour nocht in us imprent ;
Gif we nocht clym we tak no fall :
 He hes anewch that is content. 30

For quho in warld most covatus is
In world is puirest man, I wys,
 And moift neidy of his intent ;
For of all gudis no thing is his,
 That of no thing can be content. 35

ADVICE
TO SPEND ANIS AWIN GUDE.

MAN, sen thy lyfe is ay in weir,
And deid is evir drawand neir,
Thy tyme unficker and the place,
Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

Gif it be thyne, thy felf it ufis, 5
Gif it be nocht, thé it refusis ;
Ane uthir of it the proffeit hes ;
Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

Thow may to day haif gude to spend,
And heftely to morne fra it wend, 10
And leif ane uthir thy baggis to braifs ;
Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

Quhill thow hes space, fé thow difpone,
That for thy geir, quhen thou art gone,
No wicht ane uther flay nor chace ; 15
Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

Sum all his dayis dryvis our in vane,
Ay gadderand geir with sorrow and pane,

And nevir is glaid at Yule nor Paifs ;
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space. 20

Syne cumis ane uther glaid of his forrow,
 That for him prayit nowthir Evin nor morrow,
 And fangis it all with mirrynais ;
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

Sum grit gud gadderis, and ay it spairis, 25
 And eftir him thair cumis yung airis,
 That his auld thrift fettis on an ace ;
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

It is all thyne that thow heir spendis,
 And nocht all that on thé dependis, 30
 Bot his to spend it that hes grace ;
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

Treft nocht ane uther will do thé to,
 It that thy self wald nevir do ;
 For gife thow dois, strenge is thy cace ; 35
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

Luke how the bairne dois to the muther,
 And tak example be nane uther,
 That it nocht eftir be thy cace ;
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space. 40

NO TRESSOUR AVAILIS WITHOUT GLAIDNES.

Be mirry, Man, and tak nocht far in mynd
The wavering of this wrechit Warld of forrow;
To God be humill, and to thy freynd be kynd,
And with thy nychtbouris glaidly len and borrow;
His chance to nycht it may be thyne to morrow;
Be blyth in hairt for ony aventure,
For oft with wyfe men it hes bene said aforrow,
Without Glaidnés availis no Treffour.

Mak thé gud cheir of it that God thé fendis,
For Warldis wrak but weilfair nocht availis ; 10
Na gude is thyne, faif only [that] thow spendis,
Remenant all thow brukis bot with bailis :
Seik to solace quhen sadnes thé affailis ;
In dolour lang thy lyfe may nocht indure,
Quhairfoir of confort set up all thy failis ; 15
Without Glaidnés availis no Treffour.

Follow on petie, flé truble and debait,
With famous folkis hald thy company ;
Be charitabill and humyll in thyne estait,
For Warldly honour leftis bot a cry ; 20

For truble in erd tak no mallancoly ;
 Be riche in pacience, gif thow in gudis be pure,
 Quho levis mirry he levis nichtely ;
 Without Glaidnés availis no Tressour.

Thow feis thir wrechis sett with sorrow and cair, 25
 To gaddir gudis in all thair lyvis space ;
 And quhen thair baggis ar full thair felfis ar bair,
 And of thair riches bot the keping hes :
 Quhill uthiris cum to spend it that hes grace,
 Quhilk of thy wyning no labour had nor cure, 30
 Tak thow example, and spend with mirrines ;
 Without Glaidnés availis no Tressour.

Thocht all the werk that evir had levand wicht
 Wer only thyne, no moir thy pairt dois fall,
 Bot meit, drynk, clais, and of the laif a sicht, 35
 Yit to the Juge thow fall gif compt of all ;
 Ane raknyng rycht cumis of ane ragment small :
 Be juft and joyus, and do to none injure,
 And Trewth fall mak thé strang as ony wall ;
 Without Glaidnés availis no Tressour. 40

NONE MAY ASSURE IN THIS WARLD.

QUHOME to fall I complene my wo,
And kyth my kairis ane or mo?
I knaw nocht amang riche nor pure,
Quha is my freynd, quha is my fo;
For in this Warld may none assure. 5

Lord! how fall I my dayis dispone,
For lang service rewarde is none;
And schort my lyfe may heir indure;
And losfit is my tyme bygone:
In to this Warld may none assure. 10

Oft Falfett rydis with ane rowt,
Quhen Trewth gois on his fute abowt,
And lak of spending dois him spur;
Thus what to do I am in dowl:
In to this Warld may none assure. 15

Nane heir bot riche men hes renoun,
And bot pure men ar pluckit down;
And nane bot just men tholis injure,
Sa Wit is blindit and Reffoun:
In to this Warld may none assure. 20

196 NONE MAY ASSURE IN THIS WARLD.

Vertew the Court hes done dispyifs ;
Ane rebald to renoun dois ryifs,
And cairlis of nobillis hes the cure,
And bumbardis brukis the benifyifs :
In to this Warld may none assure. 25

All Gentrice and Nobilitie
Ar passit out of hé degré ;
On Fredome is laid foirfaltour ;
In Princes is thair no pety ;
For in this Warld may none assure. 30

Is none so armit in to plait,
That can fra truble him debait ;
May no man lang in welth indure,
For wo that evir lyis at the wait :
In to this Warld may none assure. 35

Flattery weiris ane furrit gown,
And Falsfett with the Lordis dois roun ;
And Trewth standis barrit at the dure ;
And Honour exul is of the toun :
In to this Warld may none assure. 40

Fra everilk mowth fair wirdis proceidis,
In every hairt disceptioun breidis,
Fra everilk é gois luke demure,
Bot fra the handis gois few gud deidis :
In to this Warld may none assure. 45

Toungis now ar maid of quhyte quhail bone,
 And hairtis ar maid of hard flynt stone ;
 And ene of amiable blyth afure,
 And handis of adamant laith to dispone :
 In to this Warld may nane assure. 50

Yit hairt, with hand and body, all
 Mon answer Deth quhen he dois call,
 To compt befor the Juge future ;
 Sen all ar deid, or than dé fall,
 Quha fuld in to this Warld assure ? 55

No thing bot Deth this fchortly cravis,
 Quhair Fortoun evir as fo difflavis,
 With freyndly smylingis of ane hure,
 Quhais fals behechtis as wynd hyne wavis :
 In to this Warld may none assure. 6

O ! quha fall weild the wrang possessioun,
 Or the gold gatherit with oppreffioun,
 Quhen the Angell blawis his bugill sture ?
 Quhilk unreftorit helpis no confessioun :
 In to this Warld may none assure. 65

Quhat help is thair in lordschippis fevin,
 Quhen na hous is bot Hell and Hevin,
 Palice of licht, or Pitt obscure,
 Quhair youlis ar hard with horreble stevin .
 In to this Warld may none assure. 70

198 NONE MAY ASSURE IN THIS WARLD.

Ubi ardentēs Animæ,
Semper dicentes Væ ! Væ !
 Sall cry, Allace ! that wemen thame bure;
O quantæ sunt istæ tenebræ !
 In to this Warld may none affure. 75

Than quho fall wrik for Warldis wrak,
Quhen flude and fyre fall our it frak,
 Ana trely fruftir feild and fure,
With tempest kene and hiddous crak ?
 In to this Warld may none affure. 80

Lord ! sen in tyme sa sone to cum,
De terra surrecturus sum,
 Reward me with non erdly cure,
Bot me receave in regnum tuum :
 In to this Warld may none affure. 85

LEARNING VAIN WITHOUT

GUID LYFE.

WRITTEN AT OXINFURDE.

To speik of science, craft, or sapience,
Off vertew, morall cunnyng, or doctryne ;
Off jure, of wifdome, or intelligence ;
Off everie study, lair, or discipline ;
All is bot tynt, or reddie for to tyne, 5
Nocht using it as it should unfit be ;
The craift exerceing, confiddering nocht the fyne :
Ane paralous feiknes is Vain Prosperité.

The curious probatioun logicall ;
The eloquence of ornat rethorie ; 10
The naturall science philosophicall ;
The dirk apperance of Astronomie ;
The Theologis fermoun ; the fablis of Poetrie ;
Without Guid Lyfe all in the self dois dé,
As Mayis flouris dois in September dry : 15
A paralous lyfe is Vain Prosperitie.

Quhairfor, ye Clerkis griteft of constance,
Fulleft of science and of knowlegeing,
To us be myrroris in your governance ;

And in our darknefs be lampis in fchyning : 20
Or thane in frufar is all your lang learning ;
Gif to your fawis your deidis contrair be,
Your maift accufar falbe your awin cunning :
A peralous feiknes is Vaine Prosperitie.

OF THE WARLDIS VANITY.

O WRECHE, be war ! this Warld will wend thé fro,
 Quhilk hes begylyt mony greit eftait ;
 Turne to thy freynd, beleif nocht in thy fo,
 Sen thow mon go, be grathing to thy gait ;
 Remeid in tyme, and rew nocht all to lait ;
 Provyde thy place, for thow away mon pass
 Out of this vaill of trubbill and dissait :
 Vanitas Vanitatum, et omnia Vanitas.

Walk furth Palgrime, quhill thow hes dayis lycht,
Drefs fro desert, draw to thy dwelling place ; 10
Speid home, for quhy ? anone cummis the nycht
Quhilk dois thé follow with ane ythand chaife !
Bend up thy saill, and win thy port of grace ;
For and the Deith ourtak thé in trespas,
Then may thow say thir wourdis with Allace ! 15
Vanitas Vanitatum, et omnia Vanitas.

Heir nocht abydis, heir standis no thing stabill,
[For] this fals Warld ay flittis to and fro ;
Now day up bricht, now nycht als blak as sabill,
Now eb, now flude, now freynd, now cruell fo ;
20

And nevir is glaid at Yule nor Paifs ;
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space. 20

Syne cumis ane uther glaid of his sorrow,
 That for him prayit nowthir Evin nor morrow,
 And fangis it all with mirrynais ;
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

Sum grit gud gadderis, and ay it spairis, 25
 And eftir him thair cumis yung airis,
 That his auld thrift fettis on an ace ;
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

It is all thyne that thow heir spendis,
 And nocht all that on thé dependis, 30
 Bot his to spend it that hes grace ;
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

Trest nocht ane uther will do thé to,
 It that thy self wald nevir do ;
 For gife thow dois, strenge is thy cace ; 35
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

Luke how the bairne dois to the muther,
 And tak example be nane uther,
 That it nocht eftir be thy cace ;
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space. 40

NO TRESSOUR AVAILIS WITHOUT GLAIDNES.

Be mirry, Man, and tak nocht far in mynd
The wavering of this wrechit Warld of forrow;
To God be humill, and to thy freynd be kynd,
And with thy nychtbouris glaidly len and borrow;
His chance to nycht it may be thyne to morrow;
Be blyth in hairt for ony aventure,
For oft with wyfe men it hes bene faid aforrow,
Without Glaidnés availis no Tressour.

Mak thé gud cheir of it that God thé fendis,
For Warldis wrak but weilfair nocht availis ; 10
Na gude is thyne, saif only [that] thow spendis,
Remenant all thow brukis bot with bailis :
Seik to solace quhen sadnes thé affailis ;
In dolour lang thy lyfe may nocht indure,
Quhairfoir of confort set up all thy failis ; 15
Without Glaidnés availis no Tressour.

Follow on petie, flé truble and debait,
With famous folkis hald thy cumpany ;
Be charitabill and humyll in thyne estait,
For Warldly honour leffis bot a cry ; 20

OF THE WARLDIS INSTABILITIE.

TO THE KING.

THIS waverand Warldis wretchednefs,
The failyeand and fruitles biffinefs,
The mifpent tyme, the fervice vaine,
For to confidder is ane pane.

The flydand joy, the glaidnefs fchort, 5
The feinyeid luif, the fals confort,
The fweit abayd, the flichtfull trane,
For to confidder is ane pane.

The fugurit mouthis, with myndis thairfra,
The figurit fpeiche, with faceis tua, 10
The plesand toungis, with hartis unplane,
For to confidder is ane pane.

The leill labour loft, and leill fervice,
The lang avail on humill wyfe,
And the lytill rewarde agane, 15
For to confidder is ane pane.

Nocht I fay all be this Cuntré,

NONE MAY ASSURE IN THIS WARLD.

QUHOME to fall I complene my wo,
And kyth my kairis ane or mo?
I knaw nocht amang riche nor pure,
Quha is my freynd, quha is my fo;
For in this Warld may none assure. 5

Lord! how fall I my dayis dispone,
For lang service rewarde is none;
And schort my lyfe may heir indure;
And loffit is my tyme bygone:
In to this Warld may none assure. 10

Oft Falfett rydis with ane rowt,
Quhen Trewth gois on his fute abowt,
And lak of spending dois him spur;
Thus what to do I am in dowl:
In to this Warld may none assure. 15

Nane heir bot riche men hes renoun,
And bot pure men ar pluckit down;
And nane bot just men tholis injure,
Sa Wit is blindit and Reffoun:
In to this Warld may none assure. 20

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Vertew the Court hes done difpyiſs ;
Ane rebald to renoun dois ryiſs,
And cairliſ of nobilliſ hes the cure,
And bumbardiſ brukis the benifyiſs :
In to this Warld may none affure. 25

All Gentrice and Nobilitie
Ar paſſit out of hé degré ;
On Fredome is laid foirfaltour ;
In Princes is thair no pety ;
For in this Warld may none affure. 30

Is none ſo armit in to plait,
That can fra truble him debait ;
May no man lang in welth indure,
For wo that evir lyis at the wait :
In to this Warld may none affure. 35

Flattery weiris ane furrit gown,
And Falſett with the Lordis dois roun ;
And Trewth ſtandiſ barrit at the dure ;
And Honour exul is of the toun :
In to this Warld may none affure. 40

Fra everilk mowth fair wirdis proceidiſ,
In every hairt diſceptioun breidiſ,
Fra everilk é gois luke demure,
Bot fra the handis gois few gud deidiſ :
In to this Warld may none affure. 45

Toungis now ar maid of quhyte quhaill bone,
 And hairtis ar maid of hard flynt ston ;
 And ene of amiable blyth asure,
 And handis of adamant laith to dispone :
 In to this Warld may nane assure. 50

Yit hairt, with hand and body, all
 Mon answar Deth quhen he dois call,
 To compt befor the Juge future ;
 Sen all ar deid, or than dé fall,
 Quha suld in to this Warld assure ? 55

No thing bot Deth this fchortly cravis,
 Quhair Fortoun evir as fo diffavis,
 With freyndly smylingis of ane hure,
 Quhais fals behechtis as wynd hyne wavis :
 In to this Warld may none assure. 6

O ! quha fall weild the wrang possessioun,
 Or the gold gatherit with oppreffioun,
 Quhen the Angell blawis his bugill sture ?
 Quhilk unrestorit helpis no confessioun :
 In to this Warld may none assure. 65

Quhat help is thair in lordschippis sevin,
 Quhen na hous is bot Hell and Hevin,
 Palice of licht, or Pitt obscure,
 Quhair youlis ar hard with horreble stevin .
 In to this Warld may none assure. 70

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Ubi ardentēs Animæ,
Semper dicentes Væ ! Væ !
Sall cry, Allace ! that wemen thame bure;
O quantæ sunt iftæ tenebræ !
In to this Warld may none affure. 75

Than quho fall wirk for Warldis wrak,
Quhen flude and fyre fall our it frak,
Ana trely fruftir feild and fure,
With tempest kene and hiddous crak ?
In to this Warld may none affure. 80

Lord ! fen in tyme fa sone to cum,
De terra surrecturus sum,
Reward me with non erdly cure,
Bot me receave in regnum tuum :
In to this Warld may none affure. 85

**LEARNING VAIN WITHOUT
GUID LYFE.**

WRITTEN AT OXINFURDE.

To speik of science, craft, or sapience,
Off vertew, morall cunnyng, or doctryne ;
Off jure, of wifdome, or intelligence ;
Off everie study, lair, or discipline ;
All is bot tynt, or reddie for to tyne, 5
Nocht using it as it should ufit be ;
The craift exerceing, confiddering nocht the fyne :
Ane paralous feiknes is Vain Prosperité.

The curious probatioun logicall ;
The eloquence of ornat rethorie ; 10
The naturall science philosophicall ;
The dirk apperance of Astronomie ;
The Theologis fermoun ; the fablis of Poetrie ;
Without Guid Lyfe all in the self dois dé,
As Mayis flouris dois in September dry : 15
A paralous lyfe is Vain Prosperitie.

Quhairfor, ye Clerkis gritest of constance,
Fullest of science and of knowlegeing,
To us be myrroris in your governance ;

And in our darknes be lampis in fchyning : 20
Or thane in frustar is all your lang learning ;
Gif to your sawis your deidis contrair be,
Your maift accufar falbe your awin cunning :
A peralous feiknes is Vaine Prosperitie.

OF THE WARLDS VANITY.

O WRECHE, be war ! this Warld will wend thé fro,
 Quhilk hes begylit mony greit estait ;
 Turne to thy freynd, beleif nocht in thy fo,
 Sen thow mon go, be grathing to thy gait ;
 Remeid in tyme, and rew nocht all to lait ;
 Provyde thy place, for thow away mon pass
 Out of this vaill of trubbill and dissait :
 Vanitas Vanitatum, et omnia Vanitas.

Walk furth Palgrime, quhill thow hes dayis lycht,
Drefs fro desert, draw to thy dwelling place ; 10
Speid home, for quhy ? anone cummis the nycht
Quhilk dois thé follow with ane ythand chaife !
Bend up thy sail, and win thy port of grace ;
For and the Deith ourtak thé in trespas,
Then may thow say thir wourdis with Allace ! 15
Vanitas Vanitatum. et omnia Vanitas.

**Heir nocht abydis, heir standis no thing stabill,
[For] this fals Warld ay flittis to and fro ;
Now day up bricht, now nycht als blak as fabill,
Now eb, now flude, now freynd, now cruell fo ;** 20

Now glaid, now fad, now weill, now in to wo ;
Now cled in gold, diffolvit now in afs ;

So dois this Warld [ay] tranfitorie go :
Vanitas Vanitatum, et omnia Vanitas.

OF THE CHANGES OF LYFE.

I seek about this Warld unftabill,
To find ane sentence conveneabill ;
 Bot I can nocht in all my wit,
 Sa trew ane sentence find of it,
As fay it is diffaveabill. 5

For yestirday, I did declair
Quhow that the tym was saft and fair,
 Come in als fresche as pacock feddar ;
 This day it ftangis lyk ane eddar,
Concluding all in my contrair. 10

Yestirday fair up sprang the flouris,
This day thay ar all flane with schouris ;
 And fowlis in forrest that sang cleir,
 Now weipis with ane dreirie cheir,
Full could ar bayth thair bedis and bouris. 15

So nixt to Symmer, Wynter bein ;
Nixt eftir confort, cairis kein ;
 Nixt eftir dark nycht, the mirthfull morrow ;
 Nixt eftir joy, ay cummis sorrow :
So is this Warld, and ay hes bein. 20

OF THE WARLDIS INSTABILITIE.

TO THE KING.

**THIS waverand Warldis wretchednefs,
The fayleand and fruitles biffinefs,
The mifpent tyme, the fervice vaine,
For to confidder is ane pane.**

The slydand joy, the glaidnefs schort,
The feinyeid luif, the fals confort,
The sweit abayd, the slichtfull trane,
For to confidder is ane pane.

The sugurit mouthis, with myndis thairfra,
The figurit speiche, with faceis tua, 10
The plefand toungis, with hartis unplane,
For to confidder is ane pane.

The leill labour loft, and leill service,
The lang avaiill on humill wyfe,
And the lytill rewarde agane, 15
For to confidder is ane pane.

Nocht I fay all be this Cuntré,

France, Ingland, Ireland, Almané,
Bot all be Italie and Spane ;
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane. 20

The change of Warld fra weill to wo,
The honourable ufe is all ago,
In hall, in bour, in burgh and plane ;
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

Beleif dois hoip, traift dois nocht tarie, 25
Office dois flit, and courtis dois varie,
Purpois dois change, as wynd or rane ;
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

Gude rewl is banifchit our the Bordour,
And rangat ringis bot ony ordour, 30
With reird of rebaldis, and of fwane ;
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

The pepill fo wickit ar of feiris,
The fratlefs erde all witnefs beiris,
The ayr infectit and prophane ; 35
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

The temporall stait to gryp and gather,
The fone difheris wald the father,
And as ane dyvour wald him demane ;
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane. 40

Kirkmen fo halie ar and gude,
 That on thair conscience, rowne and rude,
 May turn aucht oxin and ane wane ;
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

I know nocht how the Kirk is gydit, 45
 Bot Beneficis ar nocht leill devydit ;
 Sum men hes sevin, and I nocht ane ;
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

And sum, unworthy to break ane stall,
 Wald clym to be ane Cardinall, 50
 Ane Bischoprik may nocht him gane ;
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

Unworthie I, amang the laif,
 Ane Kirk dois craif, and nane can haif ;
 Sum with ane thraif playis passage plane ; 55
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

It cumis be King, it cumis be Quene,
 Bot ay sic space is us betwene,
 That nane can schut it with ane flane ;
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane. 60

It micht have cummin in schortar quhyll
 Fra Calyecot and the new-fund Yle,
 The partis of Tranfmeridiane ;
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

It nicht, be this, had it bein kynd, 65
 Cummin out of the desertis of Ynde,
 Our all the grit fé Oceane ;
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

It nicht have cummin out of all airtis,
 Fra Paris, and the Orient partis, 70
 And fra the Ylis of Aphrycane ;
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

It is so lang in cuming me till,
 I dreid that it be quyt gane will,
 Or bakwart is turnit agane ; 75
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

Upon the heid of it is hecht
 Bayth unicornis, and crownis of wecht,
 Quhen it dois cum all men dois frane ;
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane. 80

I wait [it] is for me provydit,
 Bot sa done tyrefum it is to byd it,
 It brekis my hairt, and briftis my brane ;
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

Greit Abbais grayth I nill to gather, 85
 Bot ane Kirk scant coverit with hadder ;
 For I of lytill wald be fane ;
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

And for my Curis in findrie place,
 With help, Schir, of your nobill Grace, 90
 My fillie faule fall never be flane;
 Na for fic fyn to suffer pane.

Experience dois me so inspyre,
 Of this fals failyeand Warld I tyre,
 That ever moir flittis lyk ane phane; 95
 Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

The formest hoip yit that I have
 In all this Warld, fa God me save,
 Is in Your Grace, bayth crop and grayne,
 Quhilk is ane leffoun of my pane. 100

ERDLY JOY RETURNIS IN PANE.

OFF Lentren in the first mornynge,
Airly as did the day up spring,
Thus fang ane bird with voce upplane,
All Erdly joy returnis in pane.

O Man! haif mynd that thow mon pafs; 5
Remembir that thow art bot afs,
And fall in afs return agane :
All Erdly joy returnis in pane.

Haif mynd that eild ay followis yowth,
Deth followis lyfe with gaipand mowth, 10
Devoring fruct and flowring grane :
All Erdly joy returnis in pane.

Welth, warldly gloir, and riche array,
Ar all bot thornis laid in thy way,
Ourcovered with flouris laid in ane trane : 15
All Erdly joy returnis in pane.

Come nevir yit May so fresche and grene,
Bot Januar come als wod and kene ;

Wes nevir fic drowth bot anis come rane :
 All Erdly joy returnis in pane. 20

Evermair unto this Warldis joy,
 As nerrest air succeidis noy ;
 Thairfoir quhen joy may nocht remane,
 His verry air succeidis pane ;

Heir Helth returnis in Seiknefs ; 25
 And Mirth returnis in Havinefs ;
 Toun in desert, forrest in plane :
 All Erdly joy returnis in pane.

Fredome returnis in Wrechitnefs,
 And Trewth returnis in Dowbilnefs, 30
 With fenyet wirdis to mak men fane ;
 All Erdly joy returnis in pane.

Vertew returnis into Vyce,
 And Honour into Avaryce ;
 With Cuvatyce is Consciens flane ; 35
 All Erdly joy returnis in paine.

Sen erdly joy abydis nevir,
 Wirk for the joy that leftis evir ;
 For uther joy is all bot vane :
 All Erdly joy returnis in pane. 40

LAMENT FOR THE MAKARIS.

QUHEN HE WES SEIK.

I THAT in heill wes and glaidnefs,
Am trublit now with gret feiknefs,
And feblit with infirmitie ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Our plesance heir is all vane glory, 5
This fals World is bot tranfitory,
The flesche is brakle, the Feynd is flé ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

The stait of Man dois change and vary,
Now found, now feik, now blyth, now fary, 10
Now danfand mirry, now like to die ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

No Stait in Erd heir standis ficker ;
As with the wynd wavis the wickir,
So wavis this Warldis vanité ; 15
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Unto the Deid gois all Eftaitis,
 Princis, Prellattis, and Poteftaitis,
 Baith riche and puire of all degré ;
 Timor Mortis conturbat me. 20

He takis the Knychtis in to feild,
 Anarmit under helme and fcheild ;
 Victour he is at all mellie :
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

That strang unmercifull tyrand 25
 Takis on the Mutheris breift fowkand
 The Bab, full of benignité :
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He takis the Campioun in the ftour,
 The Capitane clofit in the tour, 30
 The Lady in bour full of bewtie :
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He fpairis no Lord for his pifcence,
 Nor Clerk for his intelligence ;
 His awfull ftraik may no man flé ; 35
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Art Magicianis, and Aftrologgis,
 Rethoris, Logicianis, Theologgis,
 Thame helpis no conclufionis flé ;
 Timor Mortis conturbat me. 40

In Medicyne the most Practicianis,
Leichis, Surrigianis, and Phificianis,
Thame self fra Deth may nocht supplé ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

I see that MAKARIS amang the laif 45
Playis heir thair padyanis, fyne gois to graif ;
Spairit is nocht thair faculté :
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He hes done peteonflie devour,
The noble CHAWCER of Makaris flour, 50
The MONK OF BERY, and GOWER, all thré ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

The gude Schir HEW OF EGLINTOUN,
ETRIK, HERYOT, and WYNTOUN,
He hes tane out of this Cuntré ; 55
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

That Scorpoun fell hes done infek
Maister JOHNE CLERK, and JAMES AFFLEK,
Fra ballat making and tragedé ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me. 60

HOLLAND and BARBOUR he has berevit ;
Allace ! that he nocht with us levit
Schir MUNGO LOKERT of the Lé :
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

CLERK of Tranent eik he hes tane, 65
That maid the awnteris of Gawane ;
Schir GILBERT HAY endit hes he :
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He hes BLIND HARY, and SANDY TRAILL
Slaine with his schot of mortall haill, 70
Quhilk PATRIK JOHNSTOUN mycht nocht sé ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He hes reft MERSEIR his endyte,
That did in lave so lifly write,
So schert, so quyk, of sentence hie : 75
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He hes tane ROULL of Abirdene,
And gentill ROUEL of Corstorphine ;
Two bettir fallowis did no man fé :
Timor Mortis conturbat me. 80

In Dumfermelyne he hes tane BROUN,
With Maister ROBERT HENRISOUN ;
Schir JOHNE THE ROSS embraift hes hé :
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

And he hes now tane, laft of aw, 85
Gud gentill STOBO and QUINTYNE SCHAW,
Of quhome all wichtis hes petie :
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

LAMENT FOR THE MAKARIS. 215

Gud Maister WALTER KENNEDY,
In poynt of dede lyis veraly, 90
Gret reuth it wer that so fuld be ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Sen he hes all my Brether tane,
He will nocht lat me leif alane,
On forße I mon his nyxt pray be ; 95
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Sen for the Deid remeid is non,
Best is that we for deid dispone.
Eftir our deid that leif may we
Timor Mortis conturbat me. 100

THE MERLE AND THE NYCHTINGAILL.

In May, as that Aurora did up spring,
With cristall ene chafing the cluddis fable,
I hard a Merle, with mirry notis, sing
A sang of luvē, with voce rycht comfortable,
Agane the Orient bemis amiable, 5
Upone a blifsful brenche of lawryr grene ;
This wes hir sentens fueit and delectable,
A lusty lyfe in Luvis service bene.

Undir this brench ran down a revir bricht,
Of balmy liquour, cristallyne of hew, 10
Agane the hevinly aifure skyis licht ;
Quhair did, upone the tothir fyd, perfew
A Nychtingaill, with suggurit notis new,
Quhois angell fedderis as the pacok schone :
This wes hir song, and of a sentens trew, 15
All Luvē is lost bot upone God allone.

With notis glaid, and glorious armony,
This joyfull Merle so salust scho the day,
Quhill rong the woddis of hir melody,
Saying, Awalk, ye luvaris of this May ; 20

Lo fresche Flora hes flurest every spray,
As Nature hes hir taucht, the noble Quene,
The feild bene clothit in a new array :
A lusty lyfe in Luvis service bene.

Nevir fuetar noys wes hard with levand man 25
Na maid this mirry gentill Nychtingaill,
Hir found went with the rever as it ran
Out throw the fresche and flureist lusty vail :
O Merle ! quoth scho, O fule ! stynt of thy tail,
For in thy song gud sentens is thair none, 30
For boith is tynt, the tyme and the travail
Of every Luv bot upone God allone.

Seifs, quoth the Merle, thy preching, Nychtingaill :
Sall folk thair yowth spend in to holiness ?
Of yung sanctis growis auld feyndis but fable. 35
Fy ! Ypocreit, in yeiris tendirness,
Agane the law of kynd thow gois exprefs,
That crukit aige makis one with yowth serene,
Quhome natur of conditionis maid dyveris :
A lusty lyfe in Luvis service bene. 40

The Nychtingaill said, Fule, remembir thé,
That both in yowth and eild, and every hour,
The luv of God most deir to man suld be ;
That him, of nocht, wrocht lyk his awin figour,
And deit him self fro deid him to succour ; 45
O quithir wes kythit thair trew luv or none ?

218 THE MERLE AND THE NYCHTINGAILL.

He is most trew and steidfast paramour,
And Lave is loft bot upone him allone.

The Merle said, Quhy put God so grit bewté
In ladeis, with sic womanly having, 50
Bot gif he wald that thay suld luvit be?
To luv eik Natur gaif thame indynnyng;
And He of Natur that wirker wes and king,
Wald no thing frustir put, nor lat be sene,
In to his creature of his awin making: 55
A lusty lyfe in Luvis service bene.

The Nychtingaill said, Nocht to that behufe
Put God sic bewty in a ladeis face,
That scho suld haif the thank thairfoir, or lufe,
Bot He the wirker, that put in hir sic grace; 60
Off bewty, bontie, riches, tyme, or space,
And every gudness that bene to cum er gone,
The thank redoundis to Him in every place:
All Lave is loft bot upone God allone.

O Nychtingaill! it wer a story nyce 65
That luv suld nocht depend on cherité;
And gife that vertew contrair be to vyce,
Than luv mon be a vertew, as thinkis me;
For ay to luv invy mone contrair be:
God bad eik luv thy nichtbour fre the splene, 70
And quho than ladeis fueter nychtbouris be?
A lusty lyfe in Luvis service bene.

The Nychtingaill said, Bird, quhy dois thou raif ?
 Man may tak in his lady sic delyt,
 Him to foryet that hir sic vertew gaif, 75
 And for his hevin raffaif hir cullour quhyt :
 Hir goldin treffit hairis redomyt,
 Lyk to Appollois bemis thocht thay schone,
 Suld nocht him blind fro luv that is perfynt ;
 All Luv is lost bot upone God allone. 80

The Merle said, Luv is cause of honour ay,
 Luv makis cowardis manheid to purchas,
 Luv makis knychtis hardy at assay,
 Luv makis wrechis full of lergeness,
 Luv makis sueir folkis full of bussiness, 85
 Luv makis sluggirdis fresche and weil besene,
 Luv changis vyce in vertewis nobilness ;
 A lusty lyfe in Luv service bene.

The Nychtingaill said, Trew is the contrary ;
 Sic frustir luv it blindis men so far, 90
 In to thair myndis it makis thame to vary ;
 In fals vane glory thai so drunken ar,
 Thair wit is went, of wo thai ar nocht war,
 Quhill that all wirchip away be fro thame gone,
 Fame, guddis, and strenght : quhairfoir weil say I dar, 95
 And Luv is lost bot upone God allone.

Than said the Merle, Myne errour I confess ;
 This frustir luv all is bot vanité ;

Blind Ignorance me gaif sic hardiness,
 To argone fo agane the varité : 100
 Quhairfoir I counfall every man, that he
 With luve nocht in the feindis net be tone,
 Bot luve the Luve that did for his luve dé :
 All Luve is loft bot upone God allone.

Than sang thay both with vocis lowd and cleir : 105
 The Merle sang, Man, luve God that hes thé wrocht.
 The Nychtingaill sang, Man, luve the Lord moft deir,
 That thé and all this warld maid of nocht.
 The Merle said, Luve him that thy lufe hes focht,
 Fra hevin to erd, and heir tuk flefche and bone. 110
 The Nychtingaill sang, And with his deid thé bocht:
 All Luve is loft but upone Him allone.

Thane flew thir birdis our the bewis fchene,
 Singing of luve amang the levis fmall ;
 Quhois ythand pleid yit maid my thochtis grene, 115
 Bothe fleeping, walking, in reft, and in travail :
 Me to reconfort moft it dois availl
 Agane for luve, quhen luve I can find none,
 To think how fong this Merle and Nychtingaill,
 All Luve is loft bot upone God allone. 120

OF LUVE ERDLY AND DIVINE.

Now culit is Dame Venus brand;
Trew Luvis fyre is ay kindilland,
And I begyn to undirstand,
In feynit luv quhat foly bene :
 Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene, 5
 And true Luv ryfis fro the splene.

Quhill Venus fyre be deid and cauld,
Trew luvis fyre nevir birnis bauld;
So as the ta luv waxis auld,
The tothir dois increfs moir kene : 10
 Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene,
 And true Luv ryfis fro the splene.

No man hes curege for to wryte,
Quhat plesans is in luv perfyte,
That hes in fenyeit luv delyt, 15
Thair kyndnes is so contrair clene :
 Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene,
 And trew Luv ryfis fro the splene.

Full weill is him that may imprent,
Or ony wayis his hairt consent, 20

To turne to trow luv his intent,
And still the quarrell to susteine :
Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene,
And trow Luv ryfis fro the splene.

I haif experience by my fell ; 25
In Luvis court anis did I dwell,
Bot quhair I of a joy cowth tell,
I culd of truble tell fyftene :
Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene,
And trew Luve ryfis fro the splene. 30

Befoir quhair that I wes in dreid,
Now haif I confort for to speid ;
Quhair I had maugré to my meid,
I trest rewaird and thankis betwene :
 Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene, 35
 And trew Luve ryfis fro the splene.

Quhair luvè wes wònt me to disples,
Now find I in to luvè grit eis ;
Quhair I had denger and diseis,
My breift all confort dois contene : 40
Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene,
And trew Luvè ryfis fro the splene.

Quhair I wes hurt with jelosy,
And wald no luvver wer bot I;
Now quhair I luvve I wald all wy
45

Als weill as I luvit I wene :

Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene,
And trew Luve ryfis fro the splene.

Befoir quhair I durft nocht for schame

My luve describe, nor tell hir name ; 50

Now think I wirschep wer and fame,

To all the warld that it war sene :

Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene,
And trew Luve ryfis fro the splene.

Befoir no wicht I did complene,

55

So did her denger me derene ;

And now I fett nocht by a bene

Hir bewty, nor hir twa fair ene :

Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene,
And trew Luve ryfis fro the splene. 60

I have a luve fairar of face,

Quhom in no denger may haif place,

Quhilk will me guerdoun gif and grace,

And mercy ay quhen I me mene :

Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene, 65
And trew Luve ryfis fro the splene.

Unquyt I do no thing nor fane,

Nor wairis a luvis thocht in vane ;

I salbe als weill luvit agane,

Thair may no jangler me prevene : 70

Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene,
And trew Luve ryfis fro the splene.

**Ane luvè so fare, so gud, so sueit,
So riche, so rewthfull, and discreit,
And for the kynd of man so meit,** 75
Nevir moir falbe, nor yit hes bene :
Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene,
And trew Luvè ryfis fro the splene.

Is none fa trew a luve as he,
That for trew luve of us did dé; 80
He suld be luvit agane, think me,
That wald fa fane our luve obtene :
Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene,
And trew Luve ryfis fro the splene.

Is none but grace of God I wis, 85
That can in Yowth confiddir this ;
This fals dissavand Warldis blifs,
So gydis Man in flouris grene :
Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene,
And trew Luve ryfis fro the splene. 90

THE MANER OF PASSYNG TO CONFESSION.

O SYNFULL Man, thir ar the fourty dayis
That every man fuld wilfull pennence dré ;
Oure Lorde Jhesu, as haly writ sayis,
Fastit him self oure exampill to be,—
Sen sic ane mighty King and Lorde as he, 5
To fast and pray was so obedient,
We synfull folk fulde be more deligent.

I reid thé, Man, of thi transgressioun,
With all thi hert, that thow be penitent ;
Thow schrive thé clene, and mak confessioun, 10
And fé thairto [that] thow be deligent,
With all thi fynnes into thi mynde present,
That every syn be the selfe beschawin,
To thyne confessioun it ma be kend and knawin.

Apon thi body gif thow hes ane wounde 15
That cauffis thé gret panis for to feill,
Thair is no leiche ma mak thé haill and founde,
Quhill it be fene, and clengit every deill ;
Richt sua thi schrift, bot it beschawin weill,

Thow art nocht abill remiffioun for to get, 20
Wittandlie and thow [fuld] ane fyn foryet.

Off tuenty woundis, and ane be left unhelit
Quhat avalis thé leiching of the laif?
Rycht fua thi fchrift, and thair be oucht concelit,
It avalis nocht thi fely faule to faif; 25
Nor yit of God remiffioun for to haif:
Of fyn gif thow wald have deliverance,
Thow fulde it tell with all the circumstance.

Sa that thi Confessour be wyfs and discreit,
Than can thé discharge of every doute and weir, 30
And power hes of thy fynnes compleit:
Gif thow can nocht schaw furth thi fynnes perqueir,
And he be blynde, and can nocht at thé speir,
Thow ma rycht weill in thi mynde confydder
That ane blynde man is led furth be ane uther. 35

And fa I halde, that ye ar baith begylde;
He can nocht speir, nor thow can nocht him tell,
Quhen, nor how, thi conscience thow hes fylde;
Thairfor, I reid, that thow excuse thi sell,
And rype thi mynde how every thing befell, 40
The tyme, the place, and how, and in quhat wyis,
So that thi confessioun ma thi fynnes pryce.

Avyfs thé weill, or thou cum to the Preift,
Off all thi fynnes, and namelie of the maift,

- That thai be reddy prentit in thi breift ; 45
 Thow fulde nocht cum to schryfe thé in [gret] haift,
 And fyne fit doun abasit as ane beift :
 With humyll [hairt] and sad contrytioun,
 Thow fuld cum to [mak] thine confeffioun.
- With thine awin mouth thi fynnes thow fuld tell ; 50
 Bot fit and heir the Preift hes nocht ado,
 Quha kennes thi fynnes better na thi fell ?
 Thairfor, I reid thé, tak gude tent thairto ;
 Thow knawis best quhair bindis thé thi scho ;
 Thairfor, be wyfe afor or thow thair cum, 55
 That thow schaw furth thi fynnes all and sum.
- Quhair feldin compt is tane, and hes a hevy charge,
 And fyne is reklefs in his governance,
 And on his conscience he takis all to large,
 And on the end hes no remembrance, 60
 That man is abill to fall ane gret mischance :
 The synfull man that all the yeir our fettis,
 Fra Pasche to Pasche, rycht mony a thing foryettis.
- I reid thé, Man, quhill thow art stark and young,
 With pith and strenth into thi yeiris grene, 65
 Quhill thow art abill baith in mynde and tounge,
 Repent thé, Man, and kepe thi conscience clene ;
 Till byde till age is mony perrell fene :
 Small merit is of fynnes for to irke
 Quhen thow art ald, and ma na wrangis wyrke. 70

THE TABILL OF CONFESSIONN.

To Thé, O mercifull Salviour, Jhesus,
My King, my Lord, and my Redemar fweit,
Befoir thy bludy figour dolorus,
I fchir me cleyne, with humill heart contreit,
That evir I did unto this hour compleit, 5
Baith in werk, in word, and eik in entent ;
Falling on face, full law befoir thy feit,
I cry Thé mercy, and lafar to repent.

To Thé, my meik fweit Salviour, I me fchryve,
And dois me in thy mercy maift excelleng, 10
Off the wrang fpendeng of my Wittis Fyve,—
In Hering, Seeing, Gufting, Twitching, and Smelling,
Ganestanding, greving, offending, and rebelling
Aganis my God and Lord omnipotent ;
With teiris of forrow from my ene diftilling, 15
I cry Thé mercy, and lafar to repent.

I wretchit fynner vyle, and full of vyce,
Off the Sevin Deidly Synnys dois me fchryve,—
Off Pryde, off Yre, Invy, and Covetyce,
Off Lichery, Gluttony, with Slewth ay till our dryve,

Exercing vycis evir in all my lyve,
 For quhilk, allace ! I servit to be schent :
 Rew on me, Jhesu, for thy woundis fyve !
 I cry Thé mercy, and lasar to repent.

I schryve me, Lord ! that I abusit haif 25

The Sevin Deidis of Mercy Corporall,—
 The hungry meit, nor thrifty drink I gaif,
 Nor veseit the feik, nor did redeme the thrall,
 Herbreit the wilsum, nor naikit cled att all,
 Nor yit the deid to bery tuke I tent : 30
 Thow, that put mercy aboif thy workis all,
 I cry Thé mercy, and lasar to repent.

In the Sevin Deidis of Marcy Spirituall,—
 To ignorantis nocht gaif I my teiching,
 Synnaris correctioun, nor destitut counsall, 35

Na unto wofull wretchis conforting,
 Nor unto faulis support of my preiching,
 Nor was to ask forgifnes penitent,
 Nor to forgif my nyctbouris offending ;
 I cry Thé mercy, and lasar to repent. 40

Lord ! I haif done full litill reverence
 Unto the Sacramentis Sevin of gret renoun,—
 Thy Haly Supper for my syn recompence,
 Baptifing, Penance, and Confirmacioun,
 Matrimony, Ordour, and Extreme Uncioun ; 45
 Heirow, als fer as I was negligent,

With hait contreit, and teiris falling down,
I cry Thé mercy, and lasar to repent.

Thy Ten Commandis,—A God for till honour,
Nocht tane in vane his name, na slayar to be, 50
Fader and moder to wirschip at all hour,
To be no theif, the haly day to uphie,
Nychtbouris to lufe, fals witnefs for to flé,
To leif adultré, to covet na manis rent;
In all thir, Lord ! culpable knaw I me ; 55
I cry Thé mercy, and lasar to repent.

The Artickillis of Treuth,—A God to trow,
The Fader that all thingis wrocht and comprehendit,
And in his haly bliffit Sone, Jhesu,
Of Mary borne, on croce deit, to hell discendit, 60
The thrid day ryfing, to the Fader ascendit,
Off quick and deid to cum, and hald Jugement ;
In to thir poynttis, O Lord ! quhair I have offendit,
I cry Thé mercy, and lasar to repent.

I trow in to the bliffit Haly Spreit, 65
And in the Kirk, to do as it commandis,
And to thy dome that we fall ryfe compleit
And tak our flesch againe, baith feit and handis,
All to be faiff in stait of grace that standis ;
Plane I revoik in thir quhair I miswent, 70
Befoir the Juge and Lord of see and landis,
I cry Thé mercy, and lasar to repent.

I fynnit, Lord ! that nocht being strong as wall,
 In Howp, in Faith, in fervent Cheretie ;
 Nocht with the Foure Vertewis Cardenall, 75
 Aganis vycis fure enarmyng me,
 With Fortitude, Prowdence, Temperance, thir thré
 With Justice ever in werk, word, or entent ;
 To Thé, Chryft Jhesu, casting up myne é,
 I cry Thé mercy, and lafar to repent. 80

The Sevin Commandis of the Kirk,—that is to say,
 Thy teind to pay, and curfing to eschew,
 To keipe the festuall and the fasting day,
 The meß on Sunday, the parroche kirk perfew,
 To proper Curat to mak confессиoun trew, 85
 Anis in the yeir to tak the Sacrament ;
 In thir pointis, quhair I offendit, fair I rew ;
 I cry Thé mercy, and lafar to repent.

Off fyn also aganis the Haly Spreit,
 Off schrift postponit, of fyn aganis nateur, 90
 Off incontricioun, of confессиoun indiscreit,
 Off reslait sinfull of Thé my Salvatour,
 Off undone pennance, and satisfaccioun fure,
 Off the Sevin Giftis the Haly Gaift me sent,
 Off Pater noster, and Sevin Peticionis pure ; 95
 I cry Thé mercy, and lafar to repent.

Nocht thanking Thé of gratitude nor grace,
 That thow me wrocht, and bocht me with thi deid ;

Off this schert lyfe remembring nocht the space,
 The hevinnis blifs, the hellis hiddeous feid, 100
 But more trespass, my synnis to remeid,
 Concluding nevir all thruch in myne entent ;
 O Thow, quhois blude on rude for men ran reid,
 I cry Thé mercy, and lasar to repent.

I know me vicious, Lord, and richt culpable, 105
 In aithis sweiring, leifing, and blaspheming,
 Off frustrat speiking in court, in kirk, and tabill,
 In wordis vyle, in vaneteis expreming,
 Preyffing my self, and evill my nichtbouris deming,
 And so in ydilnes my dayis I haif spent ; 110
 Thow that wes rent on rude for my redeming,
 I cry Thé mercy, and lasar to repent.

I fynnit in consaving thochtis jolye,
 Up to the hevin extolling myn ententioun,
 In hé exaltit arrogance, and folye, 115
 Prowdness, derisioun, scorne, and vilipentioun,
 Presumptioun, inobedience, and contemptioun,
 In fals vane gloir, and deidis negligent ;
 O Thow, that deit on rude, for my redemption,
 I cry Thé mercy, and lasar to repent. 120

I fynnit als in reif, and in oppreffioun,
 In wrangus gudis taking and posseding,
 Contrar gud resoun, conscience, and discretioun,
 In prodigall spending, but rewth of peure folkis neiding,

In fowll difceptiounnis, in fals inventionis breiding, 125
To conqueis honor, trefor, land, and rent,
In fleſchly luſt aboif meſure exceiding;
I cry Thé mercy, and laſar to repent.

Off mynd diſſymulat, Lord ! I me confeſs,
Off feid undir ane freindly countenance, 130
Off parciall jugeing, and pervers wilfulneſs,
Off flattering wordis for fynding of ſubſtance,
Off fals ſolifting for wrang deliverance
At Counſale, Seſſioun, and at Parliament;
Off everilk guilt, and wicket govirnance, 135
I cry Thé mercy, and laſar to repent.

I ſchryve me of all curſit company,
In all tyme, witting and unwitting me,
Off criminall cauſes, off deid of felony,
Off tyranny, and vengeable crewaltie, 140
Off hurt or ſlawchter, culpable gif I be,
In ony wiſe, deid, counſale, or conſent;
O deir Jheſu ! that for me deit on tré,
I cry Thé mercy, and laſar to repent.

Thocht I haif nocht thy precious feit to kiſs, 145
As had the Magdelene, quhen ſcho did mercy craif,
I fall as ſcho, weip teiris for my miſs,
And every morrow ſeik Thé at thy graif;
Thairfoir, forgife me, as thow hir forgaf,
That ſeis my hert, as ſynner penitent !

Thy precious body, in breift I refaif ;
I cry Thé mercy, and lafar to repent.

Thow mak me, Jhefu, on Thé to remember !
I ask thy Paffioun in me fo to habound, 150
Qahill nocht of me unmanyeit be a member,
Bot fall in wo, with Thé, of every wound ;
And every ftraik mak throu my hert aftound,
That evir did strenye thy fair fiefche innocent ;
Sa that no part of my body be found, 155
Bot crying Thé mercy, and lafar to repent.

Off all thir fynnis that I did heir expreme,
And als foryet, to Thé, Lord ! I me fchryve,
Appeling fra thy Juftice court extreme,
Unto thy court of Mercy exulyife ; 160
Thow mak my fchip in bliffit port arryve,
That failis heir in stormis violent,
And faif me, Jhefu ! for thy woundis fyve,
That cryis Thé mercy, and lafar to repent.

ANE ORISOUN.

SALVIOUR, suppois my fenfualitie,
Subject to fyn, hes maid my faull oft fyis,
Sum spark of licht and spiritualitie,
Walkins my witt, and reffoun bidis me ryis ;
My corrupt conscience askis, clipis and cryis, 5
Firt grace, fyn fpace, for to amend my myfs ;
Substance with honour doing nane fuppryis,
Freindis prosperitie, heir peax, fyn heavins blyfs.

OF LYFE.

QUHAT is this Lyfe bot ane ftraucht way to deid,
Quhilk hes a tyme to pas, and nane to duell ;
A slideing quheill us lent to feik remeid ;
A fré chois gevin to Paradice or Hell ;
A pray to deid, quhome vane is to repell ; 5
A fchoirt torment for infinite gladnefs,
Als fchoirt ane joy for leftand hevyness !

OF THE NATIVITIE OF CHRIST.

RORATE Cœli desuper !

Hevins distill your balmy schouris,
For now is riffln the brycht day-fter,
Fro the Rois Mary, flour of flouris :
The cleir Sone, quhome no clud devouris, 5
Surmunting Phebus in the est,
Is cumin of his hevinly touris ;
Et nobis Puer natus est.

Archangellis, angellis, and dompnationis,
Tronis, potestatis, and marteiris feir, 10
And all ye hevinly operationis,
Ster, planeit, firmament, and speir,
Fyre, erd, air, and watter cleir,
To Him gife loving, moft and left,
That come in to so meik maneir ; 15
Et nobis Puer natus est.

Synnaris be glaid, and pennance do,
And thank your Makar hairtfully;
For He, that ye mycht nocht cum to,
To yow is cumin full humly, 20

Your fanlis with his blud to by,
And loufs yow of the feindis arrest,
And only of his awin mercy ;
Pro nobis Puer natus est.

All clergy do to him inolyne, 25
And bow unto that barne benyng,
And do your obfervance devyne,
To him that is of kingis King ;
Enfence his altar, reid, and fing
In haly kirk, with mynd degeft, 30
Him honouring attour all thing,
Qui nobis Puer natus est.

Celeftiall fowlis in the air,
Sing with your nottis upoun hicht ;
In firthis and in forreftis fair 35
Be myrthfull now, at all your mycht,
For paffit is your dully nycht ;
Aurora hes the cluddis perft,
The fone is riffin with glaidfum lycht,
Et nobis Puer natus est. 40

Now fpring up flouris fra the rute,
Revert yow upwart naturaly,
In honour of the bliffit frute,
That raifs up fro the Rois Mary ;
Lay out your levis luftely, 45
Fro deid tak lyfe now at the left,

In wirfchip of that Prince wirthy,
Qui nobis Puer natus est.

Syng Hevin imperiall, moft of hicht,
Regions of Air mak armony ; 50
All Fische in flud, and Foull of flicht,
Be myrthfull and mak melody :
All GLORIA IN EXCELSIS cry,
Hevin, Erd, Sé, Man, Bird, and Beft,
He that is crownit above the Sky, 55
Pro nobis Puer natus est.

ANE BALLAT OF OUR LADY.

HAILE, sterne superne ! Haile, in eterne,
In Godis ficht to schyne !
Lucerne in derne, for to discerne
Be glory and grace devyne ;
Hodiern, modern, sempitern, 5
Angelicall Regyne !
Our tern inferne for to dispersn,
Helpe rialest rosyne.
Ave MARIA, gratia plena !
Haile, fresche flour femynyne ! 10
Yerne us, guberne, Virgin matern,
Of reuth baith rute and ryne.

Haile, yyng, benyng, fresche flurifing !
Haile, Alphais habitakle !
Thy dyng of spring maid us to fyng 15
Befor his tabernakle ;
All thing maling we doune thring,
Be ficht of his signakle ;
Quhilk King us bring unto his ryng,
Fro dethis dirk umbrakle. 20
Ave MARIA, gratia plena !

Haile, Modir and Maid but makle !
 Bricht sygn, gladyng our languiffing,
 Be nicht of thi mirakle.

Haile, bricht, be ficht, in hevyn on hicht ! 25
 Haile, day sterne orientale !
 Our licht most richt, in clud of nycht,
 Our darknefs for to scale :
 Haile, wicht, in ficht, puttar to ficht
 Of fendis in battale ! 30
 Haile, plicht, but ficht ! Haile, mekle of mycht !
 Haile, glorious Virgine, haile !
 Ave MARIA, gratia plena !
 Haile, gentill nychttingale !
 Way stricht, cler dicht, to wilfome wicht, 35
 That irke bene in travale.

Haile, Quene ferene ! Haile, most amene !
 Haile, hevinlie hie Emprys !
 Haile, schene, unseyne with carnale eyne !
 Haile, Rois of Paradyfs ! 40
 Haile, clene, bedene, ay till conteyne !
 Haile, fair fresche flour-de-lyce !
 Haile, grene daseyne ! Haile, fro the splene,
 Of Jhesu genetrice !
 Ave MARIA, gratia plena ! 45
 Thow bair the Prince of Pryfs ;
 Our tryne to meyne, and go betweyne,
 As humile Oratrice.

Haile, more decore, than of before,
And fwetar be sic fevyne, 50

Our glore, forlore, for to reftore,
Sen thow art Quene of Hevyne !

Memore of fore, ftern in Aurore,
Louit with Angellis ftevyne ;
Implore, adore, thow indeflore, 55
To mak our oddis evyne.

Ave MARIA, gratia plena !
With lovingis lowde ellevyn,
Quhill ftore and hore, my youth devore,
Thy name I fall ay nevyne. 60

Empryce of pryfe, Imperatrice,
Brycht polift precious ftane ;
Victryce of vyce, hie genitrice
Of Jhefu, Lord foverayne :
Our wyfe pavyfe fro enemyis, 65
Agayne the feyndis trayne ;

Oratrice, Mediatrice, Salvatrice,
To God gret fuffragane !
Ave MARIA, gratia plena !
Haile, fterne meridiane ! 70

Spyce, flour-de-lice of Paradyfe,
That bair the gloryus grayne.

Imperiall wall, place paleftrall,
Of peirlefs pulcritude ;

Tryumphale hall, hie trone regall	75
Of Godis celfitude ;	
Hospitall riall, the Lord of all	
Thy clofet did include ;	
Bricht ball, cristall, rois virginall,	
Fulfillit of angell fude.	80
Ave MARIA, gratia plena !	
Thy birth has with his blude,	
Fra fall mortall, originall,	
Us ransomid on the rude.	

OF THE PASSIOUN OF CHRIST.

AMANG thir Freiris, within a clofter,
I enterit in ane Oratory,
And knellit down with ane Pater nofter,
Befor the michti King of glorye,
Having his Paffioun in memorye; 5
Syne till his Mudir I did inclyne,
Hir halving with ane gaudé-floré;
And fodanely I flepit syne.

Me thoct Judas with mony a Jow
Tuke bliffit Jhesu, our Salvatour, 10
And fchot him furth, with mony a fchow,
With fchamefull wordis of difhonour;
And lyke ane theif, or ane tratour,
Thai led that hevinlie Prince moft hie,
With mannaſing attour meſour, 15
O Mankynd, for the luf of thé.

Fallſy condampnit befor ane Juge,
Thai ſpittit in his viſage fair;
And, as lyonis with awfull ruge,
In yre thai harlit him heir and thair, 20

And gaf him mony buffatis fair,
That it was forrow for to fê;
And of his claithis thai tirvit him bair,
O Mankynd, for the lufe of thé.

Thai tyrandis to revenge thair teyne, 25
 For scorne thai clad him in to quhyte;
 And hid his bliffull glorius eyne,
 To sé quhom Angellis had delyte;
 Dispituously fyne did him smyte,
 Saying, Gif Sone of God thow be, 30
 Quha straike thé now, thow tell us tyte?—
 O Mankynd, for the luf of thé.

In teyne, thai tirvit him agane,
 And till ane pillar thai him band ;
 Quhill blude out brifit at every vane, 35
 Thai scurgit him baith fute and hande :
 At every straik ran furth a strand,
 Mycht have ranfomit warldis thré ;
 He baid in ffound quhill he mycht stand,
 O Mankynd, for the lufe of thé. 40

Nixt all in purpoure thai him cled,
And fyne with thornis scharpe and kene;
His saikleſs blude agane thai ſched,
Perſing his hed with pykis grene;
Uneiſs with lyf he mycht ſuſtene
That crowne, on thrung with creuelte,

Quhill flude of blude blyndit his eyne,
O Mankynd, for the luf of thé.

Ane croce that was baith gret and lang,
To beir thai gaf that bliffit Lord; 50
Syne furiously, as theif to hang,
Thai harlit him furth with raipe and corde;
With blude and fwait was all deflord
His face, the fude of angellis fré;
His feit with ftanis war revin and fcord, 55
O Mankynd, for the luf of thé.

Agane thai tirvit him bak and fyde,
Als brym as ony baris wod;
The claith that claif to his clere hyde,
Thai raif away with ruggis rude, 60
Quhill ferfly followit flefche and blude,
That it was peté for to fé;
Na kynd of torment he ganestood,
O Mankynd, for the luf of thé.

Unto the croce of breid and lenth, 65
To gar his lymmis largear wax,
Thai ftraitit him with all thair strenth,
Quhill to the end thai gart him rax;
Syne tyt him up with gret irne tax,
And him all nakit on a tré 70
Thai raifit on loft, be houris fax,
O Mankynd, for the luf of thé.

OF THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

DONE is a battell on the Dragon blak,
Our campioun Chryft confoundit hes his force ;
The yettis of Hell ar brokin with a crak,
The figne triumphall rasit is of the Croce,
The Divillis trymmillis with hiddoufs voce, 5
The faulis ar borrowit, and to the blifs can go,
Chryft with his blud our ranfoms dois indoce :
Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.

Dungin is the deidly dragon Lucifer,
The crewall serpent with the mortall ftang ; 10
The auld kene tegir, with his teith on char,
Quhilk in a wait hes lyne for us fo lang,
Thinking to grip us in his clowis ftang ;
The mercifull Lord wald nocht that it wer fo,
He maid him for to felye of that fang : 15
Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.

He for our faik that sufferit to be flane,
And lyk a lamb in sacrifice wes dicht,
Is lyk a lyone riffin up agane,
And as gyane [hes] raxit him on hicht : 20

Sprungin is Aurora radius and bricht,
 On loft is gone the glorius Appolló,
 The bliffall day departit fro the nycht :
 Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.

The grit Victour agane is risin on hicht, 25
 That for our querrell to the deth wes woundit ;
 The sone that wox all pail now schynis bricht,
 And dirknis clerit, our fayth is now refoundit ;
 The knell of mercy fra the hevin is foundit ;
 The Christins ar deliverit of thair wo, 30
 The Jowis and thair errour ar confoundit :
 Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.

The fo is chafit, the battell is done ceifs,
 The presone brokin, the jevellouris fleit and flemit ;
 The weir is gone, confermit is the peifs, 35
 The fetteris lowfit, and the dungeoun temit,
 The ranfoun maid, the presoneris redemit ;
 The feild is win, ourcumin is the fo,
 Dispulit of the trefure that he yemit :
 Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro. 40

OF MANIS MORTALITIE.

MEMENTO, Homo, quod cinis es !

Think, Man, thow art bot erd and afs ;
Lang heir to dwell na thing thow prefs,
For as thow come, so fall thow pafs,
Lyk as ane schaddow in ane glafs : 5
Syne glydis all thy tyme that heir is ;
Think, thocht thy bodye war of brafs,
Quod tu in cinerem reverteris.

Worthye Hector, and Hercules,
Foreye Achill, and strong Sampfone, 10
Alexander of grit nobilnes,
Meik David, and fair Absolone,
Hes playit thair pairtis, and all are gone,
At will of God, that all thing steiris :
Think, Man, exceptionoun thair is none ; 15
Sed tu in cinerem reverteris.

Thocht now thow be maift glaid of cheir,
Fairest and plesandest of port,
Yet may thow be, within ane yeir,
Ane ugsum, uglye [fowll] tramort : 20
And sen thow knawis thy tyme is fchort.

And in all houre thy lyfe in weir is,
 Think, Man, amang all uthir sport,
 Quod tu in cinerem reverteris.

Thy lustye bewté, and thy youth, 25
 Sall faid as dois the fomer flouris,
 Syne fall thé swallow with his mouth
 The dragone Death, [that all devouris ;]
 No castell fall thé keip, nor touris,
 Bot he fall seik thé with thy feiris ; 30
 Thairfore, remembir at all houris,
 Quod tu in cinerem reverteris.

Thocht all this warld thow did posseid,
 Nocht eftir death thow fall posses,
 Nor with thé tak, but thy guid deid, 35
 Quhen thow dois fro this warld thé drefs :
 So speid thé, Man, and thé confes,
 With humill hart and sobir teiris,
 And sadlye in thy hart impres,
 Quod tu in cinerem reverteris. 40

Thocht thow be taklit nevir so sure,
 Thow fall in deathis port arrayve,
 Quhare nocht for tempest may indure,
 Bot ferlé all to speiris [dryve ;]
 Thy Ranfomer, with woundis fyve, 45
 Mak thy plycht-anker, and thy steiris,
 To hald thy faule with him on lyve,
 Cum tu in cinerem reverteris.

ANE ORISOUN.

QUHEN THE GOVERNOUR PAST INTO FRANCE.

THOW that in Hevin for our salvatioun,
Maid iustice, mercie, and pietie, to aggré;
And Gabriell fend with the Salutatioun
On to the Mayd of maift humilité;
And maid thy Sone to tak humanité, 5
For our demereittis to be of Marie borne;
Haif of us pietie, and our protectour be!
For, but thy help, this Kynrick is forlorne.

O hie supernale Father of sapience,
Quhilk of thy vertew dois everie folie chais, 10
Ane spark of thy hie excellent prudence
Giff us, that nouthar wit nor reffoun hes!
In quhais heartis no prudence can tak place,
Exemple, nor experience of beforne;
To us, fynnaris, ane drop fend of thy grace! 15
For, but thy help, our Kynrick is forlorne.

We ar so beiftlie, dull, and ignorant,
Our rudeness may nocht lichtlie be correctit;
Bot Thow, that art of mercy militant,

Thy vengeance feifs on us to fyn subiectit, 20
 And gar thy justice be with reuth correctit;
 For quyt away fo wyld fra us is worne,
 And in folie we ar fo far infectit,
 That, but thy help, this Kynrick is forlorne.

Thow, that on rude us ranfomit and redemit, 25
 Rew on our fyn, befor your sicht decydit;
 Spair our trespas, quhilk may nocht be expremit,
 For breif of justice, for we may nocht abyd it,
 Help this pure Realme, in partyis all devydit!
 Us succour fend, that wair the crown of thorne, 30
 That with the gift of grace it may be gydit!
 For, but thy help, this Kynrick is forlorne.

Lord! hald thy hand, that strikken hes fo soir;
 Haif of us pietie, eftir our punytioun;
 And gif us grace Thé [for] to greif no more, 35
 And gar us mend with penance and contritioun;
 And to thy vengeance mak non additioun,
 As Thow that of nichtis may to morne,
 Fra cair to confort thow mak restitution:
 For, but thy help, this Kynrick is forlorne. 40

MEDITATIOUN IN WYNTIR.

IN to thir dirk and drublie dayis,
Quhen sabill all the Hevin arrayis,
 With myftie vapouris, cluddis and fkyis,
 Nature all curage me denyis
Off fangis, ballattis, and of playis. 5

Quhen that the nycht dois lenthin houris,
With wind, with haill, and havie fchouris,
 My dule fpreit dois lurk forfchoir ;
 My hairt for languor dois forloir,
For laik of Summer with his flouris. 10

I walk, I turne, fleip can I nocht,
I vexit am with havie thocht ;
 This Warld all our I caft about,
 And ever the mair I am in dout,
The mair that I remeid have focht. 15

I am affayit on everie fyde,
Dispair fays ay, In tyme provyde,
 And get fum thing quhairon to leif ;
 Or with grit troubill and mifcheif,
Thow fall in to this Court abyde. 20

Than Patience sayis, Be nocht agast :
Hald Hoip and Treuthe within thé fast ;
And lat Fortoun wirk furthe hir rage,
Quhen that no Rasoun may assuage,
Quhill that hir glais be run and past. 25

And Prudence in my eir sayis ay,
Quhy wald thow hald that will away ?
Or craif that thow may have no space
Thow tending to an uther place,
A journey going everie day ? 30

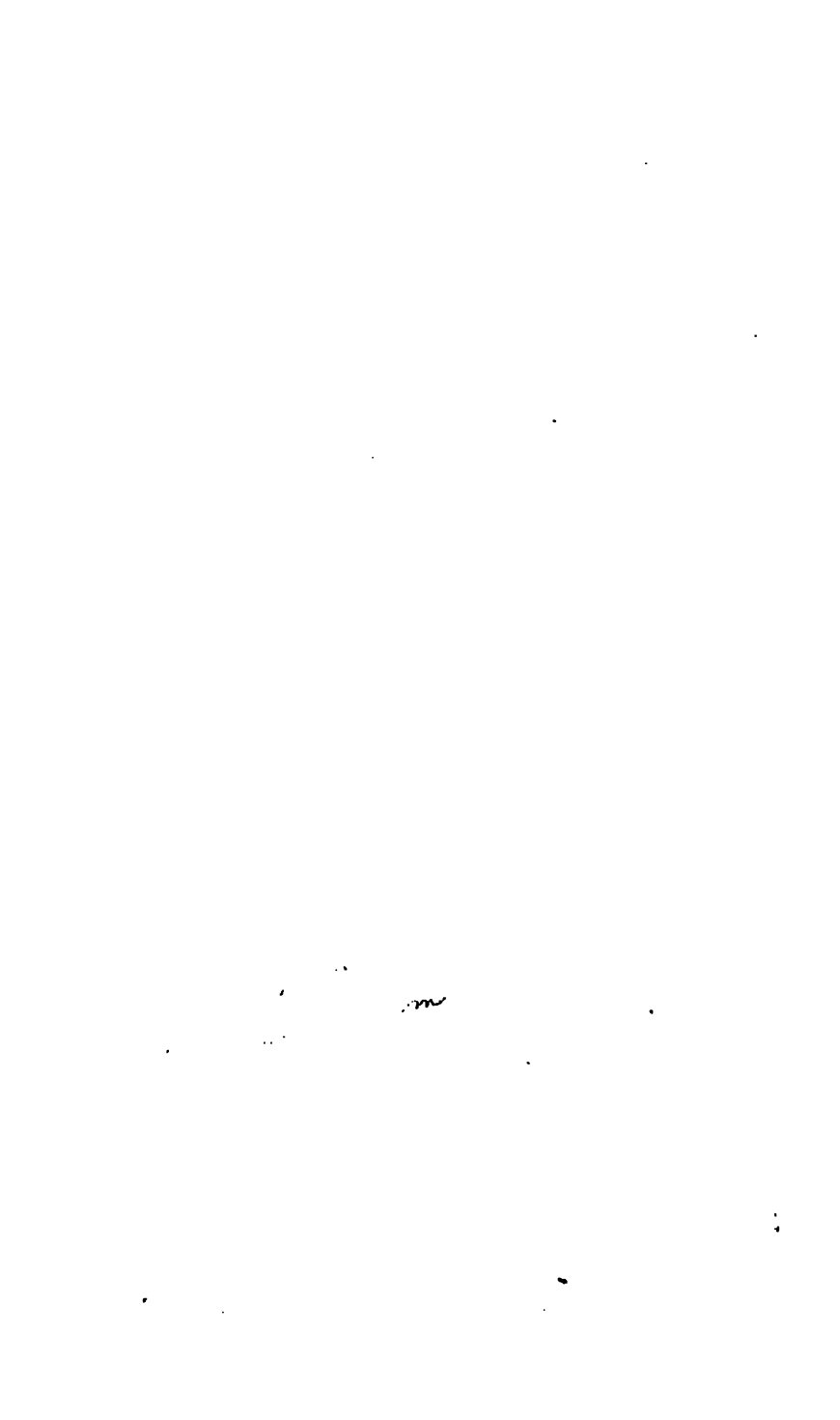
And than sayis Age, My freind cum neir,
And be nocht strange, I thé requair :
Cum, Brudir, by the hand me tak,
Remember thow hes compt to mak
Off all the tyme thow spendit heir. 35

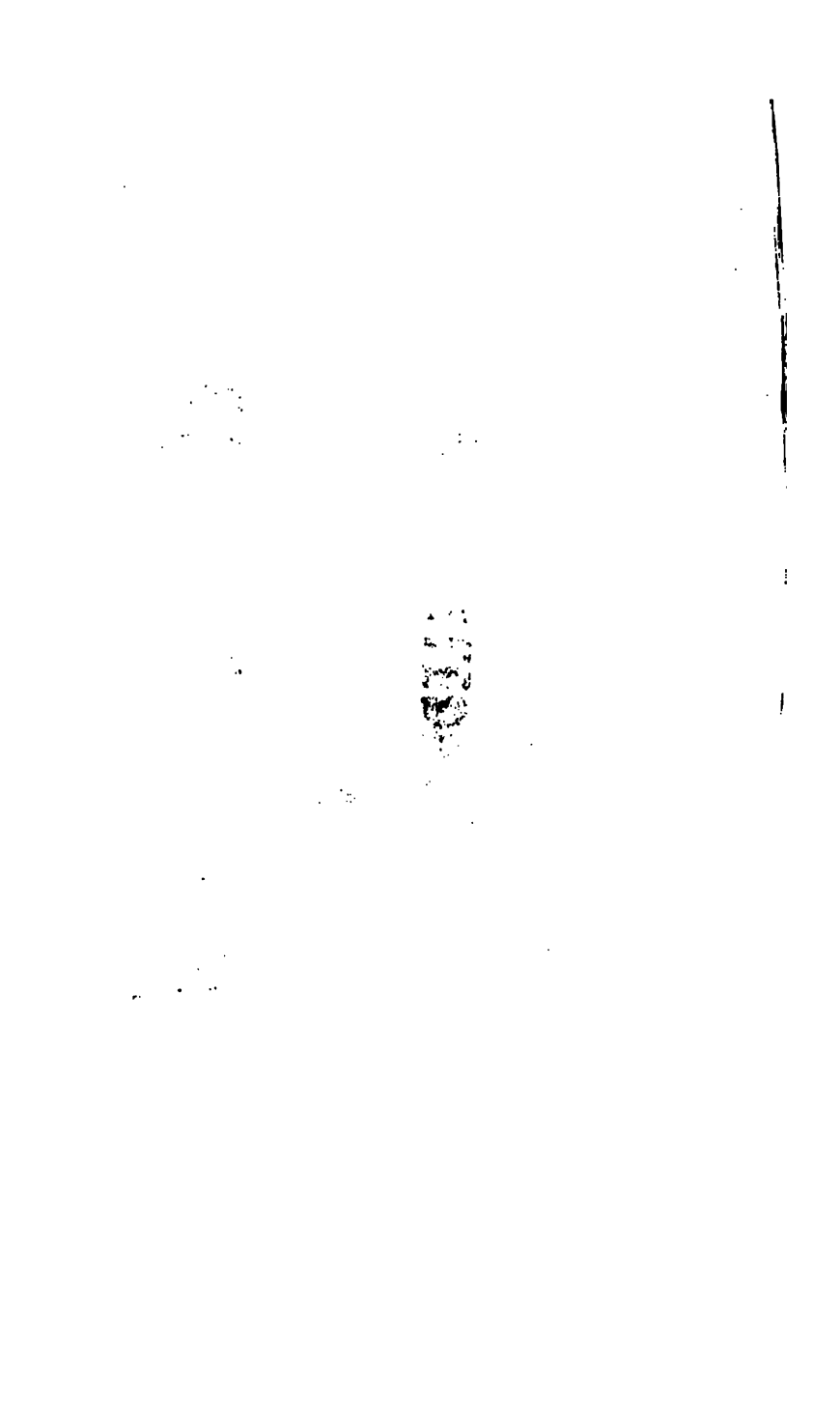
Syne Deid castis up his yettis wyd,
Saying, Thir oppin fall ye byd ;
Albeid that thow were never so stout,
Undir this lyntall fall thow lowt :
Thair is nane uther way befyd. 40

For feir of this all day I drowp ;
No gold in kift, nor wyne in cowp,
No ladeis bewtie, nor luiffis blys,
May lat me to remember this :
How glaid that ever I dyne or fowp. 45

Yit, quhan the nycht begynnys to fchort,
It dois my fpreit fum part confort,
 Off thocht oppreffit with the fchouris.
 Cum, luftie Symmer ! with thy flouris,
That I may leif in fum difport.

50





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